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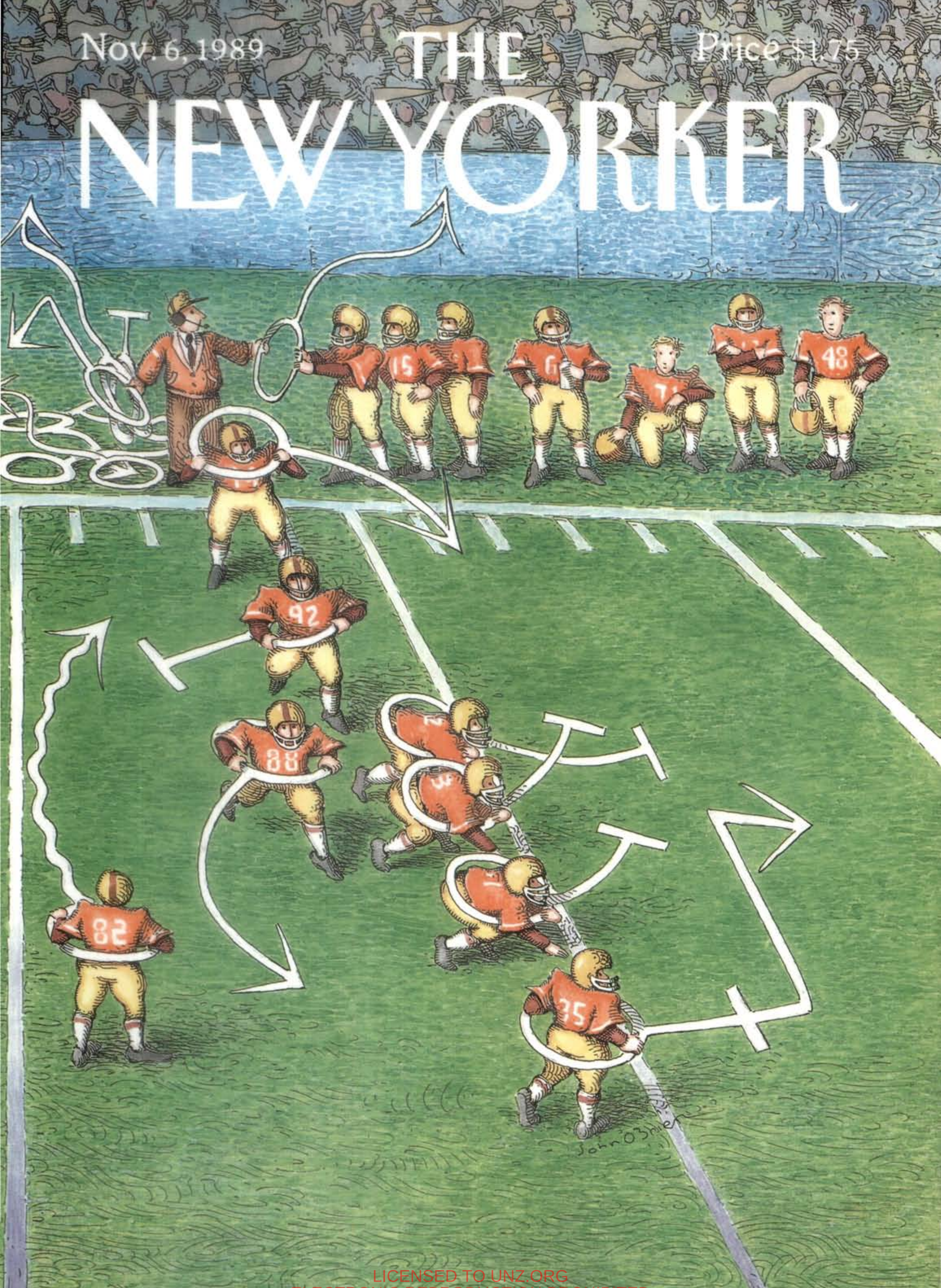
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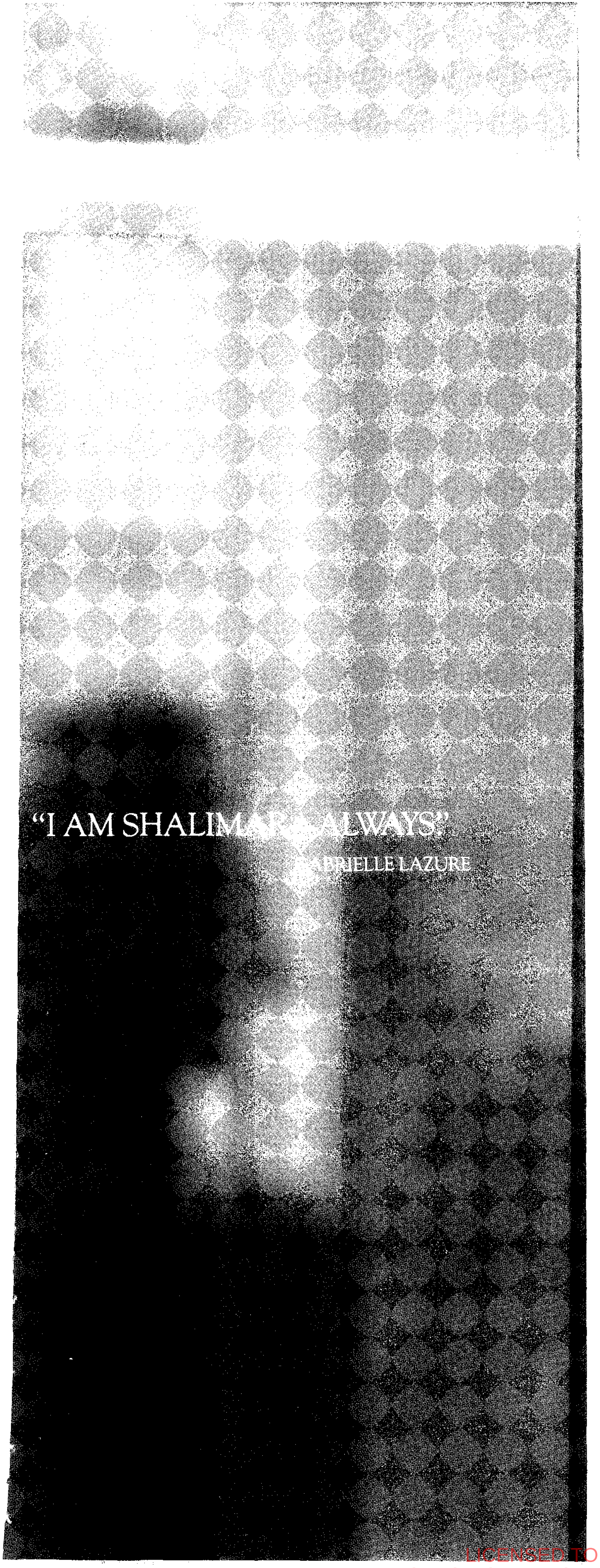
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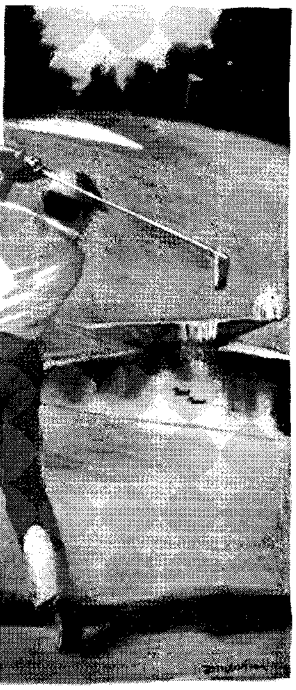

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 6, 1989

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 47
"OCEAN AVENUE" . . . . *Michael Chabon* 52
"ORCHESTRION" (POEM) . . . . *Edward Kleinschmidt* 54
"HOOKS" . . . . *Zinovy Zinik* 56
"AMBITION" (POEM) . . . . *Ciarán Carson* 58
ANNALS OF POLITICS (LYNDON JOHNSON) . . . . *Robert A. Caro* 62
"THE SUMMER WAS NOT LONG ENOUGH" (POEM) . . . . *Jean Valentine* 102
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 126
THE THEATRE . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 130
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (MICHAEL MOORE) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 133
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 138
BOOKS . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 154

COVER: *John O'Brien*

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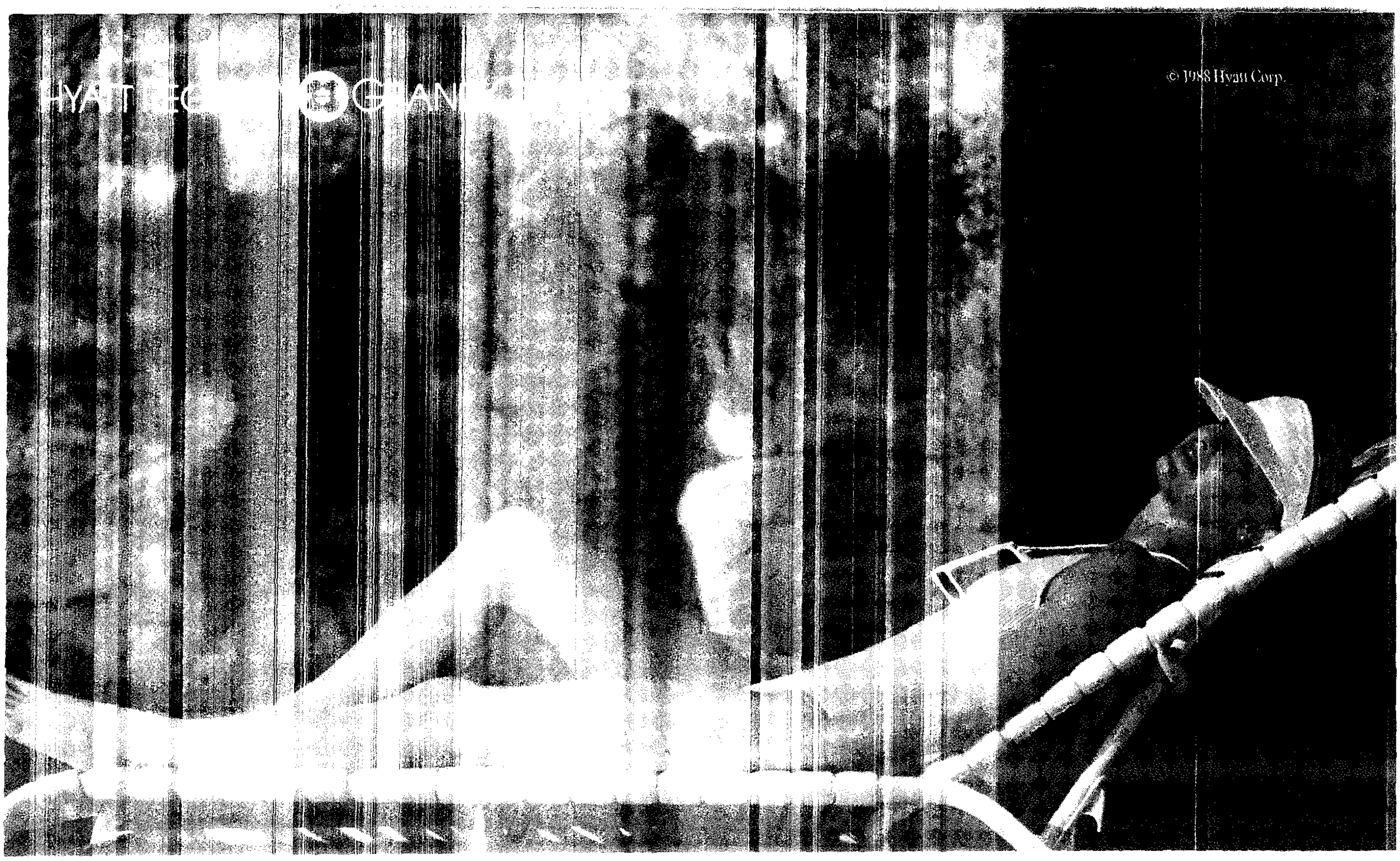

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

WE honestly don't know why it took us so long to get to the playwright Christopher Durang's cabaret show, at the Criterion Center, but we're sorry we didn't see it sooner—not because it's too late to sing the show's praises (it's been extended through November 13) but because the things in it that we found funny have continued to seem funny, and now we realize that we could have been laughing all this long while. One thing especially that keeps coming back to us is Durang's rendition of the song "Losing My Mind," from "Follies." We'll be walking down the street, riding the subway, or sitting in a darkened theatre when suddenly, for no reason at all, the particular thing Durang does in the middle of an otherwise straightforward version of the Sondheim ballad will pop into our head—and there we'll be again with the most awful case of church giggles.

The act, which is called "Chris Durang & Dawne" for reasons that are made only too clear in the course of the performance, actually includes quite a bit of Sondheim, old favorites from the golden age of Broadway, and a number of pop-music hits that members of the audience may remember from some of their more unpleasant taxi rides. Durang and his consortium—Sherry Anderson and John Augustine (who compose Dawne), Michael O'Flaherty (Durang's musical director, who assists on piano and backup vocals), and Brad Flickinger (on percussion)—perform all the songs almost deadpan. In most cases ("Losing My Mind" notwithstanding), it's not anything that gets done to the songs that makes them funny but the simple fact of who is doing the singing.

What's lacking in the show is the contempt for what Durang's sending up which has at times informed his plays. One feels that he is in his element here, and that he sings these songs partly because he's a cutup and partly because he genuinely loves them and wants to play at being Julie Andrews, Michael Jackson, or Barbara Cook.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

BABA GOYA—Estelle Parsons and her daughter Martha Gehman in a revival of Steve Tesich's 1973 comedy. Directed by Harris Yulin. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—A revue of songs about contemporary urban life by Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire. Previews through Nov. 5. Opens Nov. 6 at 7. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—Tom Hulce, Megan Gallagher, and Mark Nelson portray attorneys for two marines accused of murder, in this drama by Aaron Sorkin. Don Scardino is the director. Previews start Nov. 2. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—A new musical, based on Vicki Baum's 1929 novel, that is directed and choreographed by Tommy Tune. Karen Akers, David Carroll, Timothy Jerome, Michael Jeter, and Liliane Montevecchi are in the cast. In previews. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

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GYPSY—Tyne Daly stars in this revival of the 1959 musical. The score is by Jule Styne, the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and the book by Arthur Laurents, who is the director of this production. Also with Jonathan Hadary and Crista Moore. In previews. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—A play by Robert Schenkkan about a young Southerner who has no faith and his grandmother, who has plenty. With Jay O. Sanders and Helen Stenborg. Previews through Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 5 at 7:30. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

HYDE IN HOLLYWOOD—A play by Peter Parnell, with Robert Joy and Keith Szarabajka, that is the season opener for Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. In previews. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—Terrence McNally's play, revised somewhat since it was seen earlier this year at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery again are the members of the cast. Directed by John Tillinger. The show opens Oct. 31 at 6:45. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—George Hearn, Milo O'Shea, Charlotte Moore, and Betty Garrett in a new musical based on Sally Benson's "Kensington Stories" and on the 1943 movie. Also with newcomers Donna Kane, Jason Workman, and Courtney Peldon. Directed by Louis Burke. Previews Oct. 31-Nov. 1. Opens Nov. 2 at 6:30. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

MOUNTAIN LANGUAGE and **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**—A Harold Pinter double bill; the first is an American première, the latter a revival of the 1958 play. Peter Riegert, Jean Stapleton, and David Strathairn are in both works, which are directed by Carey Perloff. Previews through Nov. 7. Opens Nov. 8 at 7. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

PRINCE OF CENTRAL PARK—A new musical with Jo Anne Worley as a woman who befriends a twelve-year-old runaway (Richard H. Blake) who lives in a tree in the Park. Adapted from a novel by Evan H. Rhodes. In previews. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SID CAESAR & COMPANY—Mr. Caesar and friends appear in a spruced-up version of the show that ran this summer at the Village Gate. Directed by Martin Charnin. Previews on Oct. 30-31. Opens Nov. 1 at 6:45. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE TEMPEST—Frank Langella, B. D. Wong, Jay Patterson, and Angela Sherrill as Prospero, Ariel, Caliban, and Miranda. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

3 PENNY OPERA—Pop singer Sting makes his Broadway début in this revival of the Brecht-Weill musical, which is directed by John Dexter. Previews through Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 5 at 6:45. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

THE WIDOW'S BLIND DATE—A new play written and directed by Israel Horovitz. The cast is composed of Christine Estabrook, Paul O'Brien, and Tom Bloom. Previews through Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 6:45. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

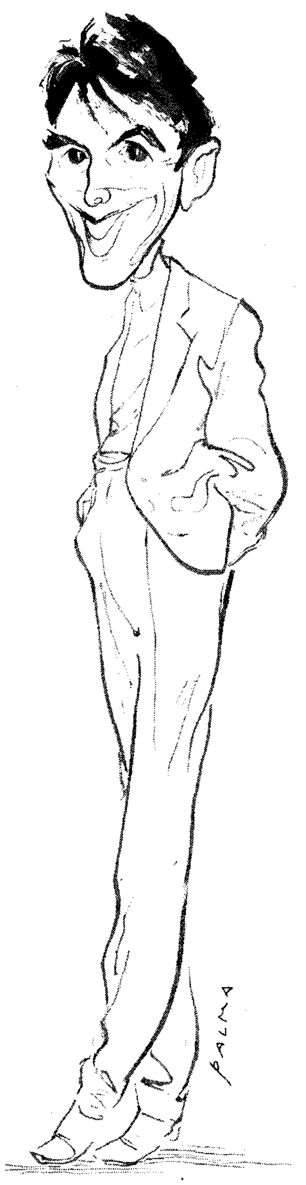
RECENTLY OPENED

ALL GOD'S DANGERS—Cleavon Little is the true embodiment of Nate Shaw, an old Alabama farmer, who, in this monologue, tells his own story. The son of slaves, he prospered until he joined a sharecroppers' union and had to withstand the white man's deceptions and greed. Despite the twelve years he spent in prison, his story is a triumph. Mr. Little does Mr. Shaw more than justice in a splendid performance. Adapted by Theodore Rosengarten (with Michael and Jennifer Hadley), from his book of the same title. Direction by William Partlan. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/30/89.) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BEN-HUR—A play by Thomas M. Disch, adapted from the novel by Lew Wallace. (Rapp Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 279-4200.)

CHRIS DURANG & DAWNE—Mr. Durang and company play Sundays at 5 and Mondays at 8, through Nov. 13. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—The first play of the season is **BESIDE HERSELF,** by Joe Pintauro, directed by John Bishop. The cast consists of Lois Smith in the lead and, in supporting roles, Susan Bruce, Calista Flockhart, Melissa Joan Hart, William Hurt, and Edward Seamon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Nov. 19.)


Tommy Tune

THE LADY IN QUESTION—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a cool autumn evening. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

LEND ME A TENOR—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must he found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks are among the members of the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LOVE LETTERS—A. R. Gurney's two-character play has moved to Broadway. With Colleen Dewhurst and Jason Robards, Oct. 31-Nov. 5, and Stockard Channing and John Rubinstein, starting Nov. 7. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

MASTERGATE—Larry Gelbart's comedy, which takes off from the Iran-Contra hearings, doesn't quite achieve satire, but it does make for a lot of good jokes. The performance, under Michael Engler's direction, is excellent. (10/23/89) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

ONLY KIDDING!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation,

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

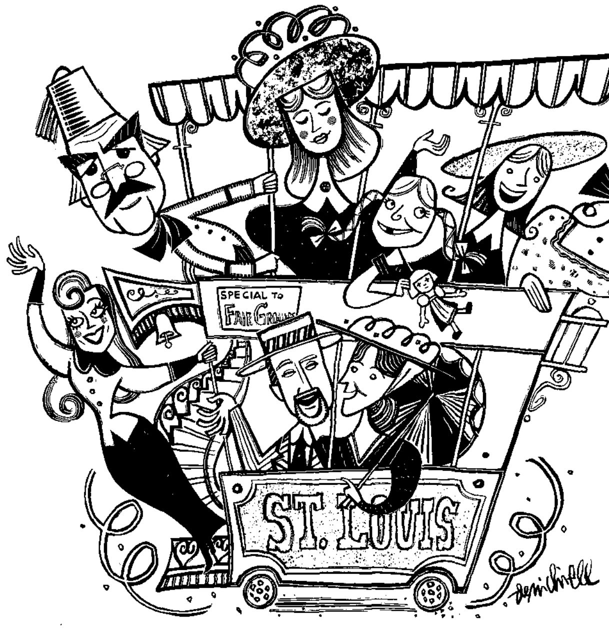
ORPHEUS DESCENDING—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

THE SECRET RAPTURE—Blair Brown, Frances Conroy, and Mary Beth Hurt have the leading roles in David Hare's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

SWEENEY TODD—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical, which had a brief run uptown last spring. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. Starting Nov. 7, Arthur French replaces Mr. Hyman. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. With Tony Randall and A. Mapa. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway, Mercedes Ruehl, Scotty Bloch, Arch Johnson, and James Murtaugh. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SHIRLEY VALENTINE:** Willy Russell's play about a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. With Ellen Burstyn in the title, and only, role. Directed by Simon Callow. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



"Meet Me in St. Louis"

DANCE

ERNIE SMITH began to collect films about jazz musicians in 1956; his first purchase was a Fats Waller "soundie" called "Your Feet's Too Big." Mr. Smith had had feet on his mind for a while: since the mid-thirties, he had been an avid practitioner of the Lindy Hop. This led to that, and soon he found himself collecting films about dancers, too—"anything set to syncopated music" is how he describes his principal criterion for acquisitions; he estimates that his collection currently amounts to well over fifty hours of viewing time. He can show you buck-and-wingers from the turn of the century, ragtime minstrels and cakewalkers, jazz-age babies doing the Charleston and the Black Bottom, and swingers galore. He also has an archive of films on tap dancing, including footage of the Nicholas Brothers, the Berry Brothers, Jimmy Slyde, Coles and Atkins, Bunny Briggs, John Bubbles, and Bill Robinson. In several cases, Mr. Smith can show you what the dancers looked like as children. This is one of the country's major private collections of dance on film.

There are two ways to see Mr. Smith's movies. You can visit the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, on Lenox Avenue, which, thanks to Mr. Smith's generosity, has been able to duplicate his collection for study by the public. Or you can catch one of his occasional film-lectures around town. On Wednesday, November 8, from 3:10 to 5:30 P.M., he will be speaking about and showing some of his tap-dance films at Hunter College (68th Street and Lexington Avenue). His appearance is part of a series on popular dancing organized by the Hunter dance program; the series will include workshops on ragtime dances and the Lindy Hop. For a complete schedule, call 772-4448.

JOFFREY BALLET—Oct. 31 at 8: "Viva Vivaldi," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Valentine," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: "Billy the Kid," "Sea Shadow," "Touch Me," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: "Petrouchka," "Parade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 8: "Italian Suite," "Untitled," "Love Songs," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Petrouchka," "Parade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: "Viva Vivaldi," "Sea Shadow," "Touch Me," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Cotillon," "Untitled," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Parade," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: "Cotillon," "Sea Shadow," "Touch Me," and "Les Noces." . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: "Les Noces," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through Dec. 2.)

NIKOLAIS AND LOUIS DANCE—Oct. 31 and Nov. 4 at 8, and Nov. 5 at 2: "Crucible," "Segue," "Intrados," "Schubert," and "Video Game." . . . ¶ Nov. 1 and Nov. 3 at 8, and Nov. 4 at 2: "Mechanical Organ," "Intrados," and "The Station." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: "Velocities," "Porcelain Dialogues," "Blank on Blank," and "Act One." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

DANCE THEATRE WORKSHOP—Anita Feldman Tap in new and repertory works, Nov. 2-4 at 8 and Nov. 5 at 3. . . . ¶ Christopher d'Amboise and the Off Center Ballet in "Double Occupancy" (première) and other pieces, Nov. 7-8 at 8. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

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NRBQ at the Bottom Line

NIGHT LIFE

SOON New York will be turning blue, but not because of falling temperatures. In fact, at a number of spots around town the heat will be rising, as the second annual Benson & Hedges blues festival kicks off on November 4. New York may not be as distinguished a blues town as, say, Chicago, but this nine-day festival should provide enough howls, shouts, bent notes, and heartrending tales to sustain you for the winter. The festival includes more than forty musicians spread out among eleven venues, and the talent ranges from living legends to little-known journeymen. Most of the big names are appearing on three nights at the Beacon Theatre—Etta James, Nell Carter, Mavis Staples, and Katie Webster on November 4; Albert King, Willie Dixon, Jimmy McGriff, Clarence Gatemouth Brown, and Jimmy Witherspoon on November 10; the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Bobby Blue Bland, John Lee Hooker, and Buddy Guy and Junior Wells on November 11. Smaller locales have much to offer as well, such as Jessie Mae Hemphill at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, on Lenox Avenue (November 7), and Sunnyland Slim at the Studio Museum in Harlem (November 8). And November 6 is "Blue Monday," when five clubs will host blues shows. (For complete festival listings, call 787-2020.)

We got a taste of what's in store when we attended a preview party at Indigo Blues. Here we witnessed the singer Linda Hopkins, of "Black and Blue" fame, grab the microphone and, hands on hips, lower lip thrust out, looking like Gary Coleman doing his "What'choo talkin' bout, Daaad?" shtick, admonish the audience to "shut up and listen" to Dr. John, who was trying to make his piano heard above the hubbub. This harangue didn't have much effect, but when Miss Hopkins was persuaded to sing, and a backup band hurried to the stage to join her, no one needed to be told what to do.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANDREA MARCOVICCI,** the regal actress-torch singer whose show here is subtitled "Songs for the Hopeless Romantic," performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **LAURIE BEECHMAN,** whose big number as Grizabella in "Cats" a few years back was "Memory," is currently working the room.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. **CELIA CRUZ**—a flamboyant Cuban salsa singer who has been jumping and gyrating for about forty years—performs with the **TITO PUENTE** orchestra Oct. 31-Nov. 5. As of Nov. 7, the club belongs to jazz-fusion guitar hero **AL DIMEOLA.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has—in addition to rock—tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. The pompadoured lounge lizard **BUSTER POINDEXTER** holds forth on Wednesdays; folkie **SHAWN COLVIN** comes in on Nov. 2; and **NRBQ**—a hyperkinetic R. & B. outfit that, since the late sixties, has been one of the most revered cult acts around—performs Nov. 3-4. Folksinger **PHRANC** will be here Nov. 6. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork, long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Gloria Lynne has the microphone Oct. 31-Nov. 5. **BENNY CARTER,** the great octogenarian saxophonist and composer, begins a two-week visit on Nov. 7. Carter, who rose to prominence in the thirties, is regarded as one of the most influential sax players B.C. (before Charlie). Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is currently home to singer and patron saint **BOBBY SHORT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, open its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts fly, and a limber, nattily dressed gent gets a look on his face that says "Watch my next move, darlin'." Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sunday-night meetings; George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform on Nov. 5. Music from eight to midnight.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave, at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, punks, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls, and a bartender who, on a recent evening, was sporting a T-shirt that read "Die, Yuppie Scum." The Waldos perform on Oct. 31, Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers on Nov. 2, and **SYLVAIN SYLVAIN** on Nov. 3. The **HEADLESS HORSEMEN,** a local band that leans toward sixties pop, psych-pop, and garage rock, are here on Nov. 6. Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven, and Fridays at midnight. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. Oct. 31-Nov. 5, the club will belong to trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** a former protégé of Dizzy Gillespie, who once said, "I know I'll always be playing licks I borrowed from Dizzy. But no matter how much I try to sound like him, it will just be me *trying* to sound like Dizzy." Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and jalapeño clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance. The **SURREAL MC COYS** are in action on Nov. 4, and Combo Limbo takes charge on Nov. 8. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten.

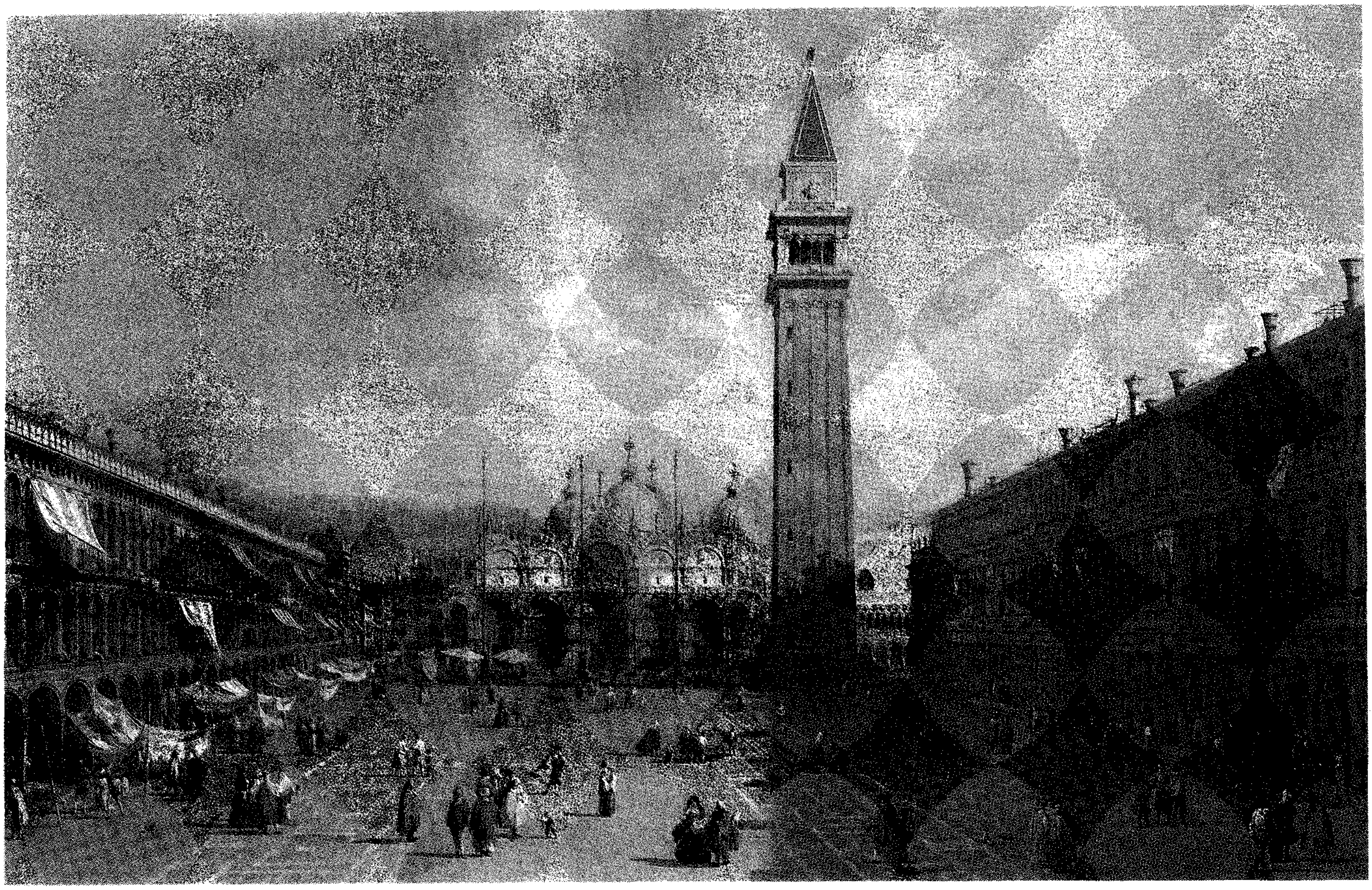
Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. **PETE MALINVERNI** and **DENNIS IRWIN** are here through Nov. 4; **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** get started on Nov. 7. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. Zachary Richard is appearing Nov. 3-4. Benson & Hedges blues events: **RUTH BROWN** and **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT** on Nov. 6; John Watkins, Teo & the New York Blues All-Stars, Robert Ross, and Bobby Radcliffe on Nov. 7; guitarist and singer **JOHNNY COPELAND** on Nov. 8, with Young Neal & the Vipers. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will give them a boost. The **JAZZ BUTCHER,** a diverse and jokey British band that has had several incarnations, headlines on Nov. 3. Austin's **TIMBUK 3** claims Nov. 8.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret, where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Broadway habitué **LISA KIRK**—the singer whom Cole Porter had in mind when he came up with the musical question "Why Can't You Behave?"—starts up on Oct. 31. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

The art of Canaletto brought to you by the master of the art of travel.



Canaletto (1697 - 1768), Piazza San Marco. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Purchase, Mrs. Charles Wrightsman Gift, 1988.

CANALETTO
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
November 2, 1989 - January 21, 1990

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you've just dropped a week's wages to take the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of the previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. Jamaica's **THIRD WORLD** performs on Nov. 1; **DWIGHT YOAKAM,** a singer who has done his part for torn jeans, as well as for the country renaissance, claims Nov. 4; and the Senegalese singer **YOUSSOU N'DOUR,** who has recorded with Peter Gabriel and Paul Simon, brings his percussion-heavy outfit in on Nov. 5. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. **KING SUNNY ADE** and his high-spirited dance band are here through Oct. 31. **GATO BARBIERI,** the Argentine tenor saxophonist, begins a three-night stand here on Nov. 7. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Spo-Dee-O-Dee, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A night club in a part of Chelsea the real-estate agents don't show you. It's a modest-sized space with a dance floor, a stage (there's live music seven nights a week), and a pell-mell décor: Victorian-style chandeliers, movie-theatre drapes, murals of Cotton Club-era dancers. At peak hours (late), you'll get an eyeful of waves, perms, teased and sprayed locks, lip gloss, pumps, fishnets, fringed jackets, leather pants, and designer-outlet new-wave apparel. The schedule, in part: Mason Reese's Pieces on Oct. 31; Ray Gomez and Steve Ferroni on Nov. 1; Destroy All Monsters on Nov. 3; and the Nightcrawlers on Nov. 8.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Once told by a high-school music teacher, "You play more wrong notes than anyone I ever heard," **ART FARMER**—who has since been nominated as "the creator of the warmest flugelhorn sound on earth"—brings a quintet in for a two-week stint beginning Oct. 31. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

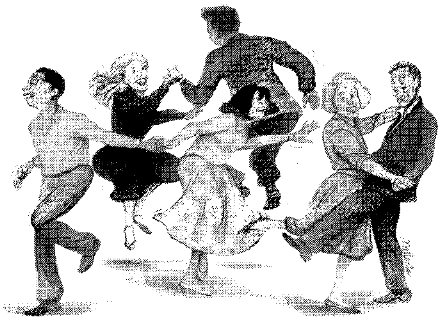
Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—Pink carnations on the tables, shrimp creole on the menu, a sunken dance floor with a "Saturday Night Fever" ball, and a house photographer who offers to take a picture of you and your lady. The stage, dominated by a white grand piano, is usually given over to soul and rhythm-and-blues acts; the audience shouts encouragement as the band sings about "doin' it all night long" and "taking care of that thing." There's a lively bar, too, separated from the paying customers by tinted glass.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half-century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Drummer **TONY WILLIAMS**—who was discovered by Miles Davis in the early sixties and who was one of jazz drumming's prime movers in the seventies—holds sway with a quintet Oct. 31-Nov. 5. Clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** and vibraphonist **TERRY GIBBS** start up on Nov. 7. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. Music nightly. Show times vary.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees susurrate tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Singer, pianist, and hot patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** does her thing on Oct. 31. Nov. 1 belongs to Pete Yellin & Zanziband; Nov. 4 to the Lew Soloff All-Stars; Nov. 5 to Gail Wynters; and Nov. 7-8 to Bill Mays & Zanziband.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will perform here Nov. 4. Music from eight weeknights and Sundays from seven.



Lindy Hopping at the Cat Club

NIGHT WATCH

An evening journey to the Clocktower Gallery, at 108 Leonard Street, near Broadway, is a quiet, eerie one, and feels a bit like trespassing. Giancarlo Neri's rooftop installation, "Still Night," on view here from 7 to 9 P.M. Thursdays through Saturdays through November 11, reflects this atmosphere. It's an elegant composition of twelve pieces made from objects found in the vicinity—old doors, chairs, lampshades—and painted various shades of green, tan, and gray. The pieces dot the black roof's expanse, and viewed from the Clocktower, about fifteen feet above the roof, they seem out of place, like brazen stowaways on the deck of an ocean liner. Two deck chairs sit side by side in the right foreground, the wind billowing their empty canvas; to the left, a narrow wooden train track with nine straight-backed chairs heads off into the darkness. But despite their faintly Dadaist air Neri's best pieces find a way to shed their physicality and dissolve into the night landscape. His moon, suspended above the distant backdrop of the Manhattan Bridge, is this show's brilliant example. Its three-phase painted disks (flat black, yellowish gray, and full-moon white) literally become a moon, and with that exquisite transition the we're-not-supposed-to-be-here feeling floats away, into the still of the night.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"I'LL watch your fine black chariot for you," says one of the new breed of doormen—with no door to man—who are proliferating outside of clubs as fast as downtown magazines. We have just found a parking place outside Save the Robots, an endangered species that has triumphed in terms of urban ecology—it has lasted longer than many of its after-hours counterparts. Unfortunately, longevity has no correlation with vivacity.

There are bald eagles that hang out with a livelier bunch than the people down the steps of this club, which looks like a subterranean set for a bus-and-truck tour of "M. Butterfly." Covens of revellers jettisoned from Au Bar roll up their sleeves and dance around what seems to be a soon-to-be-torched sacrificial bonfire of Coach pocketbooks. Five unsmiling women wearing Louise Brooks hairdos and knockoff Gaultier cropped blazers are clustered in a composition that could begin Paul Taylor's "Last Look," and they try to blow cigarette smoke above each other. As their acrid fog lifts, one of them sighs, "I'm so glad we came." There is no dispute. There is no energy. There is only insomnia. Someone remarks that more terrifying than hearing Olivia Newton-John singing "Have You Never Been Mellow" would be an a-cappella version of "Show Me the Way to Go Home." The coat-check person is reading a comic book entitled *World War 3.* It is six o'clock in the morning.

Outside, on Avenue B, our first sight of daylight gives meaning to the opening sentence written by the rotten novelist in the comedy "The Owl and the Pussycat": "The sun spit morning." "I watched your car," shouted the faux doorman. "Not a new scratch on it. Aren't you going to take care of me?" Sensing that compensation for sitting on a parked car struck us as more askew than the Cure's Robert Smith's haircut, he immediately added, "Don't go looking at me like you don't want to live in my neighborhood." If we ever go back we'll take a cab.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

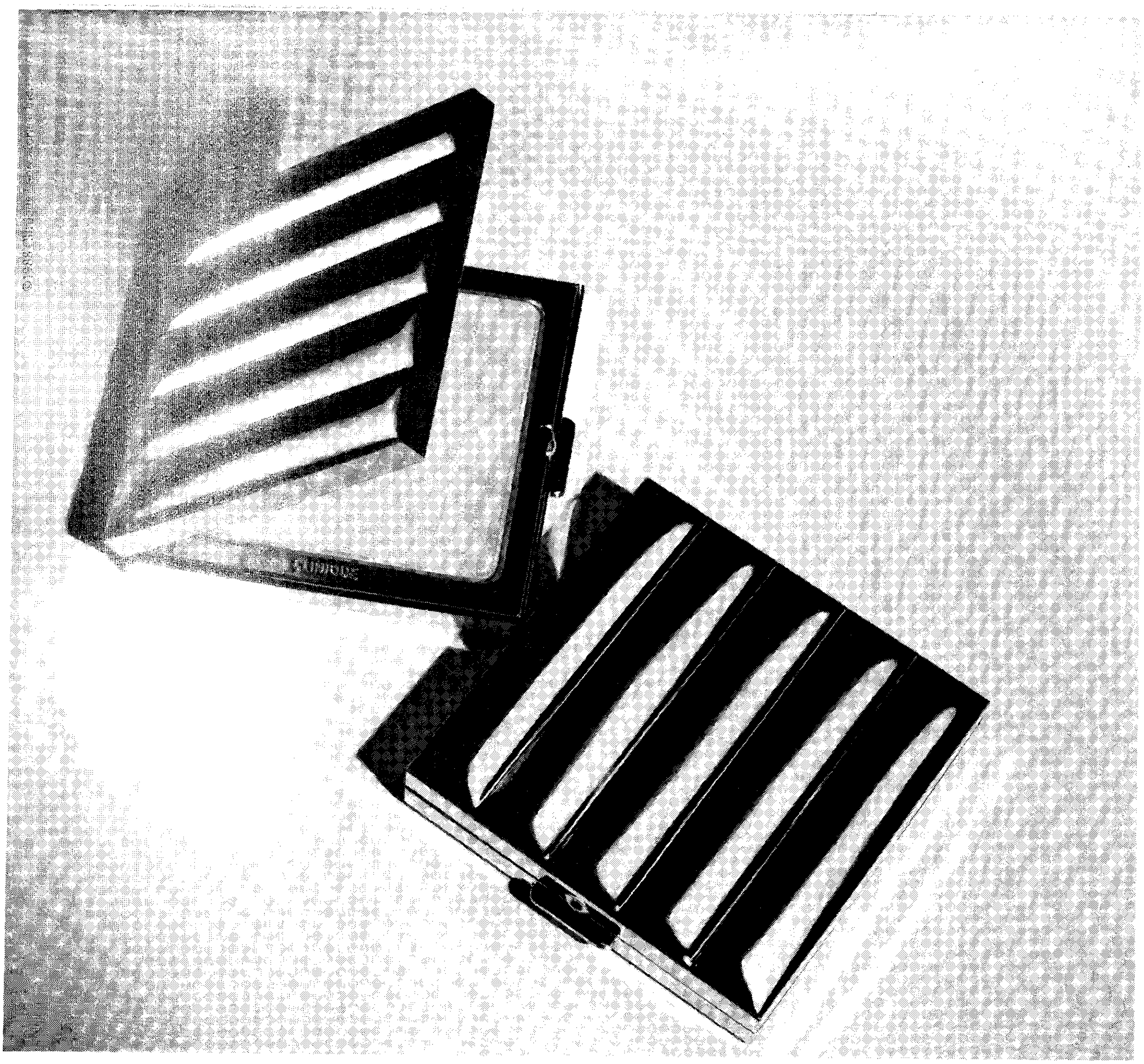
Next Wave Festival—Fred Curchack, a performance artist who uses a flashlight in the telling of "The Tempest." (Oct. 31 at 7, Nov. 1-4 at 8, and Nov. 5 at 3.) . . . ¶ Maguy Marin, a dancer. (Nov. 1 at 7, Nov. 2-4 at 8, and Nov. 5 at 3.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 3.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

Margarita Guergué and Hahn Rowe—With Samm Bennett, in a performance piece with dancing and drumming. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 2-5 at 8:30.)

Ms. Make-Believe Contest—A beauty pageant in which the nine contestants are actors in off-off Broadway productions. The winner will receive a crown and sceptre designed by Isaac Mizrahi and a lifetime supply of styling mousse. (Taller Latino Americano, 63 E. 2nd St. 989-0788. Nov. 4 at 10.)

P.S. 122—Nov. 2-5 at 9:30: Charles Dennis. Through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Nov. 3-4 at 11: Reno in "Out There Without a Prayer." Through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Nov. 3-5 at 8: Demetrius Klein and dancers in a work about love. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)



Work Of Art.

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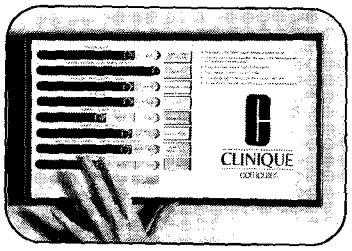

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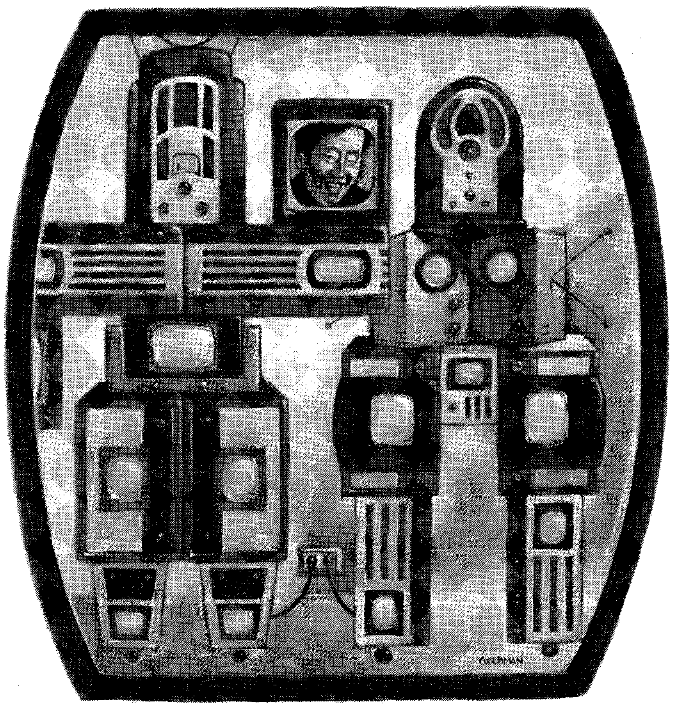


Nam June Paik

ART

TO many people, Alexander Calder (1898-1976) was the quintessential public artist. From Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Spoleto, Italy, his big outdoor stabiles—somehow sunny even when they are matte black—are symbols of civic pride, and it is hard even to imagine a giant corporate atrium without projecting a giant Calder mobile into it. Others among us, however, prefer—no, love—Calder in his makeshift, improvisational, tinkering mode: his smaller, homemade art, along with the jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and friends. We are therefore grateful to the Cooper-Hewitt for "The Intimate World of Alexander Calder," which is even better than we had hoped.

Calder once said, "I think best in wire," and he almost never left home without his pliers. He could make a wire double-entendre—a toilet-paper holder, for instance, resembling a hand with a flexed middle finger—and one Christmas he gave his parents a wire aquarium with articulated wire fish. (This present conveys some of the deep charm family life apparently held for this third-generation artist.) He was a poetic and comedic genius when it came to translating the movements and body language of animals into art. He made fanciful necklaces and brooches, in precious materials, that have become hallmarks of nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties design, but also rude tin roasting pans and spatulas that equally bear his stamp. His use of coffee cans and the like, while prefiguring Pop art, is mainly an expression of Yankee thrift and chronic handiness. In fact, one of the greatest things about Calder is that he had no use whatever for religiosity in or about art—just boundless spirit. In this exhibition, it shows.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto exhibition will have more than a hundred and twenty paintings and drawings, twenty-nine of them borrowed from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II. Starts Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez' genius as a portraitist: very sober portraits of the very inbred Philip IV; a depiction of consummate virility in the form of the Count-Duke of Olivares (the power behind the throne) wielding his baton from atop his rearing horse, ready to charge into the Basque plain; a luscious portrayal of the Infanta Margarita, which sparkles more than any gem; and loving depictions of buffoons and dwarfs. A satiric portrait of a jarringly offbeat Mars proves that no one in art history (with the possible exception of Titian) could paint drapery like Velázquez. A final note: the wildly varying surfaces of the paintings leave the viewer longing for a history of their alterations. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, *11 W. 53rd* St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism" is a truly dazzling show. Those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty*, will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, construction sculptures, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A major retrospective of works by Mario Merz, a signal figure of the Arte Povera movement. Virtually everything in this exhibition—igloo structures, spiral tables laden with vegetables and fruit, the use of the Fibonacci numerical series of natural growth, and the evocative and flexible use of neon as a kind of cosmic ink—rhymes spatially with the building itself. It is an often beautiful but one-note show. Through Nov. 26. (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of oils, watercolors, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper. The hundred and fifty works span the artist's career, and are drawn from the museum's collection. Through Nov. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity—such as the prominent inclusion of Matt Mullican's sixteen related etchings, whose glossary is the artist's most inclusive and informative work yet on his "City" sign system; Brice Marden's twenty-five-etching narrative of markings, which swells like a fine musical composition; and Stephen Ellis's very beautiful suite of aquatint washes, which lives up to its name, "Japanese Gothic." But while the show offers the opportunity to look at fine contemporary prints it ignores all the unique physical attributes that distinguish portfolios—such as their containers, which suggest a tactile nature—and also attempts to be too inclusive. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Small Constructivist compositions by Vladimir Zakrzewski, of geometric shapes in a wide variety of styles, are marvels of drawing but are disengaged from a contemporary dialogue and fail to convey a very strong individual vision. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots his "mud babies" and was so full of himself that he gave up his art because the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The quiet and highly refined decorative style of the Japanese painter Itō Jakuchū (1716-1800) is not for everyone. His sparest paintings, with their keen compositional sense and subtle use of blankness, are his best. Jakuchū's virtually monochromatic screens and scrolls are equally exquisite, but in an entirely different manner; they are more gestural, more personal, more innocent in temperament—almost like a child's. Part One through Oct. 31; Part Two starts Nov. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition of works by Alexander Calder. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of more than forty photographs by Ansel Adams. Through Nov. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for *Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the* long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Piranesi and His Contemporaries": During the eighteenth century, artists flocked to Rome and produced drawings of grand neoclassical architectural fantasies. This show includes some fine examples of them, notably Robert Adam's sketches of picturesque fantasy ruins set in typical Italian landscapes and Giovanni Panini's watercolors of soaring barrel-vaulted arcades. But the grandeur of Piranesi—whose works are the centerpiece of this fine display—is without rival, be it in feverishly dark etchings of monumental prisons or in drawings for vault and wall decorations that transpose the pomp of heraldry to a symphonic scale. Through Nov. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

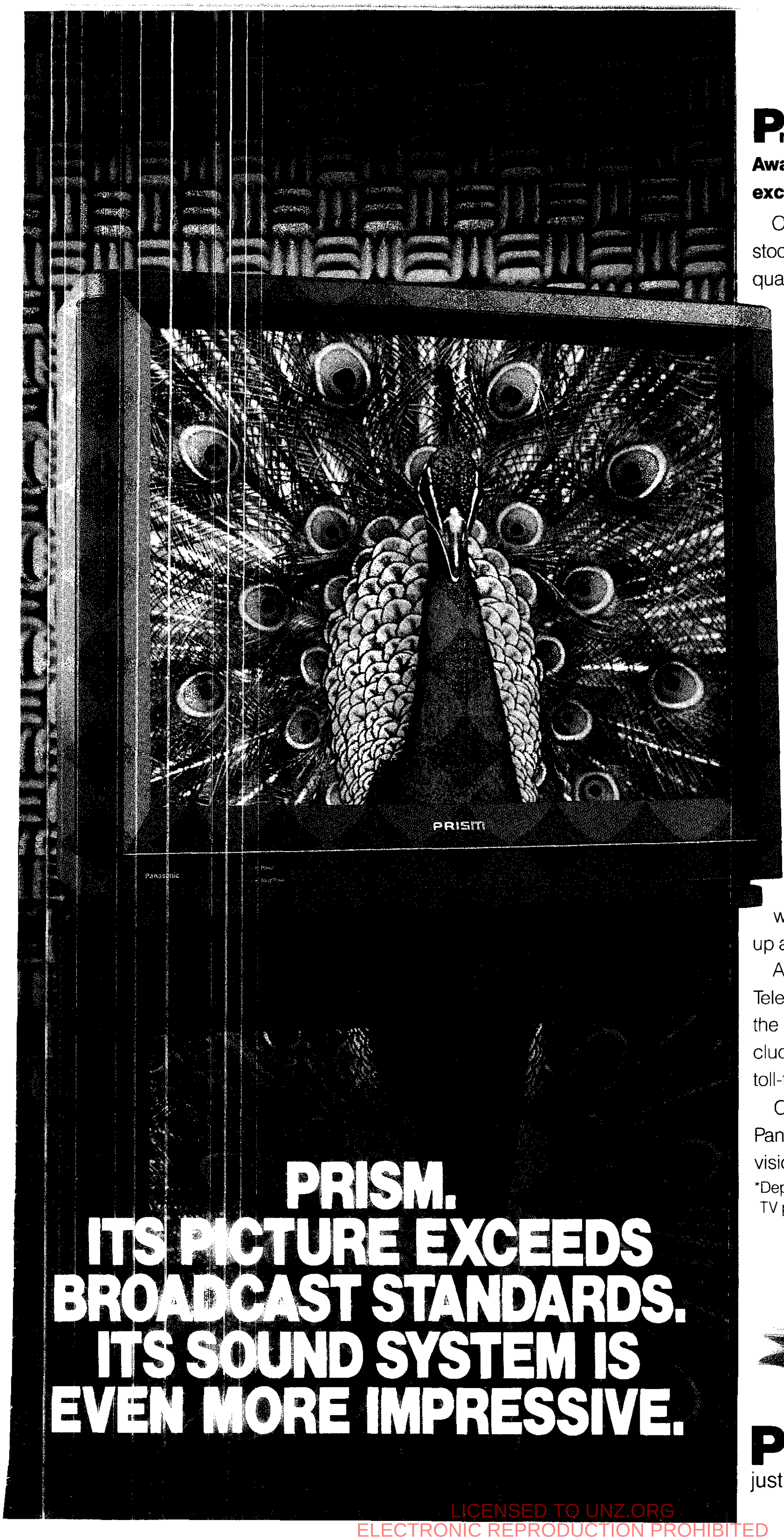
The New Museum, 583 Broadway—There is a certain predictability in the way the museum has tackled chaos, the theme of its current show. But some of the works on display are standouts, especially Orshi Drozdik's weird scattering of porcelain objects on a lead sheet; and Cady Noland's "Model with Entropy" and "Celebrity Trash Spill"—brilliant examples of the city-dump-to-institutional-lost-and-found aesthetic genre. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Giacomo Manzù—Recent sculptures. The eighty-one-year-old Manzù has long been a Vatican favorite—unlike Francis Bacon, that other contemporary portraitist of diocesan eminences. Manzù's eighties works in-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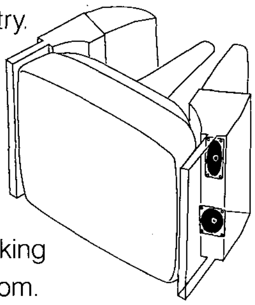

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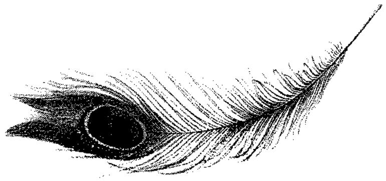

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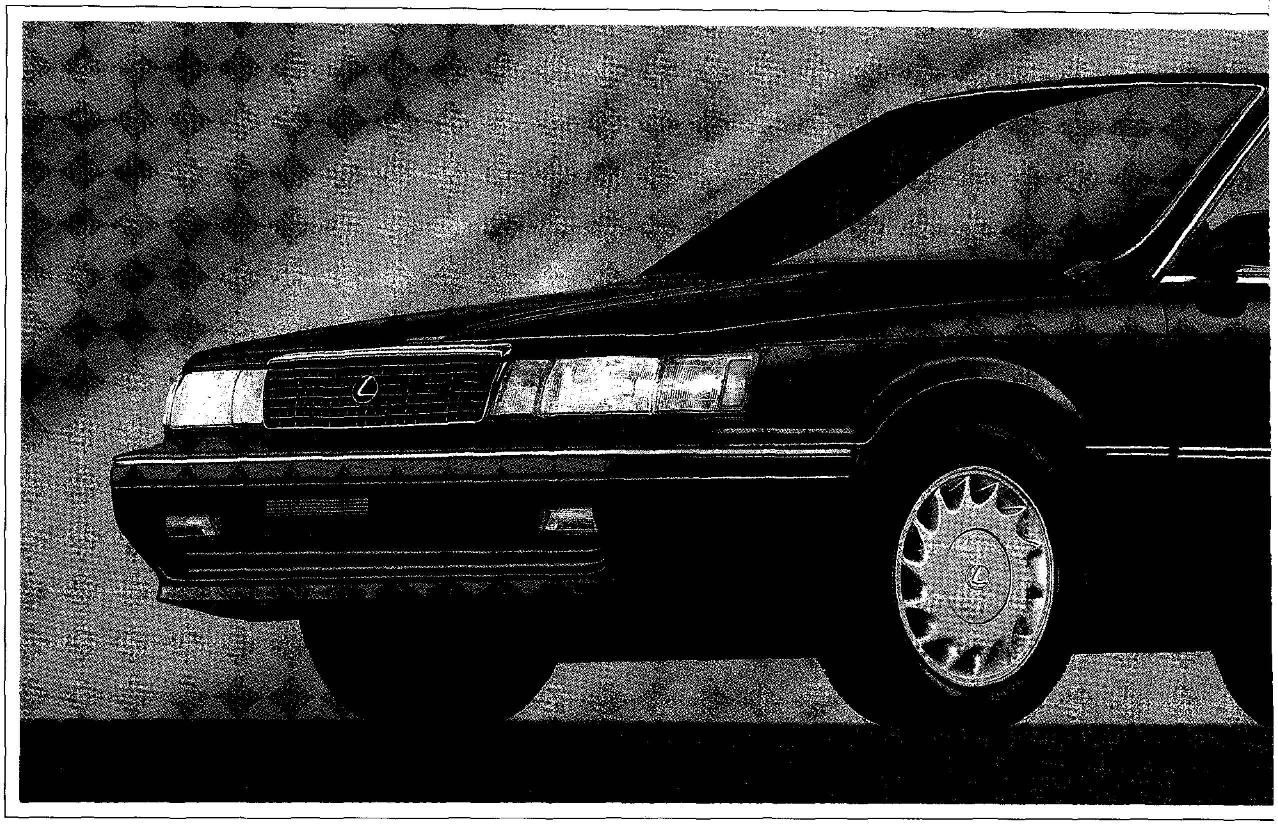

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This high-output audio design standard equipment. Yet it provides level of high fidelity many other luxu

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nakers might consider optional. h the Lexus ES 250, the audiophile opt only for the state-of-the-art pact Disc player.)

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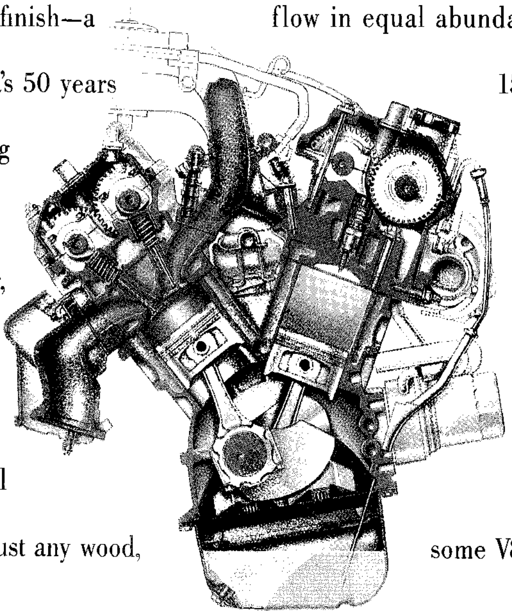

Its interior, example, lavishly ap- inted with real od. And not just any wood, but richly textured bird's-eye maple.

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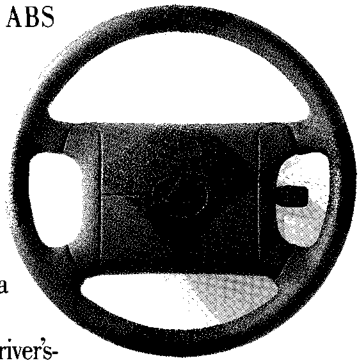

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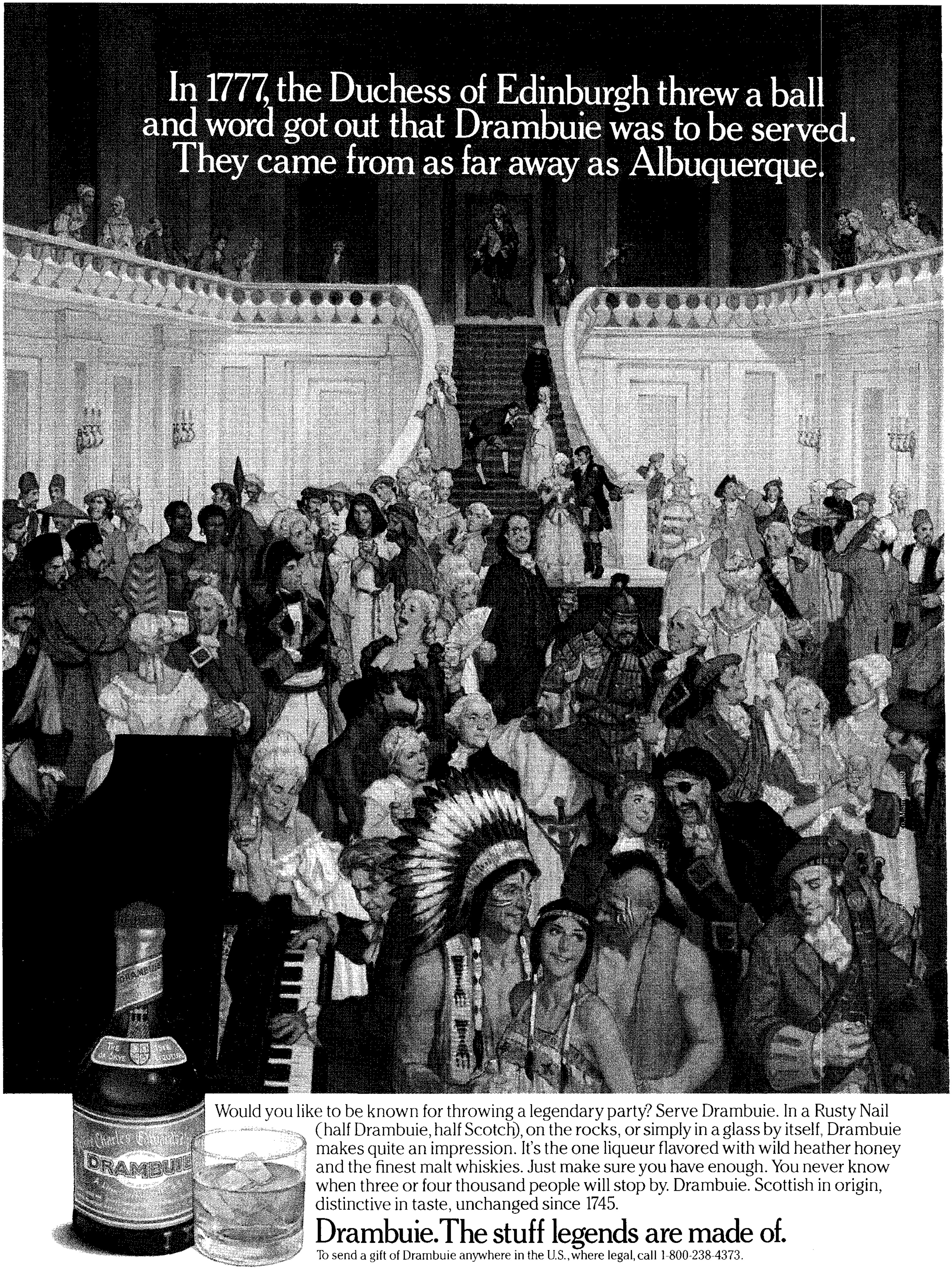
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ART—Cont'd

clude a couple of cardinals, one of them practically monolithic, along with falling women, tabletop still-lifes and scenes, and a few reliefs. Most are in bronze, and have a commanding presence that owes something to a very Roman Catholic sort of pageantry. Through Nov. 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Kenneth Noland—A splendid, bracing show of paintings from 1958 to the present, including targets, chevrons, several brilliantly shaped and colored canvases that resemble jewelry for walls, some O.K. stripes, and a few unexpectedly muted recent works with pieces of Plexiglas on their sides. The biggest target in the show, "Earthen Bound," from 1960, is a mind-expanding extravaganza of sienna, violet, and cadmium yellow that makes you want to keel over and let anything happen. Through Nov. 11. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

"Masters of French Style"—An exhibition of furniture and drawings by André Arbus and the Swiss-born Ernest Boiceau, two designers who worked on commission for some of the more rarefied tastes of the Continental beau monde during the thirties and forties. With Arbus, we see the waning of Art Deco and the beginnings of a fifties approach. The two neoclassical tapestries by Boiceau, however, are about the most exquisitely subtle things in town. Also on view are some sexy terra-cotta figures by André Bizette-Lindet. Through Nov. 13. (Friedman, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. Open Mondays.)

"From Architecture to Object"—This fine selection of Arts and Crafts objects includes, among other things, some very Chinese-like furniture with inlaid mother-of-pearl, by the Greenes; a lamp, by Albert Berry, with a shade of copper, mica, and abalone shell; an ever-welcome stalwart Stickley mission oak; and an exquisite Frank Lloyd Wright dining table and chairs, from the Barton House, in Buffalo. Through Nov. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Short List—**david levine,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Nov. 29); **henri matisse,** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Dec. 16).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Magdalena Abakanowicz—These rows of large, brown, headless, and armless figures look predictable—a dreary, Eastern European march of hardened burlap soldiers. Two huge tree trunks wrapped in iron bandages and lying on cold iron boxes, however, are arresting, and a group of deep-snouted bronze animal heads on standing stakes are classical, elegant, and a bit haunting. Through Nov. 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Andoe—Insipid paintings of marked decorative appeal. Using a lyric, well-modulated black-and-white tonal range, this artist places the images of inherently sweet things—flowers, birds' nests—in triste landscape settings. Donald Sultan, known for his pictures of lemons on tarry grounds, has produced heartier specimens of the same, poor-little-hotcakes genre. Through Nov. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

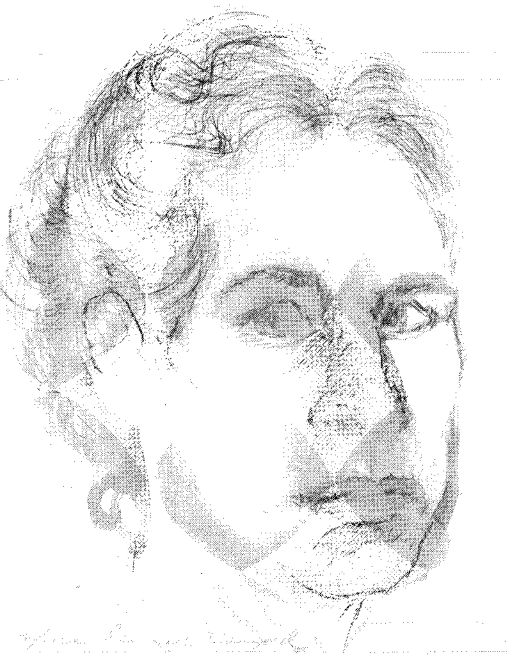
Chris Burden—Three very precise-looking machines from 1983, which have a distinctly antiquated spirit: the "Speed of Light Machine," the "Frictionless Sled," and the "Flying Kayak." Although originally built to function, here—in a wonderfully peculiar kind of obsession—they are displayed as mammoth relics. Through Nov. 18. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sue Coe—A huge, masterly show about the American meat-processing industry, and entitled "Porkopolis—Animals and Industry," that encompasses everything from graphic drawings to paintings on paper to broadsides. Through Nov. 4. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—These box constructions and framed collages of "Dovecotes, Hotels, and Other White Spaces" are some of Cornell's sparest and least loved. But the highly dramatic installation, against walls covered in rusticated bluish-gray rice paper, makes it so easy to recognize the great beauty of Cornell's cracked surfaces and the delicacy of his compositions that it's possible to imagine why some of these works will never look any better. Through Nov. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

José de Creeft (1884-1982)—De Creeft was a prominent part of the Lachaise-Laurent-Zorach circle of American-based early modernist European sculptors. This show of works made between the wars includes a fine oversized head of a slave in beaten lead, stone reliefs that are sometimes hard to read, and watercolors that are good examples of biomorphic modernism. Although De Creeft is equally skilled in each of these mediums, it is the artist's keen sense of stylization that is most evident in the drawings here. Through Nov. 11. (Childs, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Modest black-and-white paintings of spots and pale flashes of light. Through Nov. 25. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Self-portrait by Sylvia Mangold

Rebecca Purdum—Recent abstract paintings by a young artist whose work is picking up strength and gaining depth before our eyes. These soft, blurred fields with their Orientalist colors recall Turner, Redon, and late Monet without straining to do so. They have a mood (introspective, symbolist) but seem to be free of attitude. Through Nov. 11. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—This mature British sculptor makes bronzes of huge standing flint stones and of small pre-classical figures that are technically virtuosic but that leave the mind little room to wander. Through Nov. 22. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Weiner—A classic Weiner installation of simple words on the walls that deftly places you at the epicenter of your own confusion: it's Zen graffiti for technocrats. The resulting sensation, as created by so flinty and foxy a master as this one, can be exhilarating. Through Nov. 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**karel appel,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 11); **luis cruz azaceta,** Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 15); **nicola de maria,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 23); **minnie evans,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 6); **william gropper,** Deutsch, 29 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 21); **joan mitchell,** Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 25); **nam june paik,** Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (starts Nov. 1); **stone roberts,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 15); **anne ryan,** Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 4).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Recent paintings, collectively titled "Nostrums," that address violence and sociological discomfort in a detached way. Applebroog's schematic cartoon style—distinct and nothing if not succinct—now also includes agonistic heads à la Leon Golub and some near-painterly episodes within ambitiously scaled, additive formats. (A group of Applebroog's K.K.K.-related watercolors in a back office are stronger.) Also, in a makeshift screening room, "Belladonna," a rhythmically compelling twelve-minute film/tape on the theme of familial abuse made by Applebroog and Beth B, her filmmaker daughter, in which both artists and a group of their *echt*-bohemian friends (including Jonas Mekas and his young son) dramatically intone fragments of texts appropriated from Joel Steinberg, Josef Mengele, and Sigmund Freud. Through Nov. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Ashley Bickerton—Like the clever commodity objects seen in Bickerton's show of March 1988, his new works are as slickly manufactured as fully equipped racing cars and are as formally lean as Stella's pin-striped paintings—they come with their own practical roll-away padded covers and black vinyl-wrapped handles. But instead of promoting their own consumerism they contain piles of grains, trash, and dirt; bits of coral;, rows of black drip bags labelled "H_2O"; and other "bio-fragments" strapped into glass containers that recall specimen tanks, time capsules, and diving equipment. The fetishistic harnesses and the high-tension cables by which the works appear to be suspended conjure up the black vision of David Lynch's movie "Dune." The works refer to shortsighted crop management and abuse of the earth, and are apocalyptic in a very smart and somewhat entertaining way. Then again, all the slickness could also be a grand metaphor for survival in the none too fragile world of commodity art. Through Nov. 11. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

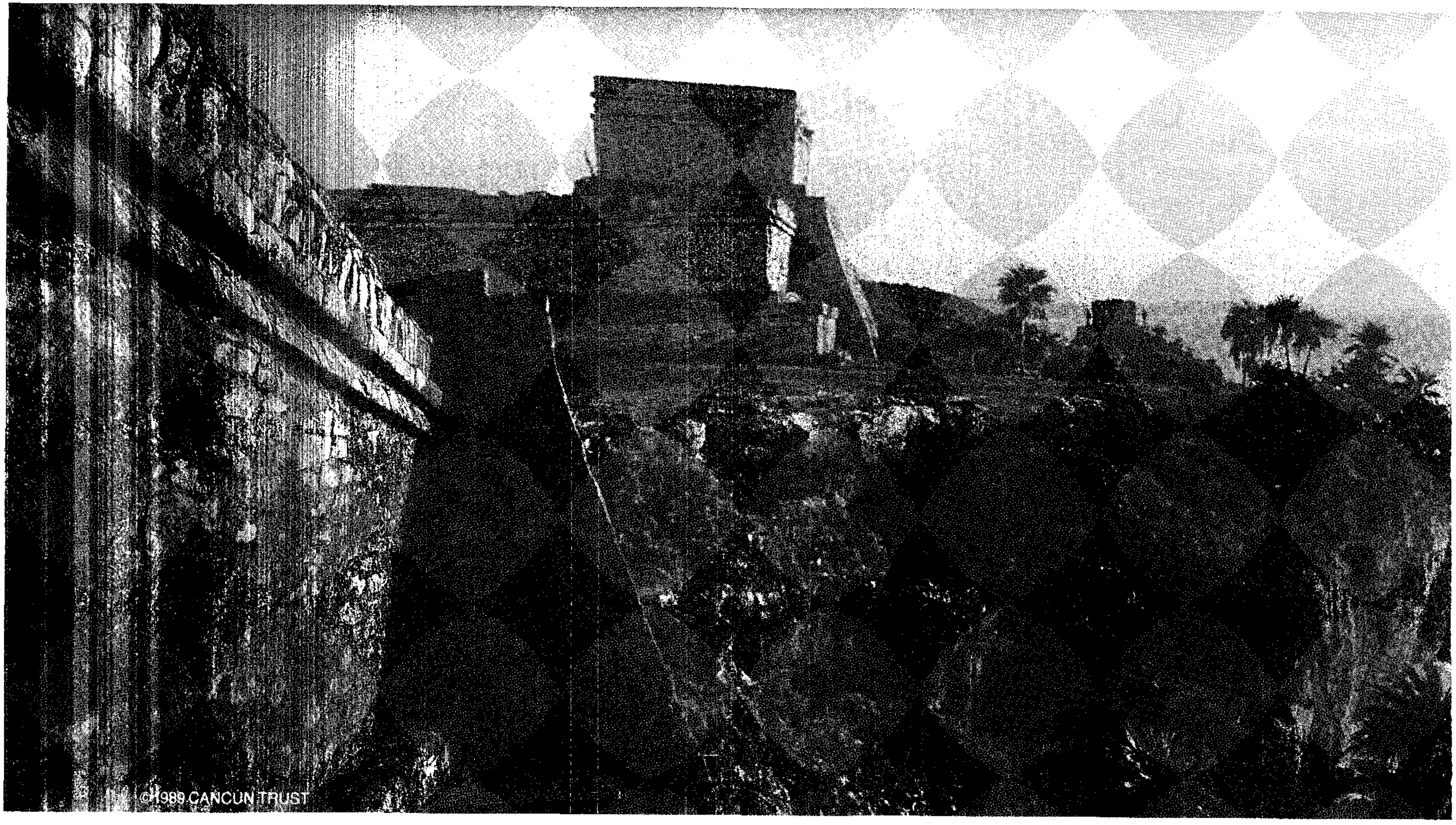
Jennifer Bolande—This artist's mystifyingly simple arrangements of objects sometimes seem tyrannized by the desire to be arcane, but this quality can also be their charm, since the results can be neatly concise object-poems. One piece, consisting of a large wall-mounted flagpole that has a small speaker behind its finial, is an eloquent and pared-down portrait of intrusion. Another piece consists of two stacks of shoulder pads sitting on each end of a mantelshelf, like trophies or modern armor. Through Nov. 11. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

David Cabrera—The artist uses deliberately dumb, light-hearted, ahistorical, and very arty methods to portray and perhaps neutralize horrors: large pink paintings about the massacre of Aztecs, for example, and childlike framed watercolor drawings with the words "people with AIDS." Through Nov. 22. (303 Gallery, 127 Spring St.) . . . ¶ In a collaborative exhibition with Fariba Hajamadi, Cabrera offers a wonderfully silly and boyish spin on conceptual art by tying together sticks to spell out "Had to Write It Had to Get It off My Chest." Through Nov. 18. (Simon Watson, 241 Lafayette St.)

Patrick Caulfield—These dull yet colorful paintings contain meticulously rendered images of food and home (flowers, steaks, lanterns, and fruit), arranged as if they were elements in spare, hard-edged minimalist paintings. Through Nov. 11. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Patrick Dunfey—Small, well-made, conservative, quasi-surrealist paintings. Through Nov. 4. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Customarily, Flavin's neon sculptures are monumental and static, but in this new installation—of fluorescent fixtures with colored and uncolored tubes—they are also very aggressive. The fixtures hang in midair from two of the gallery's three skylights at sharp angles, like brilliant-colored lightning bolts. The work fits smartly within the ongo-



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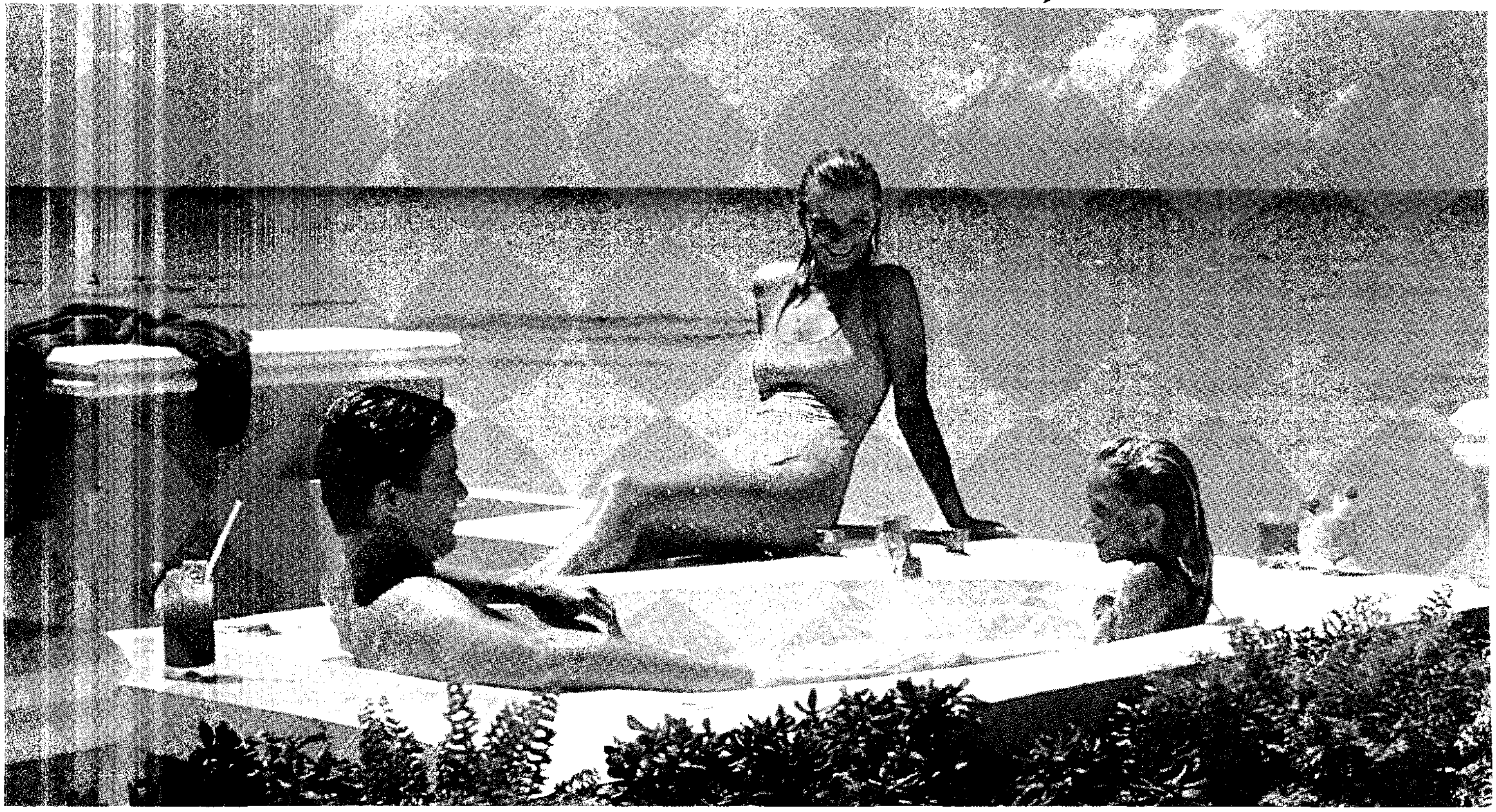

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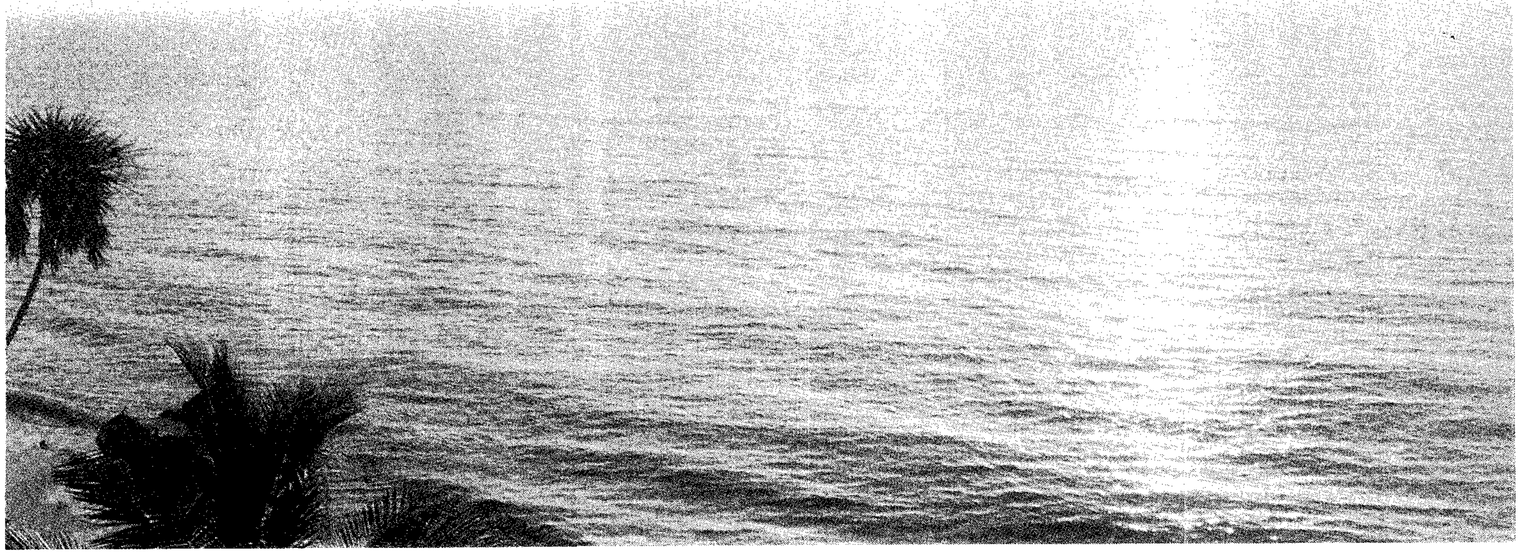

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ing nature-culture dialogue, and projects a very urgent political tone. Through Nov. 30. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Ilona Granet—The centerpiece of this energetic display of paintings and other works comprises three cheery-looking metal billboards with several political themes. Even when the politics in Granet's work are obvious—an anti-anti-abortion work is painted with slogans such as "State Womb"—she can be funny and endearing, without losing her sense of agitation. Through Nov. 11. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Mary Heilmann—Recent abstract paintings. Heilmann's subtly mannered, minimalist compositions—within conventional squares and their modular variations—seem to proclaim this artist's will to see things clearly, as if for the first time. Viewers may feel that they are on a brief and therapeutic vacation when looking at these works: there is an aquatic quality to Heilmann's high-gloss, dripping, layered surfaces, and her colors are Miami-poolside blues and aquas, patio pinks, black, and lots of white. Through Nov. 4. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Ed and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—This eagerly anticipated show of recent work by the well-known Idaho-based husband-and-wife team is seriously disappointing. The pieces here lack the precise conception of Ed Kienholz' earlier, solo work. Since artistry has become a joint Kienholz-family enterprise, meticulous concerns seem to have been cast to the winds. The results are visually unfocussed yet bombastic quasi tableaux that sometimes suggest botched taxidermy. Marisol, Nam June Paik, Christian Boltanski, and Lee Jaffe all seem, at various times, implicitly on hand. You worry that the Kienholzes' important themes—Native Americans, the West, wildlife, racism, the image culture—have been acquired secondhand as well. Through Nov. 11. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Imi Knoebel—A puzzling, rather unspecific-looking site-specific installation—swank, blank wall panels, most with a coppery finish, and a big boxlike floor construction that is obtrusively placed, on purpose—by an artist who is very well known in Europe for his extravagant but hermetic balancing acts. With Knoebel at his best—rooms in which meticulous stacks of painted masonry suggest a world of other structures waiting to be erected—you get the feeling that you are in the presence of a master builder who has just called for a work stoppage, probably for good reasons. Here the work seems to have been completed, but you're not sure why. Through Nov. 11. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Hughie Lee-Smith—Realistic paintings with a slightly zany surrealistic spirit and with a deep, but not depressing, mood of isolation. His couple in a grassy field is a contemporary "American Gothic." Through Nov. 4. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—From 1969 to 1972, this sly master of art puns and involutions, the Pop star who managed to be both outrageous and classical, made a series of large and small paintings of mirrors; here is a fresh and still somewhat disarming display of many of them. The "mirrors" depict nothing more than their own geometric glares and Benday-dotted waves of faux reflected light. They are the artist's witty answer to Op art, minimalism, and hard-edge painting. Through Nov. 18. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Delightful new paintings that depict Benday-dotted smudges over Lichtenstein comics, Lichtenstein Picassos, and Lichtensteins, as if the artist's own works were covered in glass—a clever commentary on preservation-conscious display practices and overzealous housekeeping. Through Nov. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein

Mary Lucier—This is one of the most enchanting and accessible works produced in video. Its seven synchronized monitors display a well-orchestrated array of images inspired by American landscape, genre, and still-life painting. Just when you find yourself entranced by images of the forest, ice floes, the hunt, and a Spartan bedroom, the camera gently pulls back to reveal a picture frame around the image—a firm reminder of its *own technology.* Through Nov. 25. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

David Nyzio—Of the many young artists whose works resemble high-school science experiments, Nyzio is one of the most literal and interesting. His freestanding glass labyrinth with water pumping through it and algae growing within its channels, his resin-coated bonsai weed, and his small sculpture of terraced hills covered with dead bugs are all examples of living matter and natural systems that have been slyly manipulated into objects of beauty. Through Nov. 11. (Postmasters Gallery, 80 Greene St.)

David Reed—Few can make pure paint glide and glow the way this artist can. These rich paintings with expanses of solid color as luscious as icing and with velvety swirls—inspired by the quieter seventeenth-century Italian masters (such as Guido Reni)—are luminescent and somewhat Japanese in their containment. Through Nov. 15. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Michelle Stuart—A mild, rather indifferent show of seventy-seven small, square paintings with mucky, earthy surfaces, pressed flowers, and the like, and one larger, gridded piece with a metallic surface. Through Nov. 8. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

"To Probe & to Push: Artists of Provocation"—Despite the proctological implications of its title, this show is formally tame, compared, for instance, to the "American Grotesque" show currently at Phyllis Kind. The agents provocateurs include Dread Scott (a sign-in book positioned over an American flag), Andres Serrano (a slick, abstract photograph of menstrual blood), and Robert Mapplethorpe (a neatly arranged commode-as-altarpiece from 1970). There is also a faintly scabrous piece by Larry Johnson—a verbal narrative in which a young hustler and his pimp are called John-John and Bobby. But only Warhol, in a group of beautifully rendered and very graphic homoerotic prints, is both poetic and to the point. His characteristically hovering shadow line seems to represent St. Andy of the Oglers himself. Through Nov. 4. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

"Human Concern/Personal Torment: The Grotesque in American Art (Revisited)"—A partial re-creation and update of a 1969 Whitney Museum show curated by Robert Doty, including works in various mediums (and when possible from different decades) by Lucas Samaras, Luis Jimenez, Mel Ramos, Diane Arbus, Ed Paschke, Peter Saul, H. C. Westermann, Paul Thek, Jim Nutt, Richard Lindner, Ivan Le Lorraine Albright, and Bruce Conner. This show celebrates an aggressively vital anti-aesthetic and the stubborn persistence of individual artistic vision. Through Nov. 8. (Phyllis Kind, 136 Greene St.)

"China—June 4, 1989 . . ."—This past summer, in response to the Chinese government's brutal reaction to public rallies for democratic change, the Asian American Arts Centre invited artists to decorate doors to be assembled as an "Artist Wall." With eighty participating artists, the result is an impressive object. Its mostly individually decorated panels make the work seem more of an anti-wall; unlike a traditional barrier, it's a folding screen that spirals, shell-like, back into its center. Through Nov. 11. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the cutler, 593 Broadway: Three very competent young abstract paint-

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ers who you'd think were of another generation. Heather Hutchison makes ice-blue post-minimal paintings—the kind common in the mid-seventies; Joanne Freeman's gestural paintings on playings cards and on maps are more accomplished, but attempt to invoke Jasper Johns and collapse under the weight; and Ron Rocheleau's peeling paintings of decaying geometric icons are pretty but contrived. Through Nov. 11. . . . **KLAGSBRUN**, 51 Greene St.: The works in this show seem somewhat young and underdeveloped, but they have a good, lively spirit undampened by commercialism. Guillaume Bijl's red velvet cloth arrayed with ordinary, for-sale tchotchkes has a contemporary European feel, and Luke Gray's old-fashioned abstract *paintings are spirited and colorful versions of* Patrick Henry Bruce's. Through Nov. 4.

Short List—**JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **SANDRO CHIA,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Nov. 18); **LUCIANO FABRO,** SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Dec. 9); **R. M. FISCHER,** Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Nov. 11); **RICHARD HAMILTON,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Nov. 25); **JAN HASHEY,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Nov. 25); **CAROL HEPPER,** Esman, 70 Greene St. (through Nov. 18); **SYLVIA PLIMACK MANGOLD,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (starts Nov. 2); **CAROLE SEBOROVSKI,** Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway (through Nov. 11); **PAT SUTTON,** Slater-Price, 164 Mercer St. (through Nov. 9).

OTHER GALLERIES

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators—kids from the South Bronx whom the system had deemed ineducable. The work is inseparable from its provenance, which is truly *inspirational, and the images—fanciful, fan*tasy golden horns—are in essence self-portraits that the students created under the influence of a broad range of cultural references, from Uccello to Ninja weapons. The works' literary source is the last chapter of Kafka's unfinished novel "Amerika," upon whose pages they are painted. The show is a glorious sight—loud, brassy, and boisterous, with the intensity of Glenn Branca's guitar works and the joy of Mondrian's "Broadway Boogie-Woogie." The catalogue is excellent, also. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Short List—**ROZ CHAST,** The Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. (open Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6, through Dec. 3); **REVEREND HOWARD FINSTER,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (open Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6, through Jan. 5).

ON THE ROAD

As we walked along Twelfth Avenue the other evening, we were pleased to find that our favorite sign, the Yale truck, is still perched on a two-story brick building at 40th Street. It's actually half a truck, sliced lengthwise, and it's been propped up there since the nineteen-forties. People who grew up in New York may remember when the elevated highway passed just below the sign, and when lights on the truck's wheels flashed in sequence to give the impression of motion. The "Y," "A," "L," and "E" have been stripped from the sign's side (Yale went out of business some time ago), the fenders are rusting, the black paint is peeling from the tires, and the building is empty—all of which make for a wonderful ruin. The owner says that the sign may be restored, if a new tenant wants to put a new name on it. In the meantime, the beige mannequin is still sitting inside the truck cab, one hand on the steering wheel: he's as ready as ever for the long haul.

PHOTOGRAPHY

IN one and a half corridors on the second and third floors of the Arsenal, in Central Park, you can see the kind of pictures that usually end up stored in dusty boxes, yellowing away. The people in these photographs are shaking hands, holding trophies, displaying certificates, or posing as if they had something to be proud of. They do: they're "Winners," as the title of this homey and idiosyncratic exhibition puts it. The notion of winning is stretched nicely; for example, graduating from kindergarten qualifies. There's a 1952 photograph of four teen-agers who won a fishing contest in Central Park; there are harvest-moon dance-contest winners; and there are winners of litter-cleanup awards, *of Ping-Pong games, and of* many of the other events sponsored by the Parks Department since 1934. The curator of the show has gone at *the images with oil paints and colored* pencils, creating rather surreal works that look like they should be part of the next attempt to define post-modernism.

Almost everyone in these photographs is smiling. In fact, we understand that the curator was attracted to the theme of winning because of the by-product—grinning. But the star of the best picture is glowering—the "millionth child to visit the zoo," to quote the caption. The distinguished one is a little girl who looks like she's had it. She'd thought she was going to a place where she could stare at strange and wonderful creatures, and instead everyone's looking at her.

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on view span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic in feeling: Abbott's eye is too tough and unsentimental. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these, views of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building, made us realize how rare it is to come across pictures that focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays and Tuesday, Nov. 7, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ Sikkema, 155 Spring St., has a complementary show. Opens Saturdays at noon; through Nov. 5.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Photographs of factory workers in the thirties and forties. Through Nov. 25. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Lynn Davis—Photographs of icebergs that are the result of two expeditions the artist made to Disko Bay, Greenland, in 1986 and 1988. Here is a landscape that suggests various man-made products—architecture, sculpture, fashion—but it's much more magical than what we usually find in those fields. There are icebergs reminiscent of ancient cities, icebergs that have that hard-edge look of modern abstraction, and icebergs as sophisticated as a creation by Balenciaga. Through Nov. 4. (Lowinsky, 584 Broadway.)

Joel Sternfeld / Alexander Rodchenko (1891-1926)—Huge color photographs of rich-looking people. / Vintage prints by the Russian Constructivist. Through Nov. 25. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

"The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars"—*This Metropolitan Museum bonan*za, which is divided into ten sections, comes from the recently acquired collection of John C. Waddell. Through Dec. 31.

Short List—**HELEN LEVITT,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 2); **PHILIP TSIARAS,** Shea & Baker, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 18); **TINA WHITE,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 16).

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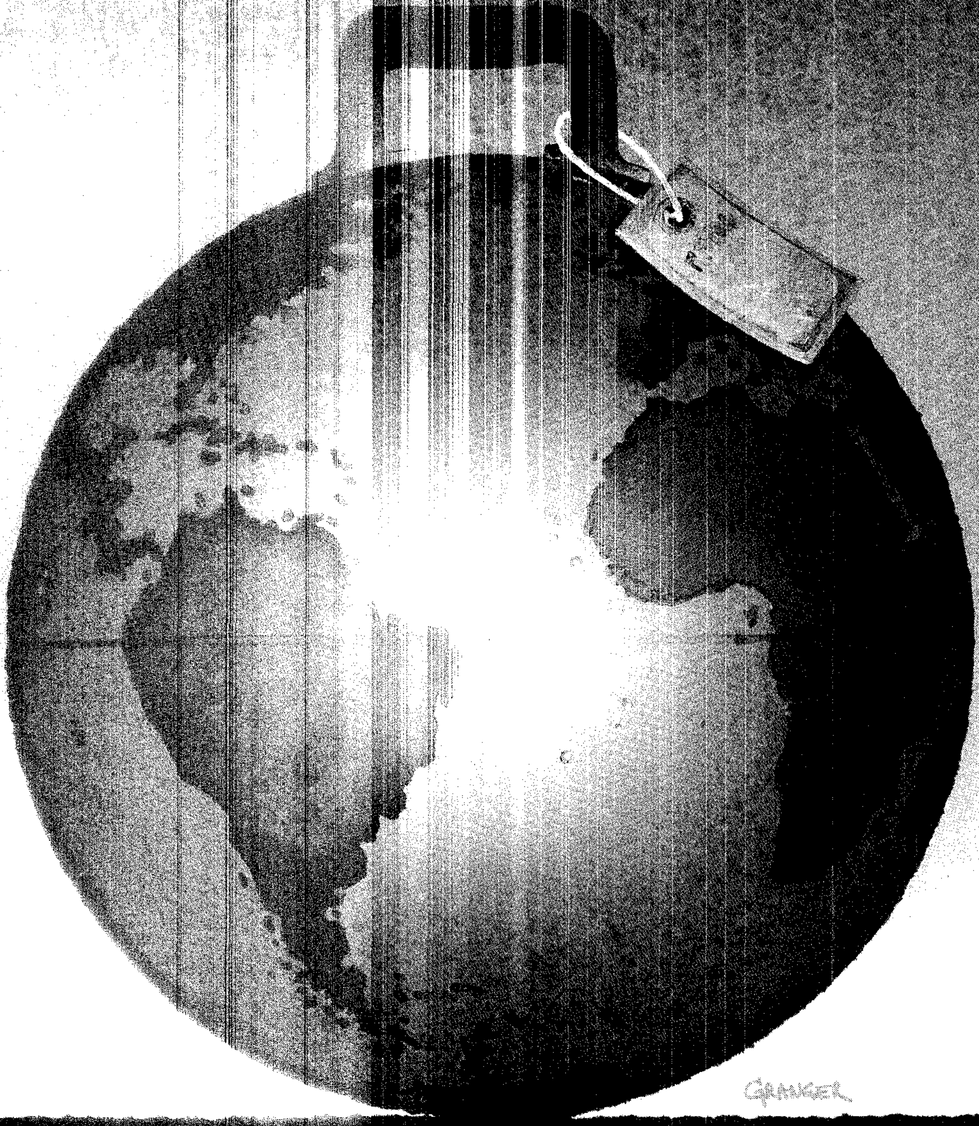
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MUSIC

THERE is a famous passage in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony that used to be taken as a great demonstration of the way progress in the manufacture of musical instruments could help a composer. A motif that had been nobly proclaimed by the horns comes back puffed out by a pair of bassoons. At least that is how it is in the score (bar 303 of the first movement, for anyone who would like to look it up). But it isn't often heard that way.

In Beethoven's day, the horn was only good for a few notes at a time; to get other notes (or at any rate to get them in tune), you had to put a different crook on the instrument. So the assumption has run something like this: Beethoven surely would have wanted the horns again at bar 303, but, since they had no time to change crooks, he had to make do. Many decades later, valves replaced crooks, horns had all the notes anybody could want, and the bassoon sound became, as Sir Donald Francis Tovey put it early in the present century, "an unmitigated nuisance."

Others have had their doubts. (Heinrich Schenker, pointing to evidence in Beethoven's sketchbooks and autograph, argued that the composer never had horns in mind for the recapitulation.) Nevertheless, almost all orchestras restore the theme to the horns—except "original instrument" orchestras, which can't; they have the same crook-changing problem that Beethoven had. By now, several of them have recorded the symphony the "old" way. One may still prefer the horns at bar 303; the interesting thing is the realization that, in exchange for a few missing horn notes, we had blithely given up a whole host of timbres, articulations, and balances that are arguably a good deal more important to the way the symphony sounds. One of the original-instrument orchestras that have recorded the symphony is the Academy of Ancient Music, which will play the Fifth, unmitigated nuisances and all, in Avery Fisher Hall, on November 5 at 3.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

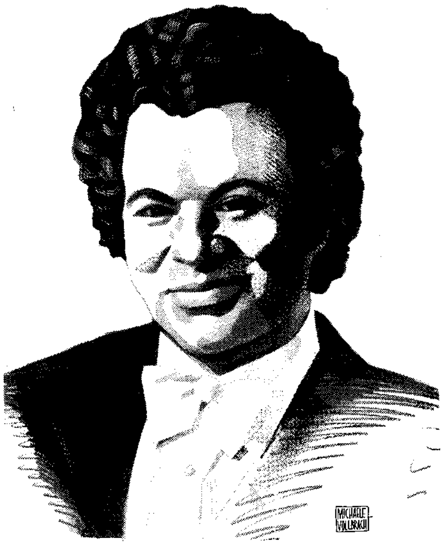
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Marilyn Horne, Gino Quilico, Stanford Olsen, Louis Quilico, and Paata Burchuladze; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Oct. 30 and Nov. 2 at 8.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Bruno Pola, Stanford Olsen, Enzo Dara, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Julius Rudel. (Nov. 6 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Edita Gruberova, Neil Shicoff, and Wolfgang Brendel; Carlos Kleiber. (Oct. 31 at 8.) . . . With Edita Gruberova, Neil Shicoff, and Sherrill Milnes; Michelangelo Veltri. (Nov. 4 at 1:30.) . . . With Karen Huffstodt, Neil Shicoff, and Sherrill Milnes; Michelangelo Veltri. (Nov. 8 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Nelly Miricioiu, Myra Merritt, Richard Leech, and Brian Schexnayder; Donato Renzetti. (Nov. 1 at 8.) . . . With Nelly Miricioiu, Priscilla Baskerville, Richard Leech, and David Malis; Donato Renzetti. (Nov. 4 at 8.) . . . **RIGOLETTO,** a new production, with June Anderson, Luciano Pavarotti, and Leo Nucci; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 3 at 7 and Nov. 7 at 8.)

"The Prodigal Son"—A staged production of Benjamin Britten's musical parable, presented by the Center for Contemporary Opera. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 2-4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 870-2010.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 4 at 7:30 and Nov. 5 at 2:30.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting two short operatic works: "Fables of Our Time," with lyrics by James Thurber and music by Vernon Martin; and "La Pizza con Funghi," by Seymour Barab. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Nov. 6 at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)



Itzhak Perlman,
with the New York Philharmonic

ORCHESTRAS & CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 31 at 7:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting works by Tchaikovsky. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8, Nov. 3 at 2, and Nov. 4 at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting works by Arthur Cunningham, Schumann, and Strauss. With Richard Goode, piano; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Leonard David, viola. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: Zubin Mehta conducting an all-Beethoven program in a benefit concert for the pension fund. With Itzhak Perlman, violin.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Neeme Järvi conducting a Mozart-Shostakovich program. With Alicia de Larrocha, piano; Sergei Leiferkus, bass; and the Men of Singing City Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 31 at 8.) . . . ¶ Riccardo Muti conducting a Rands-Mozart-Tchaikovsky program. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 8 at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—Simon Streatfeild conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Nov. 3 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting, with Robert Klapper, clarinet. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Nov. 5 at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Academy of Ancient Music—Christopher Hogwood conducting an all-Beethoven program. With Monica Huggert, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 5 at 3.)

Goliard Chamber Orchestra—Patricia Handy conducting the "Lord Nelson Mass" and other works. With vocal and instrumental soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 5 at 7:30.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—John Adams conducting works by Copland, Gershwin, and himself; and Charles Wuorinen conducting a work of his own. With Fred Sherry, cello; and Jeffrey Kahane, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 6 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a Mozart-Rachmaninoff program. With William Wolfram, piano; and Robert Routch, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 6 at 8.)

Mannes College Orchestra—Murray Sidlin conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Nov. 6 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Thomas Choir—In a program of works by Fauré and Poulenc. With the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Oct. 31 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 757-7013.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 1 at 8.)

Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Haydn's "Creation." With Jeanne Ommerlé, soprano; John Aler, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

RECITALS

Tokyo String Quartet—At the 92nd Street Y: Chamber works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Shostakovich. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 31-Nov. 1 at 8.) . . . ¶ At Washington Irving High School: An all-Beethoven program. (Irving Pl. at 16th St. Nov. 4 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

New Music Consort—Presenting Elliott Carter's "Syringa," among other works. With Barbara Ann Martin, mezzo-soprano; Jan Opalach, bass; and other soloists. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Nov. 1 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Susan Kagan—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 1 at 8.)

John O'Conor—Piano, in the second of his four-concert series of all the Beethoven sonatas. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Joseph Swensen and Jeffrey Kahane—Violin and piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting contemporary chamber works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute and piccolo, with a chamber group consisting of Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; Theresa Patton, flute; Frank Morelli, bassoon; Martha Caplin, violin; Stanley Silverman, mandolin; and Edward Flower, lute. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 4 at 8.)

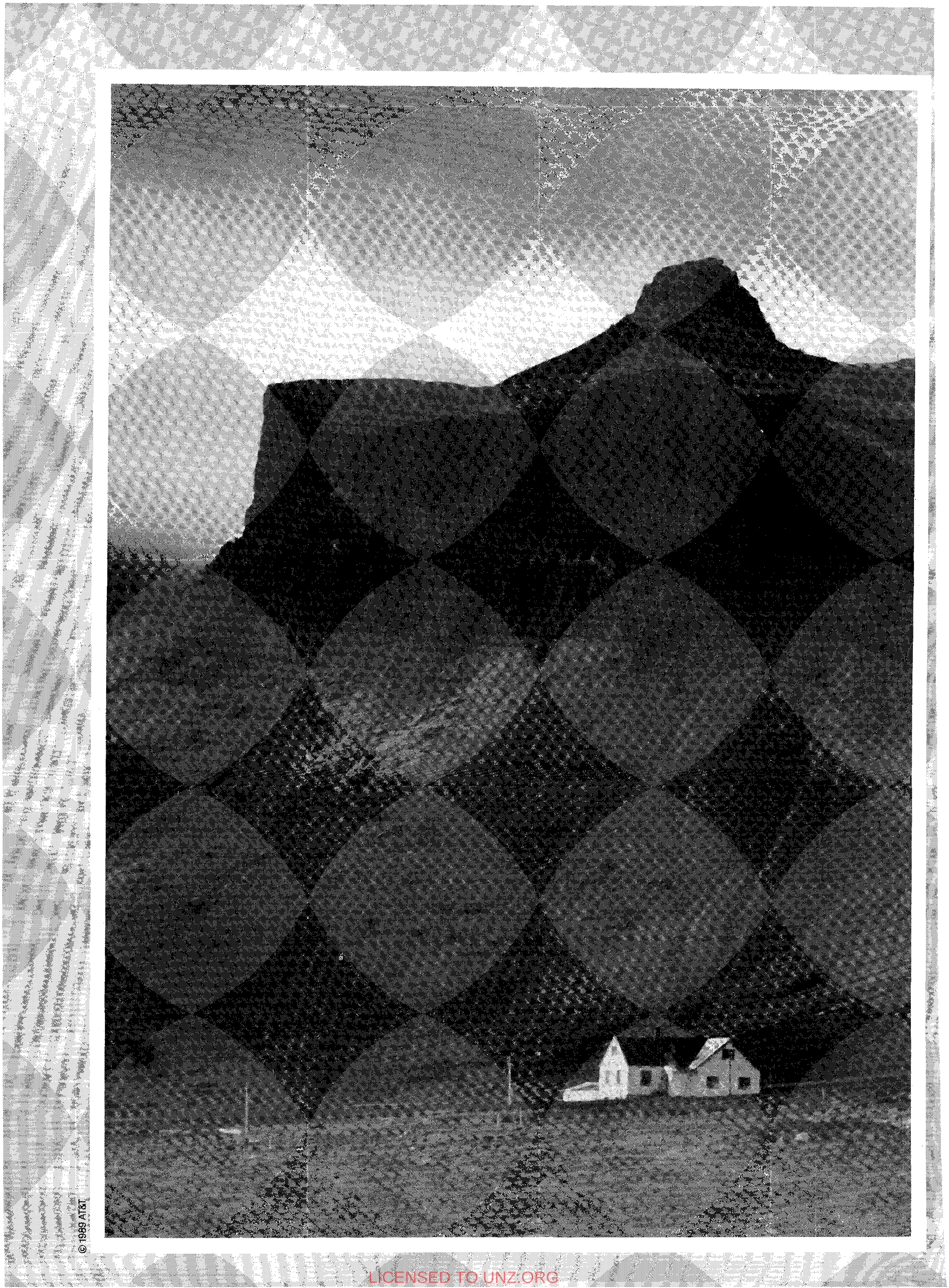
Benjamin Hudson and Gerald Ranck—Baroque violin and harpsichord, in a program of Bach sonatas. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Nov. 5 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Compositions by Women—Chamber and solo works by Clara Schumann, Tania León, Marga Richter, and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Nov. 5 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—Performing works by Handel, Telemann, Alexander Tcherepnin, and others. (House of the Redeemer, 7 E. 95th St. Nov. 5 at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-0399.)

Chelsea Chamber Ensemble—Playing, among other works, premières by Kamran Ince and Joseph Fennimore. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 6 at 8.)

Quintet of the Americas—In a program that includes works by John Harbison, Karel Husa, Steven Mackey, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)



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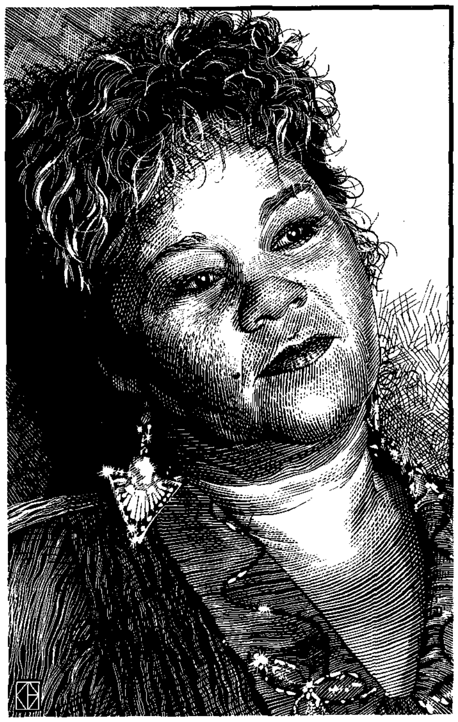


Etta James at the Beacon

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Blues Concert—Billed as an evening of "Dynamic Blues Divas," this is actually a label-defying and quite awesome convergence of diverse female vocalists. The great Mavis Staples (whose latest album was produced by Prince, of all people, for his Paisley Park label) is a transcendent and emotionally reckless gospel and pop performer. Etta James was a blues and R. & B. precursor of rock and roll, and is still going strong. Katie Webster is a New Orleans boogie pianist and soul singer who has recorded on labels such as Rocko, Goldband, and Flyright. And Nell Carter is a Broadway wailer and belter of music by Fats Waller, Bessie Smith, and other blues greats. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 4 at 8.)

David Byrne—David Byrne is speaking in tongues again. When Head-less, his solo projects—works in African music and Chinese woodwinds—have, for the most part, been composed for film and stage productions such as Robert Wilson's "The Civil Wars." Earlier this year, he put together a tepid collection of Brazilian pop, "Beleza Tropical." Now he has hired some Latin salsa players, along with a few Brazilian musicians, and has recorded "Rei Momo" ("Carnival King"). The results won't have Rubén Blades losing any sleep (for the real thing, pick up his latest album, "Antecedente"), but the record is energetic fun. On tour with a large group of musicians, David Byrne should, as usual, be mesmerizing. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 947-5850. Oct. 30-Nov. 1 at 8.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—A concert by the singers Odetta and Laurel Masse, with Carline Ray, Willene Barton, Bertha Hope, and Sherrie Maricle. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Nov. 2 at 8.)

"Jazz at Six"—Presenting Art Farmer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Nov. 3 at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Najma—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 3 at 8.

Jethro Tull—With It Bites. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 587-9222. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Rock-and-Roll Bash—With Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and Jay Black & the Americans. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 3 at 8.)

George Benson—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Nov. 3 at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 4 at 8.

The Fairfield Four and McCullough's Sons of Thunder—Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Nov. 4 at 8.

Betty Carter—With James Williams. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center. Nov. 5 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Marty Ehrlich and the Emergency Peace Ensemble—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Nov. 6 at 8. No tickets necessary.

Ben Vereen—In concert at the Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10, and Sundays at 3. Through Nov. 12.

Roulette—Nov. 2: Tim Berne and Mark Helias. . . . ¶ Nov. 3: George Cartwright. . . . ¶ Nov. 8: Tenko. (228 West Broadway. Evenings at 9. For information about tickets, call 219-8242.)

SPORTS

When the Knicks face the Miami Heat at Madison Square Garden this weekend, in their first home game of the season, opening-night hype will naturally focus on what, if anything, is new and promising about our near-championship-quality team: whether the Knicks' young stars have learned new moves; whether they're playing together like potential champs; whether they're working well under their new head coach, Stu Jackson. But with all that's new, and, perhaps, exciting, when we went to a few preseason games we were reminded that the best reasons to go to Knicks games are still the *old* reasons: the homey arena, the spunk and intelligence of New York basketball fans, the great Garden rituals—the heckling of the refs, the thunderous chant of "DEE-FENSE! DEE-FENSE!" in the final moments of close games—and the plain love that eighteen thousand folks have for players they cheer by their first names. Garden basketball is the last outpost in New York City of the sports spectator's intimate ecstatic ritual.

One Garden tradition, sadly, ended a few weeks ago, when John Condon, the Knicks' sweet-voiced P.A. announcer for the last forty-two seasons, died of cancer, at the age of seventy-five. (Last season, "the voice of the Knickerbockers" announced his fifteen hundredth home game.) At the final preseason home game, we overheard fans all over the house imitating Condon's trademark phrases: a twelve-year-old-looking kid on a hot-dog line turned spontaneously to his father and, in a fair version of Condon's nasal twang, announced, "*Good* evening, everybody, and *wel*come to Madison Square Garden." We went to the Garden as a kid, too, and, listening to Condon's strong, lilting, disembodied voice booming comfortably from the mustard-colored ceiling speaker, we felt we were hearing something far more majestic than a man with a charmed sound: this was the voice of the Garden itself.

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Minnesota Vikings, Oct. 30. (Game time, 9 P.M.)

Rangers—Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Nov. 8. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 7. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Nov. 8. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov. 4 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov. 7 at 7:30. (The Giants, the Devils, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Monday, Oct. 30, and Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 1-3, at 12:30; Saturday, Nov. 4, at noon; and Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 5-7, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights, except Oct. 30, at 7:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

New York City Marathon—Twenty-three thousand runners have signed up for this year's event, which starts at 10:47 A.M. on Nov. 5, at the toll plaza of the Verrazano Bridge, and ends more than two hours later, near Tavern on the Green, in Central Park.

National Horse Show—Horses, horses, horses. They'll be show jumping, mostly (the American show-jumping squad will have to defend its title against teams from Canada, Great Britain, and the Netherlands), but also pulling carriages and running obstacle courses. (Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Competitions Oct. 31-Nov. 4, starting at 8 A.M., and Nov. 5, starting at 5:30 A.M.)

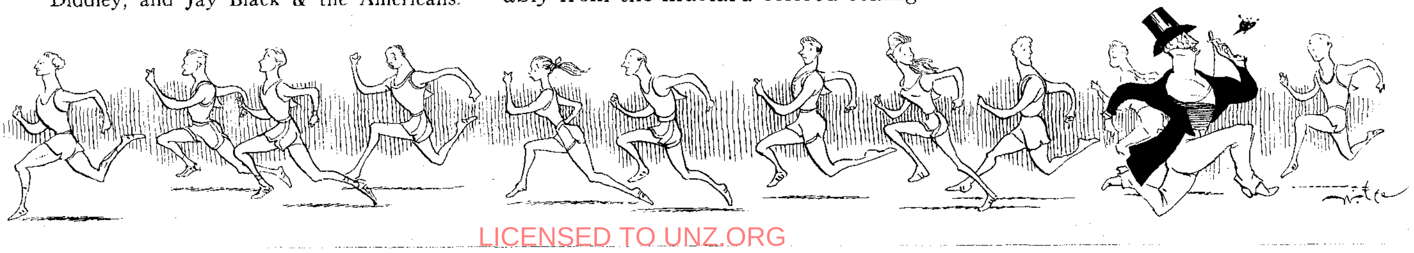
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Park Ark—The animals at the Central Park Zoo have recently found some inanimate companions. The cement passenger pigeons (by sculptor Mel Chin) that roost in a tree near the southern entrance and the steel lion (by Steven Singer) that sleeps on a hill near East 67th Street are both part of "Noah's Art," the Park Department's new outdoor exhibit of sixteen animal sculptures. The works all reside on the grounds near the zoo, and looking for them is something of a treasure hunt. Other highlights are Toshio Sasaki's "Moving Earth"—an elephant whose shape emerges from a huge wooden block—and Jorge Luis Rodriguez' "Bald Eagle," whose head is of alabaster and who is made airborne by a fourteen-foot pole. The exhibit continues through Dec. 3.

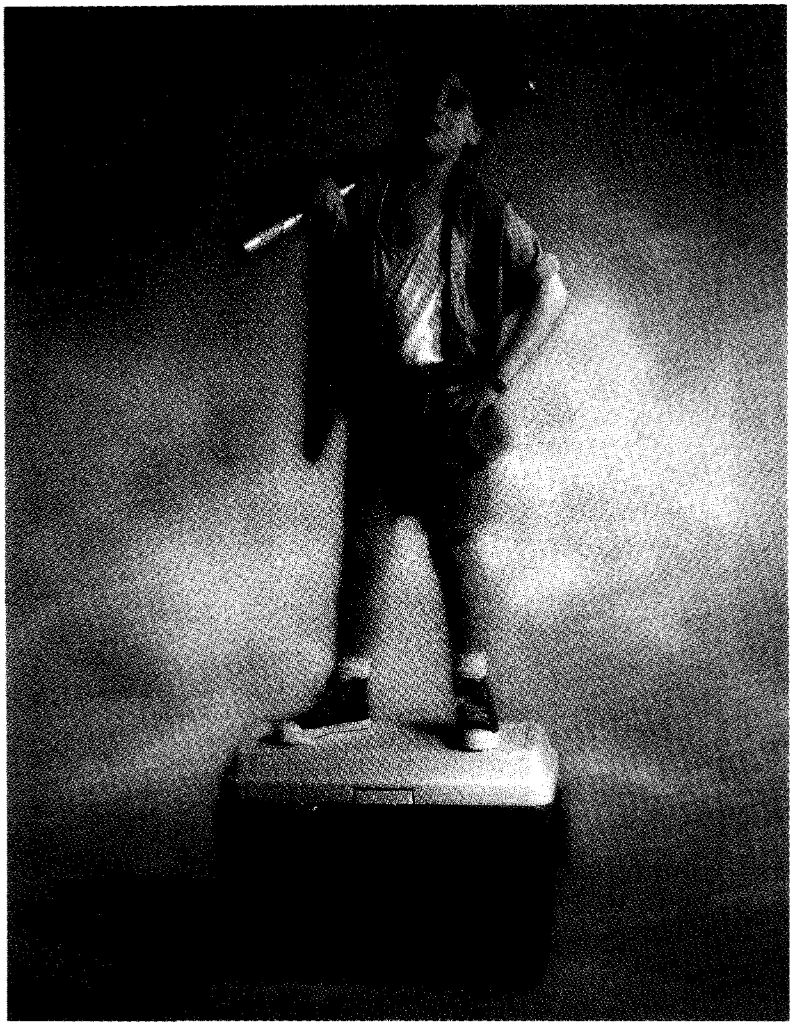
Flower Show—This annual display of Japanese chrysanthemums at the New York Botanical Garden marks autumn the way fireworks mark July. (Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 4. Through Nov. 12.)

"Skating for Life"—An AIDS benefit, with John Curry, Scott Hamilton, and Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner, among others. An ice rink will be installed for the occasion in the 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Nov. 6 at 7. For information about tickets, call 727-3100.

Memorandum—Election Day is Nov. 7. The polls will be open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.



To us, it was Marlex® polyethylene, a resin with superior thermal management capabilities.



Celebrating his 10th birthday this year, Jeff gives thumbs up to playing catcher, pizza and Saturdays. Definite thumbs down: onions, being grounded.

To most, it was a picnic cooler.

But to an inspired someone, it was the perfect vehicle to transport a human heart from Long Beach to a waiting Jeffrey Robinson in Stanford, California.

Phillips Petroleum Company salutes the drive in all of us to see beyond limits, the spirit in us that says yes to inspiration. It is these qualities on which we depend to realize the potential in the products we make.

Today, a mind saw a life preserver in a plastic container. We embrace the challenge to inspire that mind into tomorrow.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY PHILLIPS 66

For a copy of our annual report, write to Greg Derrick, Phillips Petroleum Company, 16 A-1 Phillips Building, Bartlesville, OK 74004.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	30	31	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 37.

Jerry Lewis in "The Nutty Professor"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Erik the Viking" (directed by Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins.
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta and Kirstie Alley.
Theatre 3: "Emma's Shadow" (Soeren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish).
Theatre 4: "A Dry White Season" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 2: "Breaking In" (†). From Nov. 3: Five new short films by students at the New York University's Tisch School of the Arts.
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Nov. 2: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo. (Closed Mondays.)
From Nov. 3: Brazilian documentary films. (Closed Mondays.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bear" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Erik the Viking" (Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Dad" (Gary David Goldberg), with Jack Lemmon and Ted Danson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "Breaking In" (†). From Nov. 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sea of Love" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine. From Nov. 3: "Forced March" (Rick King), with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Erik the Viking" (Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese. From Nov. 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 2: "An Unremarkable Life" (Amin Q. Chaudhri), with Patricia Neal and Shelley Winters. From Nov. 3: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dad" (Gary David Goldberg), with Jack Lemmon and Ted Danson.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 2: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Sea of Love" (†). From Nov. 3: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson. From Nov. 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette.
Theatre 2: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano. From Nov. 3: (Separate admissions) "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (Monika Truet and Elfi Mikesch); and "Making 'Do the Right Thing' " (St. Clair Bourne); and "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "Carnival of Souls" (†). From Nov. 3: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close, James Woods, and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 2: "Dad" (Gary David Goldberg), with Jack Lemmon and Ted Danson.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 2: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz. From Nov. 3: "Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 2: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner. From Nov. 3: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 2: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 2: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson. From Nov. 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Bear" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 7: Through Nov. 2: "Breaking In" (†). From Nov. 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 8: "A Dry White Season" (†).
Theatre 9: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 2: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine. From Nov. 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†). From Nov. 3: "Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 2: "Breaking In" (†). From Nov. 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Bear" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Girl in a Swing" (Gordon Hessler), with Meg Tilly and Rupert Fraser.

Depression.

It can affect you in ways you would never suspect

- unexplainable jumpiness or anxiety
- unusual irritability
- sleep disturbances
- difficulty in concentrating or remembering
- physical pains that are hard to pin down
- appetite loss (or overeating)
- a loss of interest or pleasure in your job, family life, hobbies or sex
- a downhearted period that gets worse and just won't go away
- frequent or unexplainable crying spells
- a loss of self-esteem or an attitude of indifference

A combination of the above symptoms, persisting for two weeks or more can be an indication of depressive illness and a warning to seek the advice of a doctor.

Because depression can be a lot more than just "the blues."

Over 30 million Americans today may suffer from some form of depressive illness. Unfortunately, it often goes unreported, and therefore undiagnosed and untreated, because people don't recognize the symptoms for what they are. Yet, depression can be easily diagnosed and treated in most cases. It's most important to realize that you are not alone by any means.

Do something for yourself and for those you love. See your doctor.

For a poster-sized reprint of this message, write: Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, P.O. Box 3852NKE, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

A message in the interest of better health from Pfizer

PHARMACEUTICALS
A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 2: "The Method" (Joe Destein).
From Nov. 3: "A Dry White Season" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Animal Behavior" (H. Anne Riley), with Karen Allen and Armand Assante.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Nov. 2: "When Harry Met Sally . . ." (†).
From Nov. 3: "Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fat Man and Little Boy" (Roland Joffé), with Paul Newman and Dwight Schultz.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "Yaaba" (Idrissa Ouedraogo, in Moore).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Story of Women" (Claude Chabrol; in French).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Bear" (Jean-Jacques Annaud).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 2: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson. From Nov. 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.
Theatre 5: "Gross Anatomy" (Thom Eberhardt), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.
Theatre 2: "Dad" (Gary David Goldberg), with Jack Lemmon and Ted Danson.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Batman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Johnny Handsome" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Masque of the Red Death" (directed by Alan Birkinshaw), with Frank Stallone.
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.
Theatre 5: "Next of Kin" (John Irvin), with Patrick Swayze and Liam Neeson.
Theatre 6: "Worth Winning" (Will Mackenzie), with Mark Harmon.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Nov. 2: "An Innocent Man" (Peter Yates), with Tom Selleck and F. Murray Abraham.
From Nov. 3: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†); and "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner).
Theatre 3: "Erik the Viking" (Terry Jones), with Tim Robbins and John Cleese.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 2: "A Dry White Season" (†). From Nov. 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 2: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas and Andy Garcia.
From Nov. 3: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 2: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†). From Nov. 3: "The Phantom of the Opera" (Dwight H. Little), with Robert Englund.
Theatre 2: "Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers" (Dominique Othenin-Girard).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Shocker" (Wes Craven).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon 2" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 2: "The Last Warrior" (Martin Wragge), with Gary Graham. From Nov. 3: "Second Sight" (Joel Zwick), with John Larroquette and Bronson Pinchot.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Oct. 30: "This Happy Breed" (1947 directed by David Lean), with Celia Johnson, Robert Newton, and John Mills; and "Breaking the Sound Barrier" (1952, Lean), with Ralph Richardson and Ann Todd.
Oct. 31: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965, David Lean), with Omar Sharif.
Nov. 1-4: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962, David Lean), with Peter O'Toole.
Nov. 5-8: "Alexander's Ragtime Band" (†) and "Call Me Madame" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 31: "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood), with Forest Whitaker; and "Round Midnight" (1986, Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon and François Cluzet.
Nov. 1-2: "The Last Picture Show" (1971, Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.
Nov. 3-4: "The Last Woman" (1976, Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972, Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando.
Nov. 5: "Le Boucher" (†); and "Le Samourai" (1967, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Alain Delon.
Nov. 6-7: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Zelig" (†).
From Nov. 8: "Under the Sun of Satan" (1987, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Sandrine Bonnaire; and "Danton" (1983, Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Depardieu.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 31: "The Big Knife" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Jack Palance; "Hangover Square" (1945, John Brahm), with Laird Cregar; and "Boomerang!" (1947, Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews.
Nov. 1-2: "The French Connection" (1971, William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman, Roy Scheider, and Fernando Rey; and "French Connection II" (1975, John Frankenheimer), with Hackman and Rey.
Nov. 3-4: "Eraserhead" (1977, David Lynch); and "Begotten" (1988, Edmund E. Merhige).
Nov. 5: "Open City" (†); and "Fear" (1956, Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman.
Nov. 6-7: "Crime of Passion" (1957, Gerd Oswald), with Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, and Raymond Burr; "Kiss of Death" (1947, Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature and Richard Widmark; and "Roger Touhy, Gangster" (1944, Robert Florey), with Preston Foster.
From Nov. 8: "Playtime" (1967, Jacques Tati), with Tati; and "The Nutty Professor" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 30: "Carmen" (1983, Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "El Amor Bruio" (1986, Saura; in Spanish).
Oct. 31: "Freaks" (1932, Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968, George A. Romero).
Nov. 1: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943, Roy William Neill) and "The Woman in Green" (1945, Neill), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.
Nov. 2: "Whirlpool" (†); and "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950, Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews.
Nov. 3-4: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando and "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Brando and Lee Marvin.
Nov. 5: "My Favorite Wife" (1940, Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (†).
Nov. 6: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (†); and "Le Plaisir" (1952, Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin.
Nov. 7: "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston), with Clarke Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Monroe.
Nov. 8: "The Wild Bunch" (1969, Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "Straw Dogs" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)
Theatre 1: Films from Canada. Oct. 30 at 2:30: "Blind Trust" (1986, directed by Yves Simoneau; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6 and Oct. 31 at 2:30. "Jacques et Novembre" (1985, Jean Beaudry and François Bouvier; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6 and Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Springtime in Greenland" (1981, John Paizs) and "Tales from the Gimli Hospital" (1988, Guy Maddin). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: "A Winter Tan" (1987, Jackie Burroughs, Louise Clark, John Frizzell, John Walker, and Aerlyn Weissman). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Mother Tongue" (1979, Derek May) and "Other Tongues" (1985, May). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6 and Nov. 4 at 2: "Artists on Fire: The Work of Joyce Wieland" (1987, Kay Armatage) and "Seated Figures" (1988, Michael Snow). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "Mother Tongues" and "Other Tongues." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2 and 5: "Jesus of Montreal" (1989, Denys Arcand; in French). . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30 and 6: "Roadkill" (1989, Bruce McDonald).
Theatre 2: Oct. 31 at 3 and 6: A retrospective of twenty years of animated films from the California Institute of the Arts. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 3 and 6: "One Hundred Children Waiting for a Train" (1987, Ignacio Aguero), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 3: "Desire" (1936, Frank Borzage), with Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, and John Halliday. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at noon: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935, Henry Hathaway), with Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "City Streets" (1931, Rouben Mamoulian), with Cooper, Sylvia Sidney, and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "Morocco" (1930, Josef von Sternberg), with Cooper, Dietrich, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "High Noon" (1952, Fred Zinnemann), with Cooper, Grace Kelly, and Lloyd Bridges. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Friendly Persuasion" (1956, William Wyler), with Cooper, Dorothy McGuire, and Anthony Perkins. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6:30: Films by Uzi Parnes, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6: Two different programs of short films by Stan Brakhage.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Oct. 31-Nov. 4: Herman Melville's "Bartleby the Scrivener" (1978, PBS), with Nicholas Kepros. . . . From Nov. 7: Edith Wharton's "Summer" (1981, PBS), with Diane Lane, Michael Ontkean, and John Cullum. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3 . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Oct. 31-Nov. 4: Episodes 11-15 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Nov. 7: Episodes 16-20 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the **Riklis Theatre,** "Films That Tell Time: A Ken Jacobs Retrospective." Nov. 1 at 2:30: "The Doctor's Dream" (1978), "Globe" (1969), "Blonde Cobra" (1963), and "Nissan Ariana Window" (1969). . . . Nov. 2-3 at 2:30: "Perfect Film" (1985), "Baud'larian Capers" (1963), "Lisa and Joey in Connecticut, January '65: 'You've Come Back!' 'You're Still Here!' " (1965), "Air Shaft" (1967), "Soft Rain" (1968), and "Window" (1964). . . . Nov. 4 at 2: "The Whole Shebang"; and "Spaghetti Aza" (1976). . . . Nov. 4 at 5: "The Sky Socialist: Flight" (1965). . . . Nov. 5 at 2: "Star Spangled to Death" (1960). . . . Nov. 5 at 5: "Xcxhxexrxrxixexsx" (1980). . . . Nov. 8 at 2:30: "The Sky Socialist" (1965) and "Jerry Takes a Back Seat, Then Steps Out of the Picture" (1987).... ¶ In the **WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM,** through Nov. 5, "The Rise and Fall of the Television Western," a survey of this genre, 1943-73, shown in eleven three-hour thematic programs ("Minorities and the Western," "The Classic Adult Western," and "The Warner Bros. Western" are a few of the groupings). Showings Wednesday through Friday at 1:30 and Saturday and Sunday at 11:30 and 2:35.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Nov. 1 at 8 and 10: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944, Robert Bresson; in French).... ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: "Water and Power" (1989, Pat O'Neill).... ¶ Nov. 2 at 9:30: "Street Scene" (1931, King Vidor), with Sylvia Sidney.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 7:30 and 9 and Nov. 4-5 at 8 and 10: "He Was Once" (Mary Hestand), "La Divina" (Maria Brooke Dammkhoeler), and "The Twentieth Anniversary Reunion Concert of Big Character Poster" (Alvin Eng and Melissa Cahill).... ¶ Nov. 4 at 6:30: "A Voyage with Vladimir Vissotsky" (1989, Ilana Zolotar), a documentary.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 8: Six short films by Brady Lewis.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 10:30: "Water and Power.".... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2: "Secrets of a Soul" (1926, G. W. Pabst; silent).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: Seven short films by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 6:30 and 7:30: "A Voyage with Vladimir Vissotsky." ... ¶ Nov. 7 at 8:30: "Blessings of the Land" (1959, Manuel Silos; Philippines).... ¶ Nov. 8 at 6:30: "Fiesta" (1981, Kidlat Tahimik; Philippines).... ¶ Nov. 8 at 8:30: "The Way We Were ..." (1976, Eddie Romero; Philippines).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Nov. 9 at noon: "Kiss" (1963, Andy Warhol), and a short film each by Bruce Conner, Stan Brakhage, Ken Jacobs, and Bruce Baillie.... ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962, John Ford), with James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin.... ¶ Nov. 10 at noon: "Showman" (1963, Albert and David Maysles) and "Happy Mother's Day" (1963, Richard Leacock and Joyce Chopra). ... ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "The Errand Boy" (1962, Jerry Lewis), with Lewis.... ¶ Nov. 11 at noon: "Scorpio Rising" (1963, Kenneth Anger), "Blow Job" (1963, Andy Warhol), and "Breathdeath" (1964, Stan VanDerBeek).... ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, and Cyd Charisse.... ¶ Nov. 14 at 1:30: "Point of Order!" (1964, Emile de Antonio).... ¶ Nov. 14 at 3:30: "What's Up Tiger Lily?" (1966), a Japanese film, with English dialogue by Woody Allen.... ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: "Fire of Waters" (1965, Stan Brakhage), "Meet Marlon Brando" (1965, Albert and David Maysles), and "The Secret Cinema" (1966, Paul Bartel).... ¶ Nov. 15 at noon: "Sins of the Fleshapoids" (1965, Mike Kuchar), "Hold Me While I'm Naked" (1966, George Kuchar), and "The Great Blondino" (1967, Robert Nelson).... ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967, Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, and Susan Hayward.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Nov. 3 at 6:30: "Busu" (1987, Jun Ichikawa; in Japanese).

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—Oct. 31 at 8: "The World According to Garp" (1982, George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Mary Beth Hurt, Glenn Close, and John Lithgow. The author, John Irving, will be present.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: "Slaughterhouse Five" (1972, Hill), with Michael Sacks. The author, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., will be present.

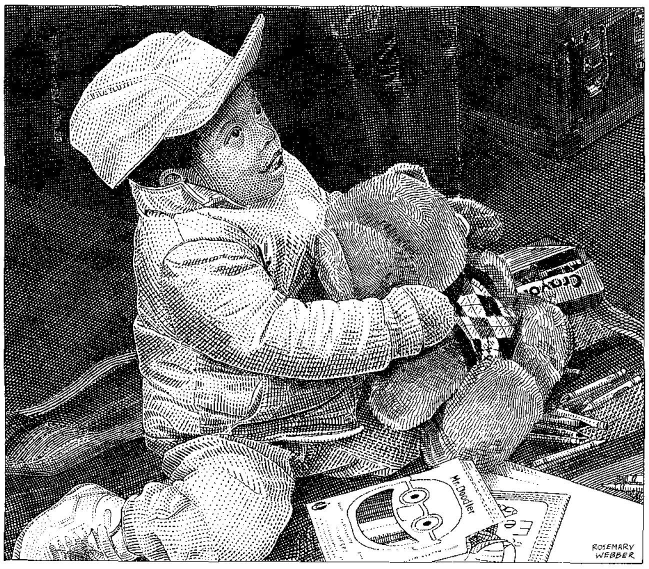
FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Films directed by, or with, François Truffaut. Nov. 1 at 12:30: "Jules and Jim" (1961, in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oscar Werner, and Henri Serre.... ¶ Nov. 1 at 3 and 8:45: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, in French), with Isabelle Adjani. ... ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "Two English Girls" (1971, in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud. ... ¶ Nov. 2 at 5:30: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, in French), with Charles Aznavour and Marie Dubois.... ¶ Nov. 2 at 7:25: "Jules and Jim." ... ¶ Nov. 2 at 9:40: "The Soft Skin" (1964, in French), with Françoise Dorléac, Jean Desailly, and Nelly Benedetti. ... ¶ Nov. 3 at 6: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966), with Julie Christie and Oscar Werner.... ¶ Nov. 3 at 8:30: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (1977, Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss and Truffaut.... ¶ Nov. 4 at noon and 7:05: "The Last Metro" (1980, in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Heinz Bennent.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:45 and 9:50: "The Woman Next Door" (1981, in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.... ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "The Green Room" (1978, in French), with Nathalie Baye and Jean Dasté.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 1: "The 400 Blows" (1959, in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Patrick Auffay.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 3:15: "Small Change" (1976, in French), with Jean-François Stévenin and Virginie Thévenet.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 5:30: "Day for Night" (1973, in French), with Truffaut, Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, and Jean-Pierre Léaud.... ¶ Nov. 5 at 8: "Confidentially Yours" (1983, in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Adèle H.—the heroine of François Truffaut's last great movie (made in 1975)—looks out over the rocks of Guernsey, where her father, Victor Hugo, is exiled, and proclaims that she will cross the Atlantic to the New World, to reunite with her lover in Halifax. It is the last decisive act of her life. "The Story of Adèle H." (playing November 1 at the French Institute–Alliance Française) tells of an obsessive love that becomes a religious quest. The object of Adèle's ardor is a weak, greasy womanizer, a British Army lieutenant who long ago lost interest in her. "One can be in love with a man and yet be aware that he is utterly despicable," Adèle explains. But what she actually feels, what every act of hers demonstrates, is a total love of loving—of a feeling so consuming that it transcends the man who arouses it. A high-strung, violently emotional young woman, Adèle grows into an intense, committed madwoman. She matures in the worst way.

Isabelle Adjani is formidable in the role of love's mad poet. She walks with fatigued shoulders and the impatient gait of someone who can't stand the street. This weeping willow is sturdier than she looks. She goes from anxiousness and tenderness to fury. The image of the romantic fanatic wandering in Barbados, where her once lover has been transferred, expresses a terrifying solipsism. The whole movie is an inspired collaboration between director and star; Truffaut shapes his film around Adèle's galvanic force field. The sight of Adèle in mid-breakdown, spinning invisible spiderwebs with her hands and carrying on a distracted monologue, brilliantly externalizes a tragic, tangled mindscape.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.



Nicole Alysia in "Sidewalk Stories," at the Cinema 3rd Avenue and the Quad

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND (1938)—The twenty Irving Berlin songs are reason enough for seeing the film, but you have to be prepared for the persistent, mosquito-like irritation of the plot—from 1911 to 1939 two songwriters (Tyrone Power and Don Ameche) are rivals for the affections of Alice Faye, who smiles her overripe, slow smile. Her mellow voice is wonderful on the title song and you want to cheer her rendition of "When That Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam'," but you may get to shuddering when she ponders the First World War (exhibited to us in three seconds of newsreel shots) and murmurs, "It was all so futile, wasn't it?" This big, lavish Twentieth Century Fox musical, directed by Henry King, has Ethel Merman, Jack Haley, Dixie Dunbar, Chick Chandler, Douglas Fowley, John Carradine, Helen Westley, Ruth Terry, Wally Vernon, and Jean Hersholt. Sets by Boris Leven; dances staged by Seymour Felix.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 5-8.)

BATMAN—Tim Burton's powerfully glamorous comic-book epic, with sets angled and lighted like film noir, goes beyond pulp. It has a funky, nihilistic charge, and an eerie, poetic intensity. Michael Keaton is the fabulously wealthy Bruce Wayne, who patrols the sinister nighttime canyons of Gotham City in the guise of Batman, and Jack Nicholson is the sniggering mobster Jack Napier, who turns into the leering madman the Joker. The two are fighting for the soul of the city that spawned them. The movie is underwritten, but it has so many unpredictable spins that what's missing doesn't seem to matter much. It's mean and anarchic and blissful. Written by Sam Hamm, Warren Skaaren (and uncredited others), based on characters created by Bob Kane. With cinematography by Roger Pratt: design by Anton Furst; costumes by Bob Ringwood; a plangent score by Danny Elfman; and songs by Prince. The cast includes Jack Palance, Kim Basinger, Jerry Hall, and Robert Wuhl.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/10/89.) (Criterion Center.)

LE BOUCHER (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he pro-

AIG Issues Forum

Why reforming our liab America is to succee

THE PROLIFERATION OF GENEROUS LIABILITY AWARDS HAS MADE COMPETING VERY TOUGH.

We are a compassionate society. We want to compensate those who have suffered. But every time our courts expand traditional concepts of liability, we encourage Americans to sue each other.

And when courts instruct defendants to pay excessive compensation, we're adding to the costs consumers pay for goods and services.

PAYING A HIDDEN TAX.

In reality, then, the American system of liability is the source of a hidden tax on the economy—a tax that can account for as much as 50% of the price paid for a product.

What's worse, this hidden tax amounts to $80 billion a year—a sum equal to the combined profits of the nation's largest 200 corporations.

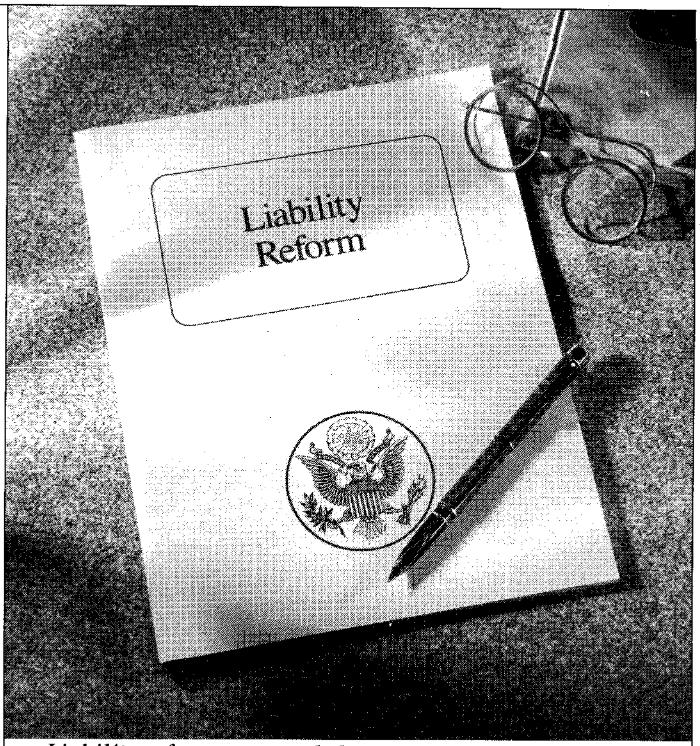
Consider, for example, that there are 30 times more lawsuits per capita in the United States than Japan alone.

Is it any wonder why America is having a tough time competing abroad?

UNCERTAINTY STIFLES ENTERPRISE.

The unpredictability of our liability system hurts, too.

For example, in a recent survey of CEOs, the Conference Board found that worry about potential liability suits caused 40% of the companies surveyed to stop research and development on new products, and almost half to discontinue the sales of existing products.



Liability reforms are needed to strengthen our economy.

ARE WE CONTROLLING RISKS, OR ENCOURAGING THEM?

When we give a drunk driver the right to sue an automaker or highway engineer for a million dollars after a crash, are we controlling risks?

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ity system is essential if in overseas markets.

When fear of lawsuits forces doctors to practice defensive medicine, we all pay the added costs of overtreatment. And if that same fear causes physicians to limit services, or worse, abandon their practice, lack of adequate medical treatment means greater risks for everyone.

It's an unhealthy situation that needs correcting.

WHAT STEPS CAN WE TAKE?

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Few disagree that our current system often encourages the frivolous suing of those with an ability to pay. In other words, those with deep pockets. But is it right to hold these defendants entirely liable for payment, even if they were only minimally at fault?

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Those who suffer economic losses because of another's negligence should be fairly reimbursed.

There should, of course, be just compensation for pain and suffering resulting from real and severe injuries.

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We must find a better approach.

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vides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in Périgord and features the exquisite Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. Cinematography by Jean Rabier. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Nov. 5.)

Breaking In—The John Sayles script about how professional small-time criminals live and practice their trades is confident, offbeat, and shallow, all at the same time. The director, Bill Forsyth, does a beautiful, clean job; he brings out everything there is to be brought out, but it isn't enough. Burt Reynolds plays an old-pro safecracker who lives in a tract home in Portland, Oregon, and doesn't call attention to himself; he trains a fluky adolescent, played by Casey Siemaszko, who can't resist flashing his new wealth. The film's patterning seems consciously quaint: an experienced prostitute (Lorraine Toussaint) who is training a novice (Sheila Kelley); a pair of retired crooks (Albert Salmi and Harry Carey); a pair of adversarial lawyers (Maury Chaykin and Steve Tobolowsky). Forsyth may have imagined that he could go around the margins of the quaintness and show us American life out of the mainstream—the stuff you don't usually see in movies, the life behind the billboards. But with a Sayles script you go behind the billboards and there's nobody there.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Angelika Film Center, Manhattan Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas; through Nov. 2.)

Call Me Madam (1953)—Ethel Merman gets more elbowroom than usual in Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's topical satire on the activities of a wealthy Washington hostess whom Harry Truman appoints Ambassador to the sort of country where people are poor but love to yodel, and where the chorus hops around in what are alleged to be peasant dances. Merman has tedious telephone conversations with Truman about his daughter's troubles in her singing career, but the Irving Berlin score has a few songs good enough to make the whole apparatus tolerable. Chief among them is the duet "You're Just in Love," sung by Merman with Donald O'Connor, who works surprisingly well with her—he's so ingratiating he lightens her a bit. (He also gets in some dancing.) George Sanders, in one of his rare singing roles, has a voice and personality weighty enough to make him a fit romantic partner for the lady. With Vera-Ellen (dubbed) as a princess who's anxious to marry O'Connor, quite clearly a commoner. Directed by Walter Lang; adapted by Arthur Sheekman; choreography by Robert Alton.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 5-8.)

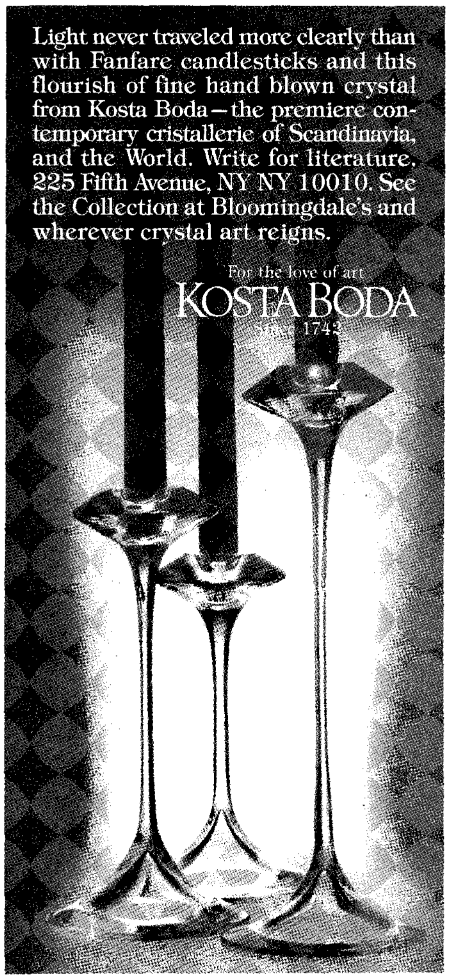
Carnival of Souls (1962)—This bleak, unnerving horror picture was made, in black and white, for about thirty thousand dollars, by a bunch of industrial filmmakers in Lawrence, Kansas. It's the story of a young woman named Mary Henry (Candace Hilligoss) who, after apparently surviving a car accident, becomes aware that she has become sort of *different*—not fully engaged in life, let's say. She seems to flicker in and out of existence, and she's more alone than any horror-movie heroine you've ever seen. Mary Henry is a kind of existential transient: her life fades in and out, as if she were watching it on an old TV with unpredictable reception. The director, Herk Harvey (who has never made another feature), achieves some terrifying and original scenes; even the movie's cheapness is expressive. The performances are variable, the settings are stark, the sound recording is erratic, and somehow it all works. Harvey pulls us through the movie by alternating scenes of everyday life with visions of death, and daring us to locate ourselves; in the flat, neither-here-nor-there landscape of "Carnival of Souls," we're never entirely sure where we are. Also with Sidney Berger, Frances Feist, and the director (who plays a menacing ghoul). John Clifford wrote the script. The beautiful 35-mm. cinematography is by Maurice Prather.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 2.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, 8th Street Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Nov. 3.)

Anna Magnani in "Open City"

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Dry White Season—In Johannesburg, a naïve white schoolmaster (Donald Sutherland) has his eyes opened to the police brutality involved in the death of his black gardener, and imagines he can obtain justice for the man's family. Marlon Brando is airily light and



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masterly as the veteran anti-apartheid barrister who takes the case even though he knows that he can't get anywhere with the rigged court. The romantic in Brando must have responded to the old rebel's romantic gesture: he saves the picture for the (short) time he's onscreen. But the director, Euzhan Palcy, seems lost; her work is heavy-handed, and the script (by Colin Welland and the director, from a novel by André Brink) is earnest and didactic. Performers such as Susan Sarandon, Jurgen Prochnow, Winston Ntshona, Janet Suzman, Michael Gambon, and Zakes Mokae sink into the obviousness of their roles and leave no trace. (Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper.)—P.K. (10/2/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; starting Nov. 3.)

The Earrings of Madame de . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is set, ironically, in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. But Ophuls loved Mozart and Stendhal, and he also calls up a third master: the opera sequence that gives the film its musical theme is Gluck's "Orfeo." The performances by Danielle Darrieux as Madame de, by Charles Boyer as her husband, Monsieur de, a general, and by Vittorio De Sica as her lover, the Baron, are quite likely the finest each has given. Ophuls' lush, decorative style, his recreation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are used to evoke the protection that style and manners and wealth provide, and to demonstrate that passion can destroy it all. Even the fashionable and secure become rash, make fools of themselves. Boyer, the general, attempting to use military discipline to cure his wife of her unseemly displays of emotion, is as helpless as she is. With Jean Debucourt as the jeweller, and Lia de Léa as the general's mistress. Based on Louise de Vilmorin's novella "Madame de . . . ," which is far more astringent than the film; the script is by Marcel Achard, Annette Wademant, and Ophuls. In French. —P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency. . . . ¶ and National Twin; through Nov. 2.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—This mediocre third film in the Indiana Jones trilogy—a reprise of the first, "Raiders of the Lost Ark"—is a mixture of cliffhanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle. It's enjoyable, but familiar, and the action lacks the exhilarating, leaping precision that the director, Steven Spielberg, is famous for. The only real spin is in the slapstick teamwork of Harrison Ford, as the archeologist-adventurer Indy, and Sean Connery, as Indy's father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's triumphs. With River Phoenix playing Indy as a boy, Alison Doody, Denholm Elliott, and John Rhys-Davies. The screenplay, by Jeffrey Boam, is based on a story devised by the producer George Lucas and Menno Meyjes.—P.K. (6/12/89) (Embassy.)

Johnny Handsome—Walter Hill directed this hog-wild revenge melodrama, in which Mickey Rourke plays a hoodlum Elephant Man—a deformed boy mocked by the world and forced into a life of crime. Ellen Barkin, in a cartoon performance, is the degenerate slut who jeers the loudest. The only sanity here is in some of the acting. Rourke does a fine, competent job, but the movie is stolen clear away by Morgan Freeman and Forest Whitaker as antagonists—a tough-minded veteran police detective and a warm, idealistic prison doctor. Whitaker believes that if he performs plastic surgery on the kid and makes him handsome he'll go straight. Freeman listens to Whitaker and grins in wonder: how can anyone be this innocent? It's tickling to see the two together; their scenes crackle. Other moments are redeemed by Elizabeth McGovern, as a working-class girl, and Scott Wilson, as Rourke's only buddy. Ken Friedman's screenplay (which is based on a novel by John Godey) is a tortuous reworking of Joan Crawford's 1941 vehicle "A Woman's Face" (which was a remake of a Swedish film with Ingrid Bergman); the big change is that the new film's slant is cruelly kinky. Set in New Orleans.—P.K. (10/16/89) (Criterion Center.)

Lethal Weapon 2—Chases, explosions, fights, barrages of insults, the odd moment of manly sentimentality—these are the standard elements of American action movies in the eighties, and the "Lethal Weapon" movies use them with an amazing lack of shame. There's lots of comedy, but no real relief: the punch lines slam into our brains like cars into plate-glass windows. The only thing that makes this movie at all distinctive is its hero, a reckless L.A. cop named Riggs, a role that allows Mel Gibson to zip through the picture like a free electron. Riggs isn't actually trying to kill himself this time (as he was in the first movie), but he's still a wild man and Gibson is still having a great time playing him. It's a mischievous, sprightly performance: he treats the action sequences as if they were slapstick routines. (Unfortunately, the director, Richard Donner, doesn't have as light a touch.) Danny Glover plays his partner, Murtaugh, an easygoing, conservative black family man; he's mostly called upon to react with horror to Riggs' dangerous antics, and the joke of their relationship gets a little tiresome. (The effect, sometimes, is of a white guy doing heroic stuff while his black pal shuffles along beside him. Glover, a good actor, deserves better.) Joe Pesci does small wonders with his supporting role as a ferrety, motor-mouthed money launderer. Jeffrey Boam wrote the screenplay. The score is by Michael Kamen, Eric Clapton, and David Sanborn.—T.R. (West Side Cinema.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." Also with Didier Bezace, Simon de la Brosse, and Nathalie Cardone. In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Nutty Professor (1963)—Jerry Lewis in a Jekyll-and-Hyde story that provides him with one of the best gimmicks of his career: as Julius Kelp, he's a shy, clumsy chemistry professor, a simp with specs and rabbity teeth, but when he drinks his formula he turns into a brash, domineering hipster singer named Buddy Love—i.e., a cartoon of Dean Martin. Lewis has reconstituted his former team but now plays both halves, and working within this format he has some scenes that can hold their own with the classic silent comedies. The picture is very erratic, and it's too long and repetitive; Lewis, who also directed and wrote the script (with Bill Richmond), has always had trouble knowing when to drop something. But he had the good taste to cast Stella Stevens as the heroine; with her just faintly infantile sexiness, she's a remarkably curvy and pert straight woman. With Kathleen Freeman, Howard Morris, Henry Gibson, and Les

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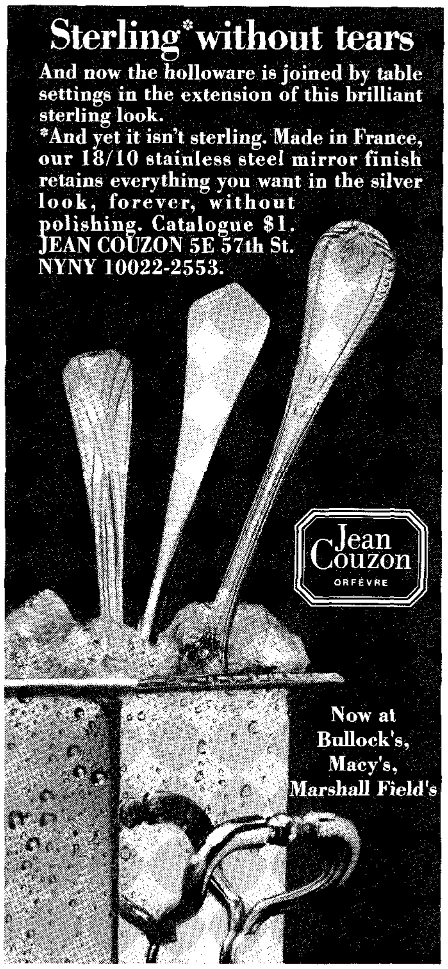
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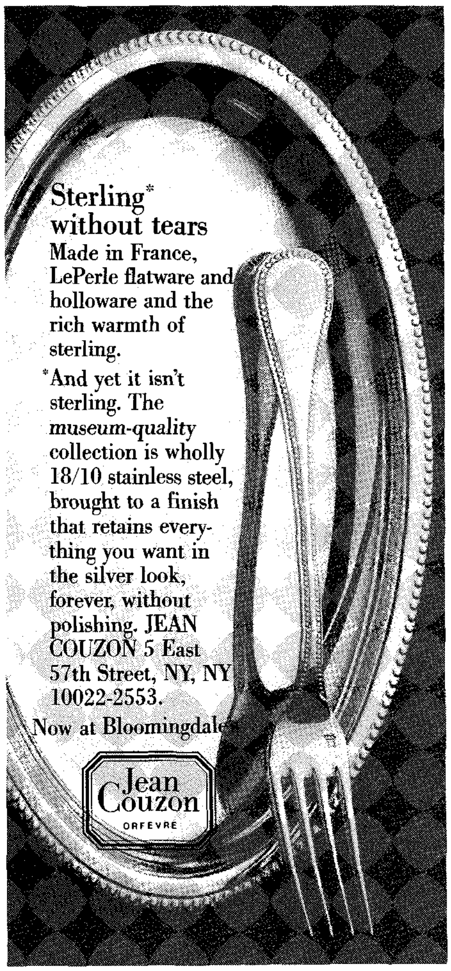
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Brown and his band.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting Nov. 8.)

Open City (1945)—Roberto Rossellini burst upon the world with this film, made just after the Allies took Rome. The fame of his brutal, melodramatic account of the underground resistance to the Nazi occupation rests on its extraordinary immediacy and its rough, documentary look; at its most startling, it seems "caught" rather than staged. Many Americans, used to slick war films, reacted to it as if it actually *were* caught, documentary footage, and mistook the great Anna Magnani and Aldo Fabrizi, Maria Michi, and the other actors for nonprofessionals—this despite such stock elements as a rapacious lesbian Gestapo agent and a Hollywood-and-Vine-type Gestapo chief. The plot devices are often opportunistic, but there's a unifying fervor: shot on odds and ends of film stock, with fluctuating electricity, and showing people who a few weeks before had been part of the events, the movie gave us a cross-section of a city under terrible stress. When the initial twenty-five thousand dollars that Rossellini had raised was used up, he and Magnani sold their clothes; Maria Michi, who had hidden men like Togliatti—and the scriptwriter, Sergio Amidei—in her flat, now provided the flat for some of the sequences. Federico Fellini assisted Amidei on the script. In Italian.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 5.)

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects. But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker. (The title song, a pop ballad first recorded by Phil Phillips in 1959, is played throughout the movie, and it works beautifully.)—T.R. (9/18/89) (59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Nov. 2.)

Sex, Lies, and Videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Plaza, Waverly, Lincoln Plaza, and Cinema Studio.)

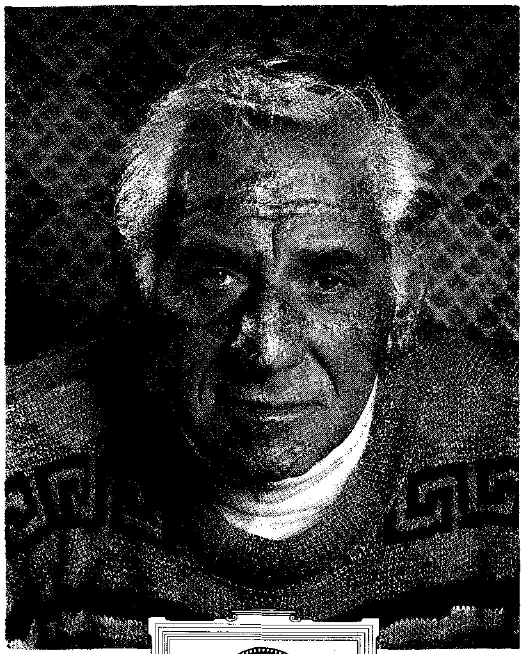
Straw Dogs (1971)—Probably one of the key films of the seventies. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, directed by Sam Peckinpah, and sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. Its vision is narrow and puny; Peckinpah sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm," by Gordon M. Williams.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 8.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—One of the most sophisticated slapstick comedies ever made, this classic, written and directed by Preston Sturges, got terrible reviews and failed at the box office. The hero, a symphony conductor (a parody of Sir Thomas Beecham), is played by Rex Harrison, who is at one of his comic peaks. During a concert the conductor, convinced that his wife (Linda Darnell) has been unfaithful to him, fantasizes how he will handle the situation in three different ways, according to the style of the music on the program—Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide," the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." After the concert, he tries to carry them out, scrambling them hopelessly. There are so many great lines and situations in this movie that writers and directors have been stealing from it for years, just as they've been stealing from Sturges's other work, but no one has ever come close to the wild-man deviltry of the best Preston Sturges comedies. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

When Harry Met Sally . . .—Rob Reiner's movie, from a script by Nora Ephron, takes a screwball-comedy idea and inflates it like a rubber raft. Harry (Billy Crystal) and Sally (Meg Ryan) meet in the late seventies, rub each other the wrong way, and then, after breaking up with their partners, become close friends; all the while, they're conducting a running debate on the question "Can a man and a woman ever be just friends, without sex getting in the way?" It's a Rohmer movie played as a sitcom. Crystal muddles through amiably, but Ryan flounders: the filmmakers give her impossible, unplayable scenes, and all she can do is be adorable. The movie keeps telling us that it's real and truthful and universal. Everything in it seems false. Also with Carrie Fisher and Bruno Kirby.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Worldwide Cinemas, and Cinema 3; through Nov. 2.)

Whirlpool (1950)—A real stinker, with Richard Conte as a psychoanalyst whose wife (Gene Tierney) is an insomniac kleptomaniac with a father fixation. The obtuse Conte doesn't spot any of this, but a thieving, bug-eyed hypnotist (José Ferrer) reads her mind fast, and starts throwing her into trances. He decides to throttle an old flame of his and put the blame on the sticky-fingered Tierney. The plot goes from confusion to chaos when he arranges an ironclad alibi for himself: he has his gallbladder removed just a few hours before the murder. The scriptwriters, Ben Hecht (hiding in shame under the pseudonym Lester Barstow) and Andrew Solt, must have really had it in for the director, Otto Preminger. Others swimming in this stew, taken from a Guy Endore novel, are Charles Bickford, Constance Collier, Barbara O'Neil, Eduard Franz, and Fortunio Bonanova.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2.)

Zelig (1983)—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody—a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, Zelig the Human Chameleon (Allen), who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst, and Stephanie Farrow and Ellen Garrison. Cinematography by Gordon Willis.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Nov. 6-7.)



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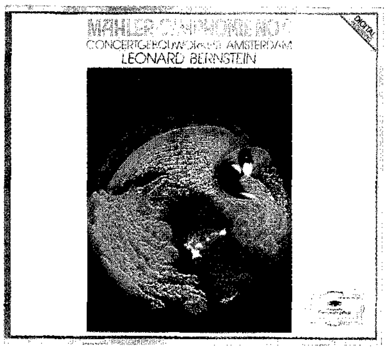
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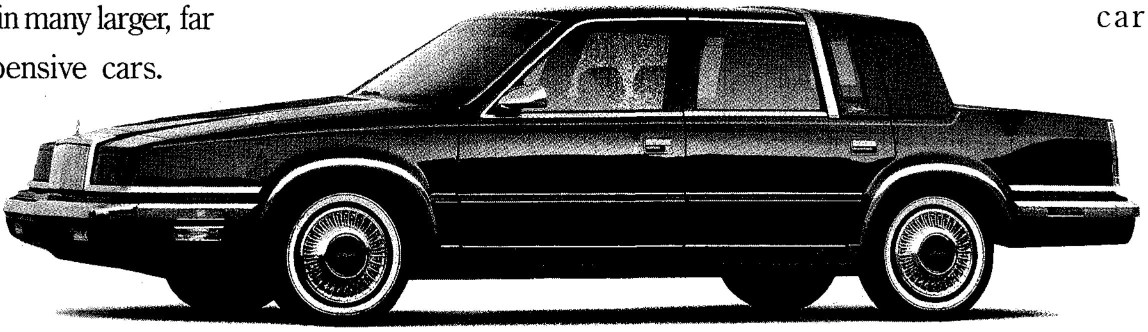

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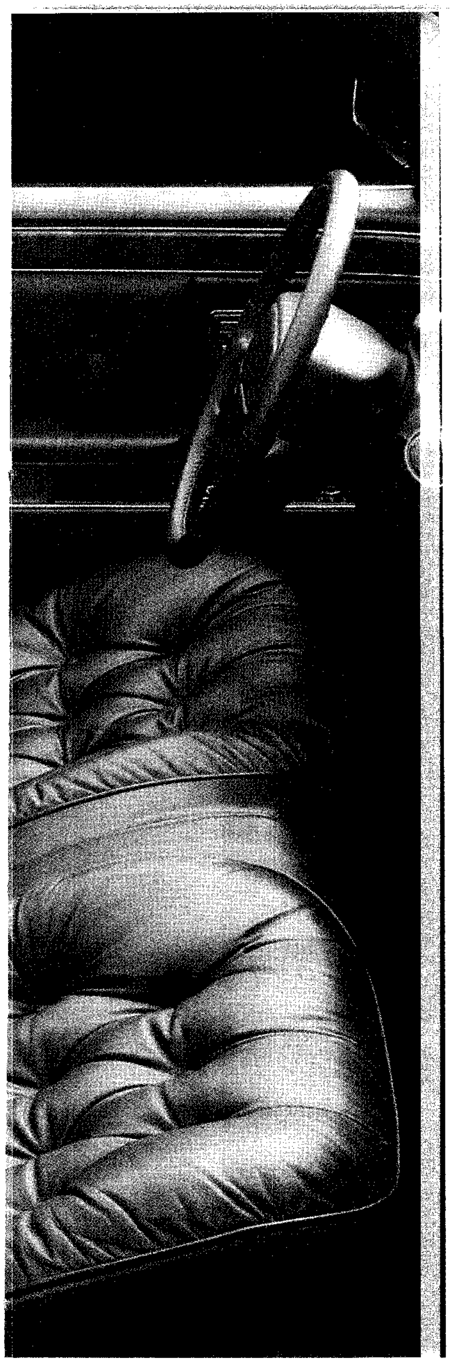

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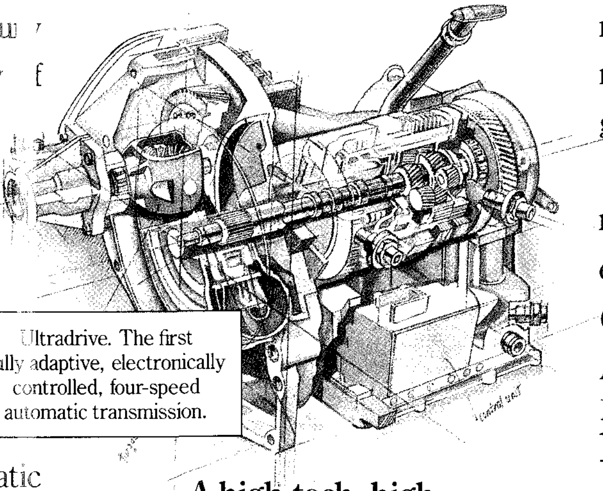

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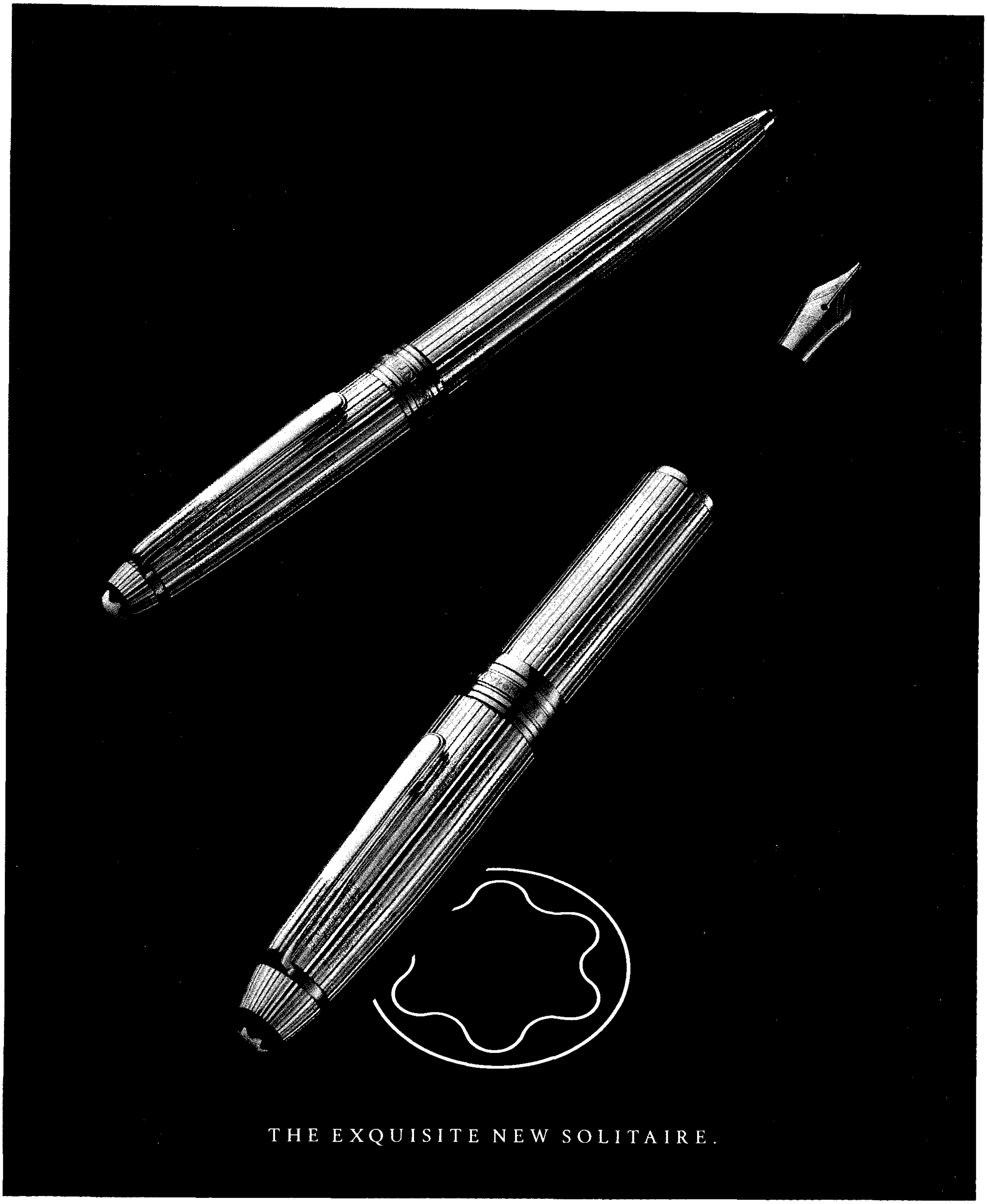

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

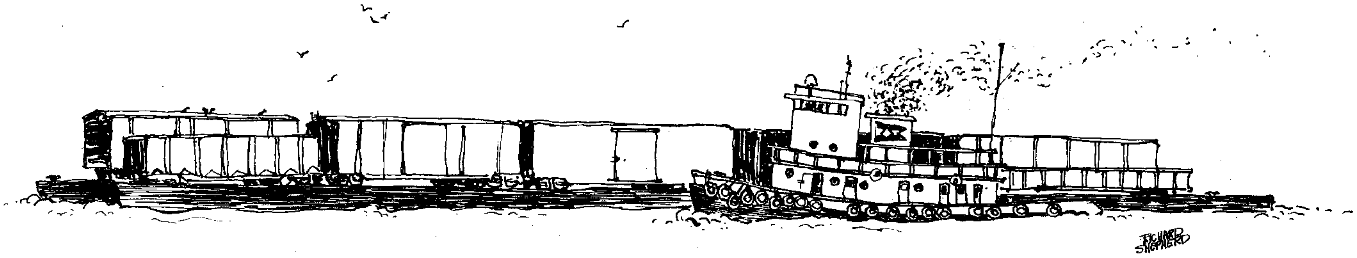
"O*JO: ¿Qué es azul, blanco y rojo?*" says the billboard in the subway. "*¡La guía para votantes 1989!*" We learn most of our Spanish in subways, reading the signs and moving our lips, and love the grandeur of a word like *votante*. A voter is just another person, a schlump, but a *votante* sounds like a prince, or maybe a bishop. Here in Nueva York, with the *elecciones generales* coming up, we feel more like a voter—a little *doloroso* if we think of what government has done to us lately. A letter from us mailed in Manhattan on September 17th reached Stockholm on October 19th, a fact that recalls the era of the sailing ship. Our Swedish friend called us that morning to say he had just got the letter and would like to explain his recent letter to us, which made no reference to ours of September. We had thought he was ticked off. The same day, we trudged down to the Department of Motor Vehicles, on Worth Street, to get a new driver's license, and found that the office we needed to go to had closed at three-thirty. We got a pleading look in our eyes and whimpered, "But we have to help a friend of ours move in the morning, and we need a license so we can rent a truck." But there was nothing they could do, of course. They didn't make the rules. They weren't in charge there. It wasn't *them* who told us on the telephone that the office was open until four-thirty.

We walked out into the rain. We headed north, crouched under an umbrella, and a marquee came along and whanged it down on our head. We weren't hurt, but we thought about being hurt. A doctor we met at a party once told us how terrible emergency rooms can be, and we've considered wearing a tag around our neck which says, in case we're knocked unconscious, "Take good care of me. I'll pay." That night, we sat down at our dining-room table and wrote out some checks to public-spirited organizations that are attempting to do the work (feed the poor, house the homeless, defend the natural world against poison and trash, uphold the Bill of Rights) that our government has sloughed off. The next morning, we saw a taxicab engulfed in flames on Park Avenue and nobody trying to put out the fire and nobody watching it burn.

Visions of the Last Days of Privatization: bales of letters gathering dust in a postal warehouse (while anyone who really needs to send a letter shells out twelve dollars for Federal Express, a deductible business expense that probably sets the taxpayer back twelve times the cost of a first-class stamp); a bureaucracy of embittered clerks grinding to a dead stop; cabs in flames. And what comes next?

It made us feel beat-up, like the famous people we see in the subway these days. They have black eyes and big, skrawky mustaches, and out of their mouths come big balloons of intimate sexual confession. Tom Selleck's pupils are two white holes, a curse is on his lips. Geraldo Rivera seems to have a very bad head cold. The Marlboro Man admits to a fondness for other men, and the Virginia Slims lady invites you to her apartment tonight. The Kodacolor girl is ready to give you a good time, too, though two of her teeth are missing and she has ugly red scars on her face. New York has left its mark on all of them; they look haunted, hurt, depleted.

Last winter, we were watching "The Barber of Seville" at the Met one night, and a chunk of burning cable dropped down from the fly gallery onto the roof of Dr. Bartolo's palazzo and sat there, smoldering, flames flickering, while those of us in the upper seats watched and held our breath and Count Almaviva sang to Rosina. It was engrossing to be in a crowded theatre preparing to yell "Fire!" The show goes on, and you decide that yelling would be dumb—you should find an usher and explain to her that the stage is on fire. But what about the poor tenor down below and Rosina, who is inside the house and about to come out on her balcony? Don't you owe it to these artists to tell them straight out that they're in danger? You lean forward, you ask yourself, "At exactly what moment



shall I do something? Now? *Now?*" And slowly the fire died out, and the moment passed. And so did our troubles last week.

The friend we said we had to help move is twenty, an immigrant from Iowa and the son of a friend of ours, who entrusted him to us, as a New York godfaddah, and we agreed to accept him and worry about him and take him in if he needed a place to stay. We liked him right off, what little we saw of him: he was hard to keep track of. In a year and a half, he had migrated from East Tenth Street (where he lived in a rathole so awful-sounding we were afraid to visit him, for fear we'd be scared for him all the time) to a suburban storefront (where, a few months later, burglars broke in and cleaned him out except for the futon he was sleeping on), then to an apartment (until his roommate's girlfriend moved in), and on to a rented condo in New Jersey, by way of a friend's mother's apartment (where he stayed for a month and slept on the living-room couch). He was so glad to get out of New York that he moved into the new place before the ink dried on the lease, and lived there with nothing but his futon, a microwave, a sports coat, and a toothbrush. We called him three weeks later. The place was still empty, he said, and before we could put the words back in our mouth we had offered to help, and he said sure, great. He rented a truck and gave us the keys and some money, and while he was at school we drove around to Salvation Army stores and discount warehouses. We got carried away. We picked up:

a small pressure cooker (w/o valve), a frying pan, coffee cups with misc. inscriptions ("USA 1984"; "Santa Clara," with covered wagon and pine trees, blue mountains, and one golden star overhead; "The Big Apple—New York City"), a wineglass ("Mr. Spud, East Grand Forks, Minn."), a chocolate-brown pottery jug, a tall wooden salt-and-pepper set, various knives and utensils, bookends, a timer, a lot of beans and rice and tomato sauce and pasta, a halogen reading lamp, garbage bags, a roasting pan, spices (peppercorns, bay leaf, oregano, ginger, chili powder, basil, rosemary, curry powder, paprika, thyme, mustard), a juicer, a measuring cup, a broom, a mop, a dustpan, a big tin pot with a cover, a set of eight coasters from Don's Hot Rod Shop, a small oak cabinet for a nightstand, a mattress and box spring, a couch, and two black wooden chairs.

That carnival of shopping and driving and unloading and filling up cupboards for a kid we think highly of sent us back to New York in the evening feeling good, as if we were an immigrant ourself, starting out fresh, with a new broom, a frying pan, and a shelf full of beans. We took the subway to Penn Station, which is finally starting to look decent after years of construction, and walked up Eighth Avenue and crossed over to Times Square and continued north on Broadway. Late in the evening, the streets were full of people: that is the single most wonderful feature of New York. We stood in front of Lincoln Center and felt the river of folks flow past and up the steps toward the Met and Avery Fisher Hall—a white-water rapids of people as 8 P.M. approached—and went on paddling north. We had done our job and got the child of a friend planted on solid ground, and had started to stop worrying about him. Now we were off duty.

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Primitive

"I HATE when dogs eat the puppets," our friend Mark Kindschi said. Kindschi, a sculptor and slack-rope walker, was wiring together the plywood pelvis of a twenty-five-foot Amazon spider monkey in a disused milk house on the Hudson River. As he labored, a pesky hound called Bing kept snuffling into his pot of glue. The milk house occupies a hill on Rokeby, a six-hundred-acre estate named for a poem by Sir Walter Scott. Rokeby is just north of the Kingston-Rhinecliff Bridge: it has vast greenswards sloping down to the riverbank, miles of dressed-granite walls, carriage barns, tractor sheds, a hip-roofed and turreted mansion, stucco and clapboard dependencies, fields and orchards, rutted service roads, and an air of stopped time. It also has a generous proprietor, in Richard Aldrich, a forty-eight-year-old gentleman farmer descended from one of the ten famous Astor orphans: his fortune indirectly makes possible the annual Village Halloween Parade.

"No one in New York City realizes this, but the only reason we have a Halloween parade at all is Ricky Aldrich and Rokeby," Jeanne Fleming, the parade's director, told us recently on the phone. "The carriage barn there is full of puppets, the garage is full of puppets, and the mansion is full of Halloween Parade crew. You couldn't duplicate that in Manhattan at any price."

Four weeks before this year's parade—which is the sixteenth—the first flight of workers descended on Rokeby to construct the stupendous, gangling puppets, plan the order of procession, arrange the complex tangle of bureaucratic permissions, and generally pave the way for the happy freaks and scamps who emerge on Halloween. On a blazing Sunday nine days before the event, we dropped in at a farmhouse kitchen on Rokeby after lunch. Workers from the Halloween crew had just cleared the dishes, and the room still hummed with energy. Jeanne Fleming introduced us to the parade's puppet designer, Debby Lee Cohen, and Ms. Cohen took us on a tour.

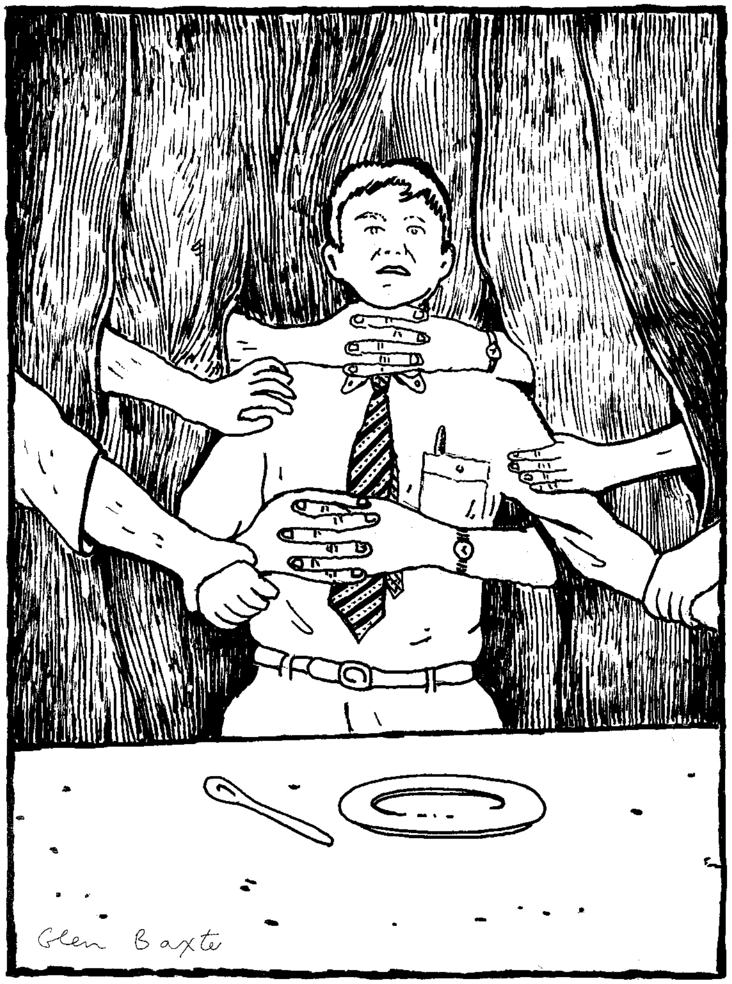
"The theme this year is a celebration of the rain forest," she said. "Jeanne and I had been thinking of endangered species, and that kind of led to the rain forest, which somehow led to asking Ligia Bareto's Roots of Brazil samba band to start up the parade. Actually, Ben & Jerry's ice cream is coming down from Vermont with forty-five members of their administrative staff dressed as a giant cow, and they're the very, very first thing you'll see. Right after them is this burst of samba energy and liveliness and *carnaval* color. Then comes Charlie Morrow with his Conch Orchestra making its eerie shell sounds. And behind them are three enormous skeleton puppets of endangered Amazon species—the toco toucan, the matamata turtle, and an Amazonian woolly spider monkey."

In the milk house, the papier-mâché toco toucan lay on its side as a volunteer from the Rainforest Alliance basted it with greenish latex. A stark, unpainted turtle shell hung from the ceiling, and Mr. Kindschi was busy with the monkey, which was still in the early stages of construction. We asked how people train to carry the giant puppets that form the spooky vanguard on Sixth Avenue every Halloween, and Ms. Cohen replied, "These are complex rod puppets. Take the toucan. The wings move, the legs move, the beak opens and closes. Each puppet requires seven puppeteers. We tried choreographing the movements one year, but the puppets are too unwieldy. We rely on volunteers, and they get a total of one hour's training before the parade. So that becomes part of the beauty of the parade—it's impromptu. We put one experienced puppeteer on each animal and hope for the best."

Out on the lawn, a muralist swabbed acrylic paint onto fifty cardboard orchids. Mr. Kindschi conferred with a volunteer about the toucan wing, and then told us, "We're using the most articulated puppets ever in this parade. The Nature Goddess puppet has arms and legs that turn into coiling snakes. Each snake is twenty-five feet long. They're retractable, and they're made from muslin stitched over rattan held together by leash clips." He held up the head of a translucent serpent with a flicking wire tongue.

Ms. Cohen trotted off with a puppeteer to discuss butterflies. We looked around for Jeanne Fleming, and found her in a parlor, lolling on a velvet-covered settee beneath a rubber plant of rain-forest proportions. "You know, the folks who work on the parade do it for no money, and we have our problems," she said. "We always go into Halloween night with a deficit. We have people who want us to change the nature of the event—make it more commercial. The television people say they'll make us a national broadcast if we'll just edit out the weirdos and transvestites. But this event will never sell out as long as I'm alive."

A woman entered the room with steaming mugs of tea. Ms. Fleming took a long sip and raked back a tuft of hair. "After seven years of running the parade, I get the feeling that Manhattan apartment windows would literally blow out of their frames from accumulated tension if folks didn't have this one night," she said. "In the Celtic tradition, Halloween is the last day of the year to bring the cows in from summer pasture. The weather gets cold and affects their balance. They get giddy, and wander off, bumping into trees. Witches fly by then and steal their milk. For me, it's a night of inversions. It's a time for people to leave their separateness and return to the old stories. It's a time for people in the most modern city in the world to come out and behave in a completely primitive way."



I THOUGHT IT PRUDENT TO ACCEPT THE ADVICE OF THE LOCALS AND OPT FOR THE CUTLETS.

Rose Inventory

STEPHEN SCANNIELLO, a thirty-four-year-old gardener, who is in charge of a thousand varieties of rosebushes at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, on a recent Friday travelled forty-one miles through two boroughs, Brooklyn and Manhattan, looking on every block for more roses: cemetery roses; vacant-lot roses; parkland roses; traffic-circle roses; community-garden roses; roses at the feet of the Gandhi statue in Union Square; rooftop, front-stoop, patio, window-box, and backyard roses; newly planted roses; long-abandoned roses; rediscovered roses; showpiece roses visited by tour buses; unnoticed native wild roses. It was the first day of New York City's first-ever Rose Inventory, devised by Scanniello and carried out by him alone. Scanniello is a friend of ours, and because we like the energy he brings to his rose-tending—his hands have more scratches than a vet's have after a bad day with cats—we had volunteered to do the driving; it turned out to be a twelve-hour stint behind the wheel, ending well after moonrise. The Rose Inventory, he told us, would continue as long as there was interest.

The Inventory, Scanniello told us along the way, is half census and half outreach, and he thinks that the easy part of the job is counting bushes and compiling baseline information about the citywide distribution of roses and their colors and fragrances. It's a good guess that there are something like twenty or thirty thousand rosebushes in the city. Perhaps as many as fifty thousand. A countable number, at any rate: five thousand bushes at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden; four thousand at the Queens Botanical Garden; twenty-seven hundred at the new Peggy Rockefeller Rose Garden, at the New York Botanical Garden, in the Bronx; fourteen hundred at the United Nations Rose Garden; a couple of hundred more at the Conservatory Garden in Central Park; and all the rest.

There are about a hundred and fifty naturally occurring species of roses around the world, all from the Northern Hemisphere, and, working primarily with less than a dozen of those species, gardeners have after five thousand years of experimentation conjured up at least ten thousand different roses, with colors, shapes, and scents unknown in the wild. The great explosion of rose breeding began almost two hundred years ago, when a scarlet rose from China that bloomed year-round was brought West and crossed with once-blooming, softer-colored European roses; rose breeding turned into a fashion-conscious and almost mass-production business once nineteenth-century nurserymen had gained a practical understanding of cross-pollination.

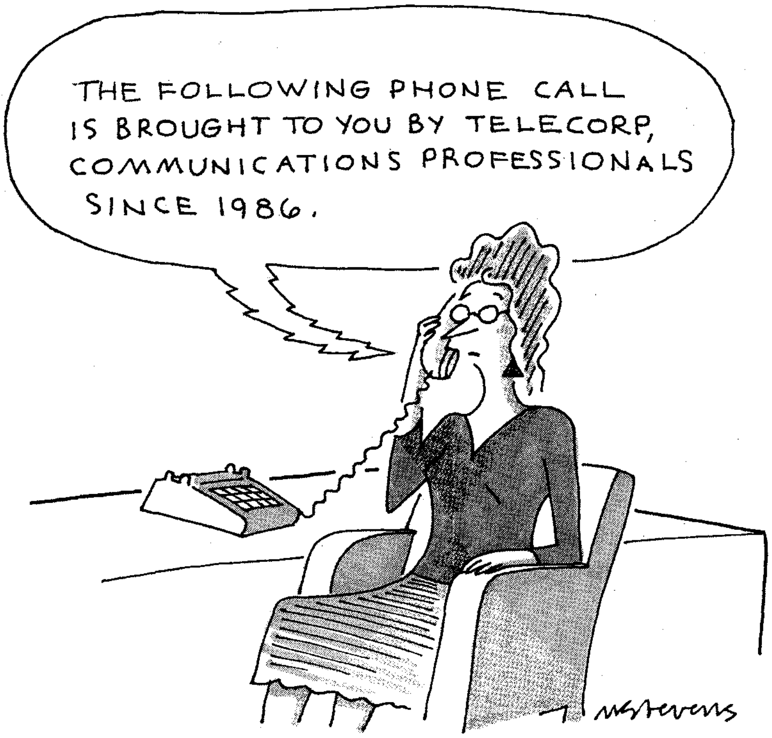
The Brooklyn Botanic Garden's acre-and-a-half Cranford Rose Garden—the garden in Scanniello's charge—is able to hold no more than a tenth of all these varieties, and even if the Cranford Garden bands together with New York's other major rose repositories there won't be enough acreage for the whole ten thousand. One solution, as Scaniello sees it, is to make the whole city into a tapestry of public and private rose gardens. It's a matter of forming a partnership, he says, so that the work of the horticulturists who devise roses can be kept alive by organizing the devotion of gardeners all over the city who cherish roses.

It's these gardeners that the Rose Inventory hopes to reach, registering the roses they already have and also enrolling them as caretakers of the heritage. At the same time, the Inventory hopes to inspire gardeners who have previously avoided growing roses, because they seemed too frail and delicate, by spreading two pieces of news. One is that roses—particularly the older varieties—are hardy, vigorous plants, and easy to grow. The other is that New York City—particularly its sheltered back gardens and sunny rooftops—affords almost ideal conditions for roses. You can often smell roses here from early spring until well after Thanksgiving, Scanniello says.

Scanniello has met many New York gardeners he considers heroic defenders of the rose. They include Valerie Gerry, of Greenwich Village, who has built a rose garden on the roof of her apartment house for everyone in her building to enjoy. (Look past one bush and you see the World Trade Center; turn around and look past another, and you see the Empire State Building.) And Sharen Benenson, also of Manhattan, who, with two friends, Alison Jensen and Petie Kuralt, pruned and mulched and fertilized and sprayed and kept alive all the roses in front of the New York Public Library in the seventies—when no one on the city payroll had the time to care for these flower beds—and then, in the eighties, was able to persuade the Library's new master planners not to pave over its once again thriving rose beds. (Sharen Benenson has now completely redesigned this twice-saved Fifth Avenue rose garden, and this fall and next spring it will be replanted, in memory of her mother-in-law, with new perennials and bright drifts of shrub roses.)

Several images remain with us from the opening day of the Rose Inventory. There are two rose gardens behind the Admiral's House at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. One is a new formal rose garden, blazing with color, just in back of the house—the current owners hope to start using the property as a conference center—and making a heap in front of a brick wall marking the back edge of the property are two immense, thorny entwined rosebushes left behind by the Navy gardeners who once cared for these grounds. These are a find. The rose is a Dr. W. Van Fleet, Scanniello said, an early-twentieth-century American pink climbing rose hybridized by Walter Van Fleet, who was a Department of Agriculture botanist and worked for years to breed strength into the drooping climbers available at the turn of the century.

We also remember Old Gay Hill, a small, vividly scarlet rose growing in the Park Slope back yard of Julian Asion, and Harison's Yellow, a shrub in the garden of St. Luke's in the Fields, in Greenwich Village. Old Gay Hill is a hybrid Chinese rose that someone planted in a small Texas town in the nineteenth century and then abandoned. It was rediscovered in a cemetery by the Rose Rustlers, a Texas group, which is part of a national-heritage rose movement that Scanniello works with. Harison's Yellow, which American settlers took West with them, grew first, in the eighteen-twenties, on a Manhattan farm just south of Eighth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, where the General Post Office now stands. Harison's Yellow grows again in Manhattan because Barbara Leighton, who was the volunteer gardener at St. Luke's for twenty-two years, remembered it from her childhood in a Pennsylvania hill town, made it her business to locate a bush, and, back in 1970, stuck it in the ground.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MStevens

Landmark

IN Trenton recently, under skies that a certain kind of poet would describe as brooding, a piece of machinery in an empty factory was designated a national landmark by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. The machine was the Roebling Eighty-Ton Wire Rope Machine, and it had been designed, in 1893, by Charles Roebling, whose father had overseen the building of the Brooklyn Bridge, on which strands of wire rope are famously displayed.

About the machine: It is sixty-four feet high and sits in a pit fifteen feet deep in one of two rope rooms in the John A. Roebling's Sons factory. It looks like a Maypole. Six spools are mounted in a circle at the base. In turning, the spools pay out strands, and these are wound around a core to make a rope as thick as five inches. In the other rope room, there had been a thirty-ton machine, but in 1973 it had been sold, presumably for scrap; the eighty-ton machine was too large to remove. (The tonnage refers to the amount of wire that could be mounted on the spools for one turning; the eighty-ton machine actually weighs forty tons.)

At the ceremony, men who had worked for John A. Roebling's Sons wore red carnations in the lapels of their jackets. The snap-brimmed cap was the favored form of headgear. All of the men were getting on in years. Before the ceremony, they walked up to the machine and stared down into the pit and then up at the ceiling. It was as if it were the first time any of them had made a good, clear study of the machine. They held cups of coffee in their hands, and they looked like men visiting a battlefield. Some pointed out where they had stood at work. One of them stared at the machine, and then, shaking his head, said to his wife, "This thing, this *monster*, can you believe that?" In its time, the Roebling Eighty-Ton Wire Rope Machine was the largest rope machine in the world.

The ceremony included seven speakers, one of them a spokesman for the mayor of Trenton (who was in the hospital at the time), another a state senator. They said things like "individual engineering merit" and "This is a great day" and "This wire-rope machine put Trenton on the map." Meanwhile, the men who had worked in the factory stood among the spectators and looked around for each other. A few couldn't stand easily on the cold floor, and would lift one leg at a time, like shorebirds.

A photographer took a picture of an old man and his wife. The man wore his carnation at a stylish angle. His wife stood beside him, with maximum dignity. When the photographer had finished, the man said, "You'll be disappointed to know that I was a small guy at the factory. I didn't run anything."

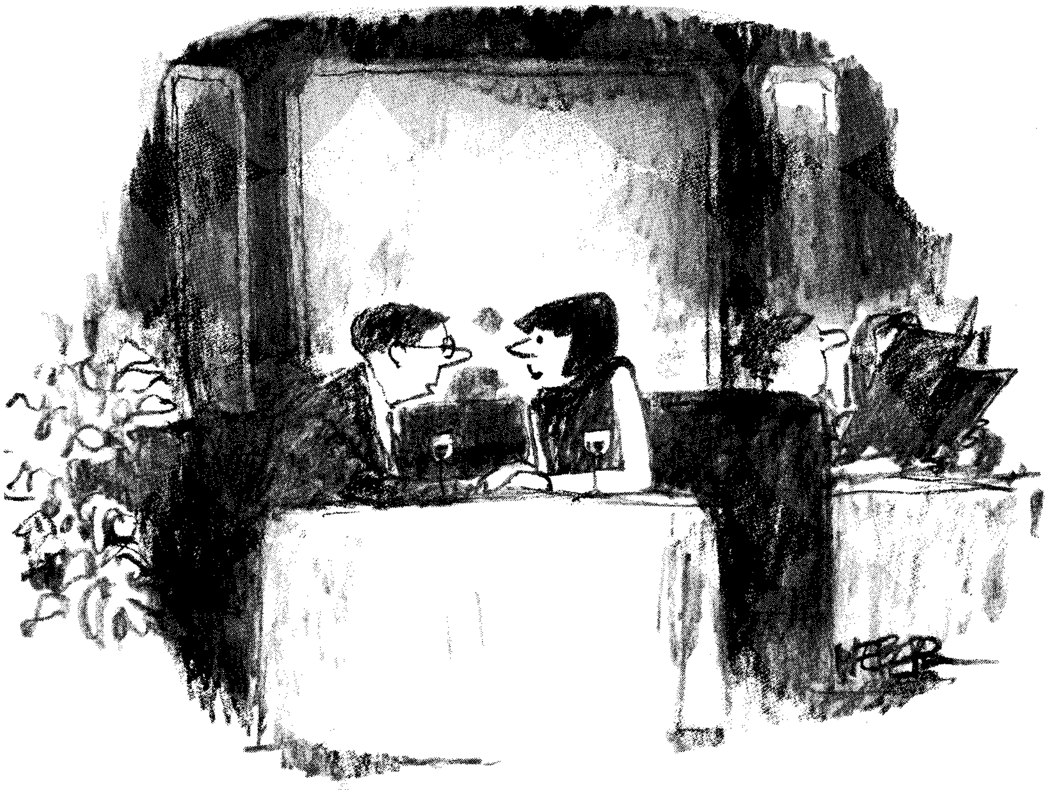
His wife leaned forward and said, "But he was a *foreman*."

Julius Hengeli was a center of attention for a number of photographers from the local papers. Mr. Hengeli ran the wire-rope machine until 1973, when John A. Roebling's Sons closed down its business. He appeared uncomfortable at having his picture taken. One photographer stood above him on a chair. He said, "I'm going to count to three, because you're blinking. Like this: one, two, smile, three. O.K.? When I count to three, that's when I'm going to take the picture. This is the last time, so give your best smile." Mr. Hengeli stood next to a schematic drawing of the machine and played vigorously with the change in his pocket.

Above him were brick arches and fieldstone lintels. The building was long and narrow. Down the length of it, above what would be the aisle in a church, were clerestory windows. On display in a pit behind a table where guests picked up their name tags were strands of wire rope the size of birch trunks.

Another highlight: By an archway at the entrance to the rope room was a sign saying "DANGER DO NOT RIDE ON ELEVATORS, USE STAIRWAY." The sign was printed in white letters on cobalt-blue enamel. Below the warning in English were translations into Polish, Czech, Slovak, and Hungarian, reflecting the population of the factory and of the city at the turn of the century. (The nineteenth-century atmosphere was heightened by there being no signs in Spanish or Chinese.) The sign looked like an eye chart. "Danger" in Polish is spelled "NIEBEZPIECZÉNSTWO."

Other signs in Trenton: The illuminated legend, spanning the Trenton-Morrisville Bridge across the Delaware, "TRENTON MAKES—THE WORLD TAKES." Outside the First Baptist Church, around the corner from the dedication, "MUD THROWN IS GROUND LOST."


"I think I can make you very happy if I can get funded."

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OCEAN AVENUE

IF you can still see how you could once have loved a person, you are still in love; an extinct love is always wholly incredible. One day not too long ago, in Laguna Beach, California, an architect named Bobby Lazar went downtown to have a cup of coffee at the Café Zinc with his friend Albert Wong and Albert's new wife, Dawn (who had, very sensibly, retained her maiden name). Albert and Dawn were still in that period of total astonishment that follows a wedding, grinning at each other like two people who have survived an air crash without a scratch, touching one another frequently, lucky to be alive. Lazar was not a cynical man and he wished them well, but he had also been lonely for a long time, and their happiness was making him a little sick. Albert had brought along a copy of *Science*, in which he had recently published some work on the String Theory, and it was as Lazar looked up from Al's name and abbreviations in the journal's table of contents that he saw Suzette, in her exercise clothes, coming toward the café from across the street, looking like she weighed about seventy-five pounds.

She was always too thin, though at the time of their closest acquaintance he had thought he liked a woman with bony shoulders. She had a bony back, too, he suddenly remembered, like a marimba, as well as a pointed, bony nose and chin, and she was always—but *always*—on a diet, even though she had a naturally small appetite and danced aerobically or ran five miles every day. Her face looked hollowed and somehow mutated, as do the faces of most women who get too much exercise, but there was a sheen on her brow and a mad, aerobic glimmer in her eye. She'd permed her hair since he last saw her, and it flew out around her head in two square feet of golden Pre-Raphaelite rotini—the lily maid of Astolat on an endorphin high. A friend had once said she was the kind of woman who causes automobile accidents when she walks down the street, and, as a matter of fact, as she stepped up onto the patio of the café a man passing on his bicycle made the mistake of following her with his eyes for a moment and nearly rode into the open door of a parked car.

"Isn't that Suzette?" Al said. Albert was, as it happened, the only one of his friends after the judgment who refused to behave as though Suzette had never existed, and he was always asking after her in his pointed, physicistic manner, one skeptical eyebrow raised. Needless to say, Lazar did not like to be reminded. In the course of their affair, he knew, he had been terribly erratic, by turns tightfisted and profligate, glum and overeager, unsociable and socially aflutter, full of both flattery and glib invective—a shithead, in short—and, to his credit, he was afraid that he had treated Suzette very badly. It may have been this repressed consciousness, more than anything else, that led him to tell himself, when he first saw her again, that he did not love her anymore.

"Uh-oh," said Dawn, after she remembered who Suzette was.

"I have nothing to be afraid of," Lazar said. As she passed, he called out, "Suzette?" He felt curiously invulnerable to her still evident charms, and uttered her name with the lightness and faint derision of someone on a crowded airplane signalling to an attractive but slightly elderly stewardess. "Hey, Suze!"

She was wearing a Walkman, however, with the earphones turned up very loud, and she floated past on a swell of Chaka Kahn and Rufus.

"Didn't she hear you?" said Albert, looking surprised.

"No, Dr. Five Useful Non-Implications of the String Theory, she did not," Lazar said. "She was wearing *ear*phones."

"I think she was ignoring you." Albert turned to his bride and duly consulted her. "Didn't she look like she heard him? Didn't her face kind of blink?"

"There she is, Bobby," said Dawn, pointing toward the entrance of the café. As it was a beautiful December morning, they were sitting out on the patio, and Lazar had his back to the Zinc. "Waiting on line."

He felt that he did not actually desire to speak to her but that Albert and Dawn's presence forced him into it somehow. A certain tyranny of in-touchness holds sway in that part of the world—a compulsion to behave always as though one is still in therapy but making real progress, and the rules of enlightened behavior seemed to dictate that he not sneak away from the table with his head under a newspaper—as he might have done if alone—and go home to watch the Weather Channel or Home Shopping Network for three hours with a twelve-pack of Mexican beer and the phone off the hook. He turned around in his chair and looked at Suzette more closely. She had on one of those glittering, opalescent Intergalactic Amazon leotard-and-tights combinations that seem to be made of cavorite or adamantium and do not so much cling to a woman's body as seal her off from gamma rays and lethal stardust. Lazar pronounced her name again, more loudly, calling out across the sunny patio. She looked even thinner from behind.

"Oh. Bobby," she said, removing the headphones but keeping her place in the coffee line.

"Hello, Suze," he said. They nodded pleasantly to one another, and that might have been it right there. After a second or two she dipped her head semi-apologetically, smiled an irritated smile, and put the earphones—"earbuds," he recalled, was the nauseous term—back into her ears.

"She looks great," Lazar said magnanimously to Albert and Dawn, keeping his eyes on Suzette.

"She looks so thin, so drawn," said Dawn, who, frankly, could have stood to drop about fifteen pounds.

"She looks fine to me," said Al. "I'd say she looks better than ever."

"I know you would," Lazar snapped. "You'd say it just to bug me."

He was a little irritated himself now. The memory of their last few days together had returned to him, despite all his heroic efforts over the past months to repress it utterly. He thought of the weekend following that bad review of their restaurant in the *Times* (they'd had a Balearic restaurant called Ibiza, in San Clemente)—a review in which the critic had singled out his distressed-stucco interior and Suzette's Majorcan paella, in particular, for censure. Since these were precisely the two points around which, in the course of opening the restaurant, they had constructed their most idiotic and horrible arguments, the unfavorable notice hit their already shaky relationship like a dumdum bullet, and Suzette went a little nuts. She didn't

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show up at home or at Ibiza all the next day—so that poor hypersensitive little José had to do all the cooking—but instead disappeared into the haunts of physical culture. She worked out at the gym, went to Zahava's class, had her body waxed, and then, to top it all off, rode her bicycle all the way to El Toro and back. When she finally came home she was in a mighty hormonal rage and suffered under the delusion that she could lift a thousand pounds and chew her way through vanadium steel. She claimed that Lazar had bankrupted her, among other outrageous and untrue assertions, and he went out for a beer to escape from her. By the time he returned, several hours later, she had moved out, taking with her *only his belongings*, as though she had come to see some fundamental inequity in their relationship—such as their having been switched at birth—and were attempting in this way to rectify it.

This loss, though painful, he would have been willing to suffer if it hadn't included his collection of William Powelliana, which was then at its peak and contained everything from the checkered wingtips Powell wore in "The Kennel Club Murder Case" to Powell's personal copy of the shooting script for "Life with Father" to a 1934 letter from Dashiell Hammett congratulating Powell on his interpretation of Nick Charles, which Lazar had managed to obtain from a Powell grandnephew only minutes before the epistolary buzzards from the University of Texas tried to snap it up. Suzette sold the entire collection, at far less than its value, to that awful Kelso McNair, up in Lawndale, who only annexed it to his vast empire of Myrna Loy memorabilia and locked it away in his vault. In retaliation Lazar went down the next morning to their safe-deposit box at Dana Point, removed all six of Suzette's 1958 and '59 Barbie Dolls, and sold them to a collectibles store up in Orange for not quite four thousand dollars, at which point she brought the first suit against him.

"Why is your face turning so red, Bobby?" said Dawn, who must have been all of twenty-two.

"Oh!" he said, not bothering even to sound sincere. "I just remembered. I have an appointment."

"See you, Bobby," said Al.

"See you," he said, but he did not stand up.

"You don't have to keep looking at her, anyway," Al continued reasonably. "You can just look out at Ocean Avenue here, or at my lovely new wife—hi, sweetie—and act as though Suzette's not there."

"I know," Lazar said, smiling at Dawn, then returning his eyes immediately to Suzette. "But I'd like to talk to her. No, really."

So saying, he rose from his chair and walked, as nonchalantly as he could, toward her. He had always been awkward about crossing public space, and could not do it without feeling somehow cheesy and hucksterish, as though he were crossing a makeshift dais in a Legion Hall to accept a diploma from a bogus school of real estate; he worried that his pants were too tight across the seat, that his gait was hitched and dorky, that his hands swung chimpishly at his sides. Suzette was next in line now and studying the menu, even though he could have predicted, still, exactly what she would order: a decaf au lait and a wedge of frittata with two little cups of cucumber salsa. He came up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder; the taps were intended to be devil-may-care and friendly, but of course he overdid them and they came off as the brusque importunities of a man with a bone to pick. Suzette turned around looking more irritated than ever, and when she saw who it was her dazzling green eyes grew tight little furrows at their corners.

"How are you?" said Lazar, daring to leave his hand on her shoulder, where, as though it were approaching *c*, very quickly it seemed to acquire a great deal of mass. He was so conscious of his hand on her damp, solid shoulder that he missed her first few words, and finally had to withdraw it, blushing.

". . . great. Everything's really swell," Suzette was saying, looking down at the place on her shoulder where his hand had just been. Had he laid a freshly boned breast of raw chicken there and then taken it away her expression could not have been more bemused. She turned away. "Hi, Norris," she said to the lesbian woman behind the counter. "Just an espresso."

"On a diet?" Lazar said, feeling his smile tighten.

"Not hungry," she said. "You've gained a few pounds."

"You could be right," he said, and patted his stomach. Since he had thrown Suzette's Borg bathroom scale onto the scrap heap along with her other belongings (thus leaving the apartment all but empty), he had no idea of how much he weighed, and, frankly, as he put it to himself, smiling all the while at his ex-lover, he did not give a rat's ass. "I probably did. You look thinner than ever, really, Suze."

"Here's your espresso," said Norris, smiling oddly at Lazar, as though they were old friends, and he was confused, until he remembered that right after Suzette left him he'd run into this Norris at a party in Bluebird Canyon, and they had a short, bitter, drunken conversation about what it felt like when a woman left you, and Lazar impressed her by declaring, sagely, that it felt as though you'd arrived home to find that your dearest and most precious belongings in the world had been sold to a man from Lawndale.

"What about that money you owe me?" he said. The question was halfway out of his mouth before he realized it, and although he appended a hasty ha-ha at the finish, his jaw was clenched and he must have looked as if he was about to slug her.

"Whoa!" said Suzette, stepping neatly around him. "I'm getting out of here, Bobby. Goodbye." She tucked her chin against her chest, dipped her head, and slipped out the door, as though ducking into a rainstorm.

"Wait!" he said. "Suzette!"

She turned toward him as he came out onto the patio, her shoulders squared, and held him at bay with her cup of espresso coffee.

"I don't have to reckon with you anymore, Bobby Lazar," she said. "Colleen says I've already reckoned with you enough." Colleen was Suzette's therapist. They had seen her together for a while, and Lazar was both scornful and afraid of her and her lingoistic advice.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll try to be, um, yielding. I'll yield. I promise. I just—I don't know. How about let's sit down?"

He turned to the table where he'd left Albert, Dawn, and his cup of coffee, and discovered that his friends had stood up and were collecting their shopping bags, putting on their sweaters.

"Are you going?" he said.

"If you two are getting back together," said Albert, "this whole place is going. It's all over. It's the Big One."

ORCHESTRION

Or the Chinese chest of drawers taken
Straight from the train station here to
The top of the stairs. It has other purposes
Than music: it will hold clothes, stacks
Of scarves, sweaters, perhaps not boxes jammed
With jewelry, but the ordinary clink of
Porcelain from Orvieto. Bottles in the bottom
Drawer ring themselves around the wine. In
Oxford is a staid shop that sells a bustle
That plays "God Save the Queen" when the wearer
Sits down. What contains its own container?
The dancers are moving again because of
The loud music next door. They had helped
Hoist the chest. They have legs made by lathes.
The flute is a woodwind but not wood wind, and
The flautas we had last night crunched.
The Border collie I used to have conducted sheep
Like Stokowski. He wrote the book on
The closed gate. The range of voices of cats in
Heat. Heavy-duty trucks pound across state
Lines and the radios are currently being
Tuned. Any dictionary will define song.
You have to find someone else to actually sing
It. Do you understand the position on substance:
A nightingale has none, is all song. If it sounds
As if these sentences were written to the metronome—
No. Beethoven was the first to use one, and he
Wrote for the orchestrion, a disembodied band.
Wittgenstein was known to be able to hum the complete
Brahms. He played clarinet in the First World War trenches,
While the stars danced and the soldiers advanced above
And below the mustard gas. There is no "player" in
Player piano. It is played upon, a field of sound.
Send us a sonargram, but what would it sound
Like? What would it sing that yet hasn't been sung?

—Edward Kleinschmidt

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"Albert!" said Dawn.

"You're a sick man, Bob," said Albert. He shook Lazar's hand and grinned. "You're sick, and you like sick women."

Lazar cursed him, kissed Dawn on both cheeks, and laughed a reckless laugh.

"Is he drunk or something?" he heard Dawn say before they were out of earshot, and, indeed, as he returned to Suzette's table the world seemed suddenly more stressful and gay, the sky more tinged at its edges with violet.

"Is that Al's new wife?" said Suzette. She waved to them as they headed down the street. "She's pretty, but she needs to work on her thighs."

"I think Al's been working on them," he said.

"Shush," said Suzette.

They sat back and looked at each other warily and with pleasure. The circumstances under which they parted had been so strained and unfriendly and terminal that to find themselves sitting, just like that, at a bright café over two cups of black coffee seemed as thrilling as if they were violating some powerful taboo. They had been warned, begged, and even ordered to stay away from each other by everyone, from their shrinks to their parents to the bench of Orange County itself; yet here they were, in plain view, smiling and smiling. A lot of things had been lacking in their relationship, but unfortunately mutual physical attraction was not one of them, and Lazar could feel that hoary old devouring serpent uncoiling deep in its Darwinian cave.

"It's nice to see you," said Suzette.

"You look pretty," he said. "I like what you've done with your hair. You look like a Millais."

"Thank you," she said, a little tonelessly; she was not quite ready to listen to all his prattle again. She pursed her lips and looked at him in a manner almost surgical, as though about to administer a precise blow with a very small axe. She said, " 'Song of the Thin Man' was on last week."

"I know," he said. He was impressed, and oddly touched. "That's pretty daring of you to mention that. Considering."

She set down her coffee cup, firmly, and he caught the flicker of her right biceps. "You got more than I got," she said. "You got six thousand dollars! I got five thousand four hundred and ninety-five. I don't owe you anything."

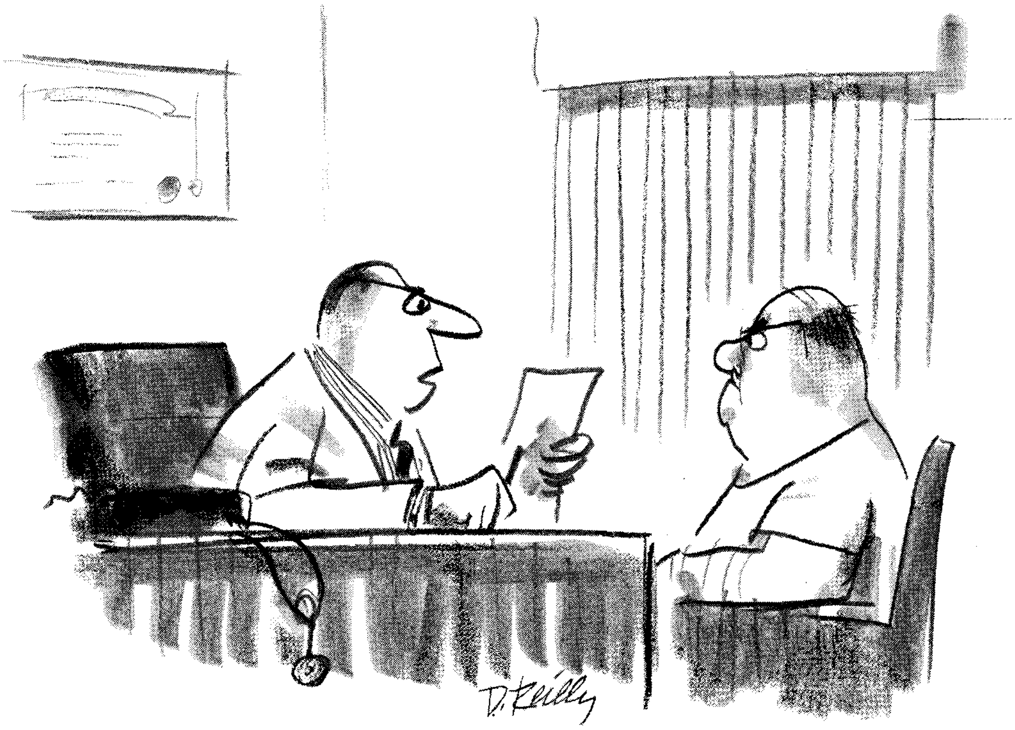
"I only got four thousand, remember?" he said. He felt himself blushing. "That came out, well, in court—don't you remember? I—well. I lied."

"That's right," she said slowly. She rolled her eyes and bit her lip, remembering. "You lied. Four thousand. They were worth twice that."

"A lot of them were missing hair or limbs," he said.

"You pig!" She gave her head a monosyllabic shake, and the golden curls rustled like a dress. Since she had at one time been known to call him a pig with delicacy and tenderness, this did not immediately alarm Lazar. "You sold my dolls," she said, dreamily, though of course she knew this perfectly well, and had known it for quite some time. Only now, he could see, it was all coming back to her, the memory of the cruel things they had said, of the tired, leering faces of the lawyers, of the acerbic envoi of the county judge dismissing all their suits and countersuits, of the day they had met for the last time in the empty building that had been their restaurant, amid the bare fixtures, the exposed wires, the crumbs of plaster on the floor; of the rancor that from the first had been the constant flower of their love. "You sold their things, too," she remembered. "All of their gowns and pumps and little swimwear."

"I was just trying to get back at you."



"You're going to have to cut down on salt and stop watching the Senate."

• •

"For what? For making sure I at least got something out of all the time I wasted on you?"

"Take it easy, Suze."

"And then to lie about how much you got for them? Four thousand dollars!"

"At first my lawyers instructed me to lie about it," he lied.

"Kravitz! Di Martino! Those sleazy, lizardy, shystery old fat guys! Oh, you pigs!"

Now she was on her feet, and everyone out on the patio had turned with great interest to regard them. He realized, or, rather, remembered, that he had strayed into dangerous territory here, that Suzette had a passion for making scenes in restaurants. This is how it was, said a voice within Lazar—a gloomy, condemnatory voice—this is what you've been missing. He saw the odd angle at which she was holding her cup of coffee, and he hoped against hope that she did not intend to splash his face with espresso. She was one of those women who like to hurl beverages.

"Don't tell me," he said, despite himself, his voice coated with the most unctuous sarcasm, "you're *reckoning* with me again."

You could see her consulting with herself about trajectories and wind shear and beverage velocity and other such technical considerations—collecting all the necessary data, and courage—and then she let fly. The cup sailed past Lazar's head, and he just had time to begin a tolerant, superior smile, and to uncurl partially the middle finger of his right hand, before the cup bounced off the low wall beside him and ricocheted into his face.

Suzette looked startled for a moment, registering this as one registers an ace in tennis or golf, and then laughed the happy laugh of a lucky shot. As the unmerciful people on the patio applauded—oh, but that made Lazar angry—Suzette turned on her heel and, wearing a maddening smile, strode balletically off the patio of the café, out into the middle of Ocean Avenue. Lazar scrambled up from his chair and went after her, cold coffee running in thin fingers down his cheeks. Neither of them bothered to look where they were going; they trusted, in those last couple of seconds before he caught her and kissed her hollow cheek, that they would not be met by some hurtling bus or other accident. —MICHAEL CHABON

HOOKS

IN America I would never run across people like him; they fly in circles too lofty for me to reach. And the Soviets are still reluctant to let such a person visit Tel Aviv. As an émigré, I'd only encounter them in Europe, here in London or in Paris. But somehow I can never get used to them—it is either their casual familiarity, as if nothing untoward had occurred, or the reverse, the long, tragic face, as if you were attending your own funeral. That Moscow was, for me, irrecoverable was never discussed, as if the two of us just happened to be in London for a while and, whereas he had to get back shortly, certain urgent business compelled me to stay on. At least he didn't launch into the predictable discourse on the destiny of the West as seen through Russian eyes, the standard counterblast to émigré ideas on the destiny of Russia as seen through Western eyes. His own eyes were semi-transparent, dangerous-feeling, as though if you peered deeply into them myopia would set in and you'd never find your way out.

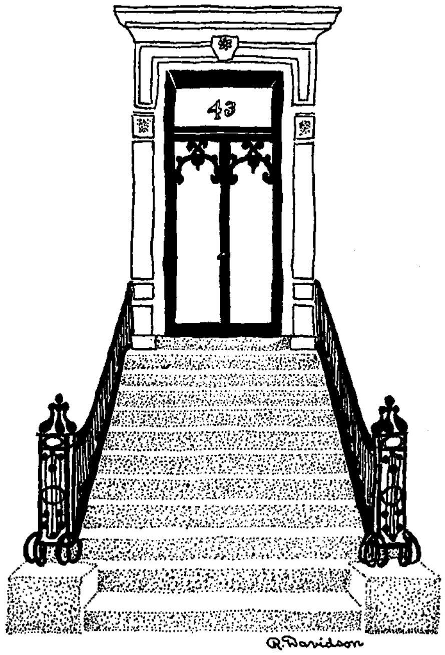
But he kept those eyes averted; he wasn't at ease either. He didn't know how to behave with me. I flattered myself that he might be feeling some shame in my presence. But perhaps I was merely assigning him noble feelings to put myself in a good light. Or it may have been an effect of the difference in our status: he was, after all, an industrial expert on an official exchange visit, the holder of a great state prize, the honored representative of Soviet history, whereas I, a wandering émigré, had been consigned by that same state to the blacklist with the dubious label of "rootless cosmopolite." Even that term belonged to his vocabulary, not mine—the vocabulary of the old wartime Stalinist generation. But, like most exiles, I was given to striking up acquaintance with strangers, and in hopes of being understood and accepted I would slavishly accommodate myself to their speech.

For someone like me, our meeting had the air of an ideological duel; he, on the other hand, must have found my agitation fascinating. He would keep his eyes averted; then suddenly, seemingly offhand, he would touch my shoulder lightly, or nudge my elbow, till I began to think that I had been wide of the mark in imagining any kind of official arrogance in his actions, or calculated condescension in his conversation.

Not that there was any real conversation. Actually, I couldn't understand why we were meeting at all. He had introduced himself as the uncle of my wife's high-school sweetheart back in Moscow. To that I found little to say; I thought of Yesenin's line: "I am your nephew, you are all my uncles," and Eichenvald's: "All men are brothers; me, I'm a cousin." But poetry was not one of his interests. On the other hand, he wasn't taking the occasion to make the usual Soviet visitor's request for either of the naked truths that Moscow banned: Solzhenitsyn's books or Soho's porn displays.

We were sitting in his seedy hotel room looking at one another with the simulated amicability of the dentist's waiting room. I couldn't make out why he said nothing—was it fear, plain indifference, or some inherent inability to start up a conversation? I repeated to myself my wife's admonitions on similar occasions: *Don't worry about him, he's been in this situation before; he'll tell you what he wants soon enough.* He was clearly not at all discomfited by the protracted pause, and like anyone accustomed to an iron curtain of silence he transferred to his companion the sense of guilt for the break in communication. It is in the nature of words to abhor silence; forgetting my wife's injunctions, I filled the air with overexcited and largely inconsequential talk:

"What really amazes me is my indifference. Actually, when I do feel drawn to Moscow it's the earlier Moscow I picture. What goes on there now, in fact, doesn't really interest me much. I mean, even the old notion that it's the people who stayed behind who betrayed *us*, and we émigrés are the heroes carrying on the battle without them—even that seductive old idea has lost its savor; those who betrayed us are no longer crucial to our happiness. If we get homesick, it's not for our actual home but the home of memory."



"As to life in Moscow"—he finally resolved to interrupt my rambling meditations—"I would quote from a poem I prize highly—Mezhirov: 'The acts we put on may be sham, but you have to remember we're working without a safety net—one false step and we're smashed to smithereens.' " I was silent. Well, of course. To hear them talk, their only concern is Absolute Truth, unlike the materialistic West, with its relativism and hypocrisy; prophetic fire, the endless task, all that. They might lie to each other, but it's always about great matters, for noble purposes; perhaps superficially, to the outsider's eye, things don't look right, but deep down inside it's all real and true. "Smashed to smithereens"—the danger justifying the ends *and* the means. Yes indeed. I just hoped he wasn't going to start discoursing about "inner freedom." It seemed it was business as usual back there.

"The day they acknowledge what they did in the Hitler-Stalin Pact, that's the day I'll . . ." I began, but I dried up. I recognized that look. My father, a Communist and a Jew, who lost a leg in the war, used to look at me that way when, in the heat of argument, I would blurt that if Hitler hadn't stirred up Russian patriotism Stalin and the whole Soviet system would have gone into the dustbin of history long ago. I wasn't afraid of my father's belt, much less his raised voice, but his tears made me feel terrible. It was with those same eyes, those pink-tinged lids, that the Muscovite visitor looked at me now. That was the worst thing, that defenseless look of a person who suddenly realizes he is being viewed critically. I shouldn't have mentioned the war. That glance had betrayed a bitter nostalgia for those days. For him, the war must have been a unique period of freedom, when fate had granted his spirit the gift of a genuine patriotism; when it had been possible to defend the fatherland without orders from above or a pistol in the back of the neck: when he was issued a gun of his own and bullets to strike down what were enemies of the people in the true sense of the term, not in Stalin's. He might have been my own father—and I had absolutely nothing to say to him.

"Could you possibly help me find a certain little thing I want in London?" he asked in a pleading tone, and I sighed with relief. So—he, too, was after some piece of scarce merchandise; he was no exception after all. It just might have been conceivable that a man who'd worked his way up to responsible posts, titles, and decorations could remain a decent human even over there—well, it's nice to have one's skepticism validated, I said to myself. The old motherland can always come through with a fresh example of Darwinian principle—the evolution of the worthy idealistic Bolshevik model into an ape of material greed in response to his environment. Determinism shaping subspecies *Homo sovieticus*—an animal with a highly spiritual ideological mask over a primitive avaricious grimace. Yes, squirm as you like, you grow the way conditions ordain. It's pitiable, I suppose. But somehow my own spirit wasn't up to purging its revulsion.

"You couldn't take me to Oxford Street, could you?" asked the Soviet gent when I, despite my interior harangue, spoke aloud of my readiness to help.

"What part of Oxford Street?"

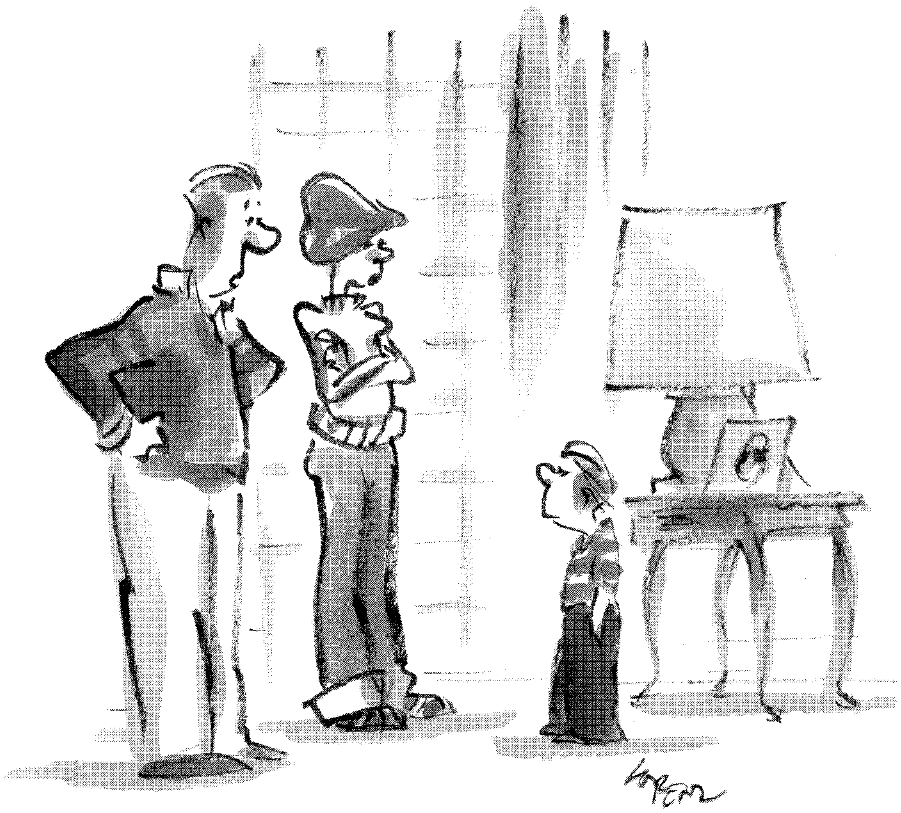
"Where the shops are."

"It's all shops."

"Fine, let's go there, then." He added in a confidential whisper, "I want some hooks."

"Hooks? What sort of hooks?" I asked, somewhat flabbergasted.

"Fishing hooks," he explained imperturbably and, rising slightly from his chair, poked two fingers into an inconspicuous watch pocket in his trousers; there was something tucked away in there, deep down, that refused to be brought to light. At last he withdrew a cellophane packet about the size of a matchbox. It, in turn, contained a piece of paper torn from a school exercise book and folded into four. I followed all these operations as if watching a conjurer at work. He proffered the folded note. On it enigmatic English words and names had been written with calligraphic exactitude; to the left of these was a no less puzzling column of figures with hieroglyphic curlicues—or were they drawings? It all looked like some spy cipher to me, and only served to intensify the false atmosphere of intimacy between us. Could he possibly have been sent by Moscow to recruit me into the K.G.B.'s Russian Literature Service, as we called it—to ask me to add my reports on London émigré activity to the files stacked inside the world's biggest humanities collection, the Lubyanka security headquarters? I looked up in alarm.



"Your mother and I still think two dollars a week is plenty, but, in an effort to avoid litigation, we're willing to go to two seventy-five."

"It's a list. English fishing hooks with sizes. Can you give me a hand?" He moved his finger about the paper. Once again I began to flounder in that translucent gaze, trying to swim out of turbid water, keeping clear of whirlpools and shoals. They'd obviously gone off their heads over there, perched with their élite salaries beside the well-stocked ponds at their Politburo country dachas. Couldn't they manage with Soviet hooks? They must figure that even the cunning old pike of Russian folklore could never resist an elegant, unbreakable English hook. Maybe they heard of them in the handbook by Aksakov, our nineteenth-century Compleat Angler; for all his Slavophile outlook, he may have gone Anglophile himself when it came to recommending fishhooks.

"I can't go back to Moscow without hooks," whimpered this man, this apparent adult. There it was again: Soviet civilization turns everybody into a child where *things* are concerned; *things* are the toys of civilization, and the citizen of a vast country that hasn't many of them acts like a deprived child. You feel sorry for him, and irritated, and you know you can't shake him off. Ridiculing their puritanism as sham, though, is like calling a hungry man a hypocrite for taking a job advertising meat on a sandwich board. Like children everywhere, they simply must have material proof of their own idealism; thus Soviet people are materialistic idealists. Children have to be indulged, life won't give them a chance like this again—so we strode out the door in search of English fishhooks.

AMBITION

> I did not allow myself to think of ultimate escape . . . one step at a time was enough.
> —*"Mr. Standfast," by John Buchan.*

Now I've climbed this far, it's time to look back. But smoke obscures
The panorama from the Mountain Loney spring. The city and the mountain are on fire.
My mouth's still stinging from the cold sharp shock of water—a winter taste
In summer—but my father's wandered off somewhere. I can't seem to find him.
We'd been smoking "coffin nails," and he'd been talking of his time inside, how
Matches were that scarce you'd have to split them four ways with your thumbnail;
And seven cigarette ends make a cigarette. *Keep a thing for seven years,*
You'll always find a use for it, he follows in the same breath . . . It reminds me
Of the saint who when he had his head cut off picked up the head and walked
With it for seven miles. And the wise man said the distance doesn't matter,
It's the first step that was difficult.

Any journey's like that—*the first step of your life*, my father interrupts—
Though often you take one step forward, two steps back. For if time is a road,
It's fraught with ramps and doglegs, switchbacks and spaghetti; here and there
The dual carriageway becomes a one-track, backward mind. And bits of the landscape
Keep recurring: it seems as if I've watched the same suburban tennis match
For hours, and heard, at ever less surprising intervals, the applause of pigeons
Bursting from a loft. Or the issue is not yet decided, as the desultory handclaps
Turn to rain. The window that my nose is pressed against is breathed on, giving
Everything a sfumato air. I keep drawing faces on it, or practicing my signature.

And if time is a road, then you're checked again and again
By a mobile checkpoint. One soldier holds a gun to your head. Another soldier
Asks you questions, and another checks the information on the head computer.
Your name. Your brothers' names. Your father's name. His occupation. As if
The one they're looking for is not you but it might be you. Looks like you
Or smells like you. And suddenly the posthumous aroma of an empty canvas
Postman's sack—twine, ink, dead letters—wafts out from the soldiers'
Sodden khaki. It's obvious they're bored: one of them is watching Wimbledon
On one of those postage-stamp-size TV screens. *Of course, the proper shot,*
An unseen talking head intones, *should have been the lob*. He's using words like
Angled, volley, smash, and *strategy*. Someone is *fighting a losing battle.*
Isn't that the way that someone tells you what you should have done when
You've just done the opposite? *Did you give the orders for this man's death?*
On the contrary, the accused replies, as if he'd ordered birth or resurrection.
Though *one nail drives out another*, as my father says.

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London was deluged in one of those spinning storms of rain and light you find only on this island, where the wind blows from four directions at once and you never know which way to turn to shield your eyes from the blinding droplets. We hung, as it were, in the timelessness of streaming rain, detached from the earth, pressed against one another, heads bent together like a pair of lovers: he'd left his umbrella in the hotel. We couldn't be bothered to go back for it, so the hurricane of rain and wind bore us along the side streets under one umbrella. The closer we became welded by the weather, the more alien I sensed his body to be, pressed against my shoulder in his smelly gabardine mackintosh and the sort of tartan cap that unversed tourists take to be typically English. He grated on me because of the absence of physical distance between us; I couldn't get free of him. To do that I would have to snag him with those special hooks, and we simply could not find any. These hooks turned out to be most rare and intricate, and the salesmen startlingly ignorant and rude. As we trudged for mile after mile along shopping streets, I subsided into a despairing resentment. I shook feverishly, either because of the penetrating wind or because of the intense exasperation I felt at the whole enterprise I'd been dragged into by that old business between my wife and the nephew of this Soviet fisherman.

One umbrella was clearly inadequate: my companion was wearing a decent raincoat at least, whereas I had casually donned a corduroy jacket, which, as it absorbed the moisture, grew heavier and heavier, like an old soak under the Charing Cross arches. My back ached, my shoes squished, my throat was raw, and I cursed the Soviet regime for its false liberalism in letting perverts with English-fishhook fetishisms loose on London. We advanced in rushes, dashing through one glassy curtain of rain only to run into another, and as we halted to catch our breath in this jerky course we seemed to be on different landings of the same flight of stairs. No, it was as if two glass-cabined elevators had stopped for a second in a dark shaft and we gazed at one another through their walls: was it even conceivable we both lived under the same roof? Bound together, kin forever? That was all I needed of hell.

"Don't worry, I'm not trying to persuade you to go back," said my Soviet gent. He didn't mean to the Old Country, he meant to Oxford Street, which we had left farther and farther behind—a mistake, in his view, since all shops that could possibly exist must be there. I could have no objection: I really didn't know where to go next. I'd got well off my planned route.

"I know what this rain reminds me of," he said, wiping his face with a handkerchief as we were waiting out the next squall under an arch at Piccadilly Circus. "This London rain reminds me of mosquito netting and the evening mist after a hot day at the dacha. It's just come back to me: your wife used to visit my nephew at the

And my father should have known better than to tamper with Her Majesty's
Royal Mail—or was it His then? His humor was to take an Irish ha'penny
With the harp on the flip side and frank a letter with it. Some people didn't
See the joke; they'd always thought him a Republican. He was reported,
Laid off for a month. Which is why he never got promoted. So one story goes;
The other is a wartime one, where he's supposed to go to England
For a training course but doesn't, seeing he doesn't want to get conscripted.
My mother's version is he lacked ambition. He was too content to stay
In one place. He liked things as they were . . . *Perfect touch, perfect timing, perfect*
Accuracy: the commentary has just nudged me back a little, as I manage
To take in the action replay. There's a tiny puff of chalk as the ball skids off
The line, as if someone might be firing in slow motion, far away: that otherwise
Unnoticeable faint cloud on the summer blue, which makes the sky around it
All the more intense and fragile.

It's nearer to a winter blue. A zigzag track of footsteps is imprinted
On the frosted tennis court: it looks as if the Disappeared One rose before
First light, and stalked from one side of the wire cage to the other, off
Into the glinting laurels. No armed wing has yet proclaimed responsibility:
One hand washes the other, says my father, as sure as *one funeral makes many*.
For the present is a tit-for-tat campaign, exchanging *now* for *then*,
The Christmas post of Christmas Past, the black armband of the temporary man;
The insignia have mourned already for this casual preserve. Threading
Through the early-morning suburbs and the monkey-puzzle trees, a smell of coffee,
Imprisoned in the air like wisps of orange peel in marmalade; and sleigh-bell music
Tinkles on the radio, like ice cubes in a summer drink. I think I'm starting, now,
To know the street map with my feet, just like my father.

God never shuts one door, said my father, *but he opens up another;* and then,
I walked the iron catwalk naked in the freezing cold: he's back into his time
As internee, the humiliation of the weekly bath. It was seven weeks before
He was released: it was his younger brother they were after all the time.
God never opens one door but he shuts another: my uncle was inside for seven years.
At his funeral, they said how much I looked like him: I've got his smoker's cough,
At any rate. And now my father's told to cut down on the cigarettes, he smokes
Them three or four puffs at a time. Stubs them out and lights them, seven times.
I found him yesterday a hundred yards ahead of me, struggling, as the blazing
Summer hauled him one step at a time into a freezing furnace. And with each step
He aged. As I closed in on him, he coughed. I coughed. He stopped and turned.
Made two steps back toward me, and I took one step forward.

—CIARÁN CARSON

• •

dacha. That was where I first saw her, maybe the last time, too. A slim schoolgirl she was, like a dandelion. They were walking together arm in arm, toward the terrace. Through a sort of haze like this rain. I was sitting with my sister on the terrace. Mist all round, you know, makes distances hard to judge. Mosquitoes and moths were flying around the lamp, and there was a sweet smell of paraffin. I remember that so well."

He stopped as if hoping for an answering burst of lyricism. As it was, this nephew, whoever he might be, was getting on my nerves; "Poor boy," my companion would say whenever he mentioned my wife's adolescent admirer. I resolved to curtail these nostalgic evocations of dacha life at least.

"After three emigrations, from one country to another," said I, "my yearning for the Old Country long ago lost any geographical dimension. It's not connected physically with any one point on the earth's surface. My normal state of mind, generally speaking, is rather like the indisposition of middle age: it's a kind of equilibrium, when one agonizing pain is balanced by another, newer one, which we know perfectly well we'll ignore as a third one looms up."

"But where on earth is Eros?" he broke in, as if rebuking me for excessive intellectualism in my reflections. He was pointing, however, at the wooden hoarding in the center of the square. Black Eros—the winged messenger with his arrow of love, balanced on one foot on the top of the fountain in the center of Piccadilly Circus, that symbol of gay old London—was gone from behind the planking. I had to explain that Eros had been sent off for restoration. Eros was under repair, the fountain of the soul was dry, only intellect sparkled in neon signs through the shrouding rain. Britannia was poor and stingy; everyone was on his own.

"Won't I see Eros at all this time, then?" He shook a mournful head. Like all Soviet tourists, he further annoyed me with his rustic raptures over cliché London—the red buses, the black taxis, the bobbies in their crested helmets. I felt an imbecile urgency to maintain the reputation of my émigré life in those alien Russian eyes, as if to say, "We have everything here, there's nothing you can't get. Especially rare and intricate fishhooks." With a heavy sigh, I darted into the swirling rain.

It enveloped us in a dense, wavering veil, solidly separating off the rest of the world, which might have been anywhere: England, Russia, ancient Rome. I calculated that we were on Pall Mall, where that Jules Verne novel starts—what was it, "Twenty Thousand Days Under the Sea" or "Eighty Thousand Leagues Around the World"? The snowy-white columns of the club buildings gleamed through the bathysphere of rain as they loomed over us like Arctic icebergs, mist-enshrouded, and, as Captain Nemo might have done, I wanted to cry, "To hell with this mercantile civilization!" Retreating from the elements, we found ourselves in an arcade, where the window of another tackle shop floated before our eyes like the porthole of an aquarium. The salesman luring us inside could have been Captain Nemo himself, or a Russian bog monster. He seemed to be expecting us. He put on his tortoiseshell glasses and spent a long time chewing his lip over our crumpled list of magic figures and markings. Finally he informed us, with the solemnity of an oracle, that he did have these hooks but that "they bend the other way."

"That doesn't matter." I hastened to explain this enigmatic phrase to my companion. "It's like driving on the left—it's all relative. From the Russian viewpoint, they bend the way you want, you see what I mean?" By way of visual illustration, I absurdly twisted my head around nearly backward. I just wanted to make clear that the problem was resolved and I would go no farther. In the little shop it was dry, rather dark, and deserted as we sat down to wait at a table in the corner. There was something in that interior reminiscent of the Ark, pitching under the lashing assault of the storm. Around us were gleaming glass cases of mounted fish; nets and harpoons hung in the corners, fishing poles sprouted everywhere like exotic bamboo, and, most important, gigantic showcases held hooks of all sizes, shapes, and tints overlapping like metallic scales. My companion in his sodden raincoat reminded me of a shivering *dachnik*, stranded on a suburban station platform after missing the electric train.

And I remembered where I'd seen exactly the same suffering expression, reproach mixed with hope. Those same grimaces had been displayed by the old repairman in the typewriter shop on Kuznetskiy Most, when I brought my Olympia to him for the last time before I left the country. The very same heavy rain, Muscovite variety, had beset his premises, too, replete as it was with objects no less exotic than those in this tackle shop. How he'd fussed about, sighing and shaking his head, when he found out what far lands I was quitting Moscow for. How he'd started unscrewing the casing with excessive roughness to conceal his trembling fingers as they tugged out the accumulated dirt, hair, and assorted rubbish.

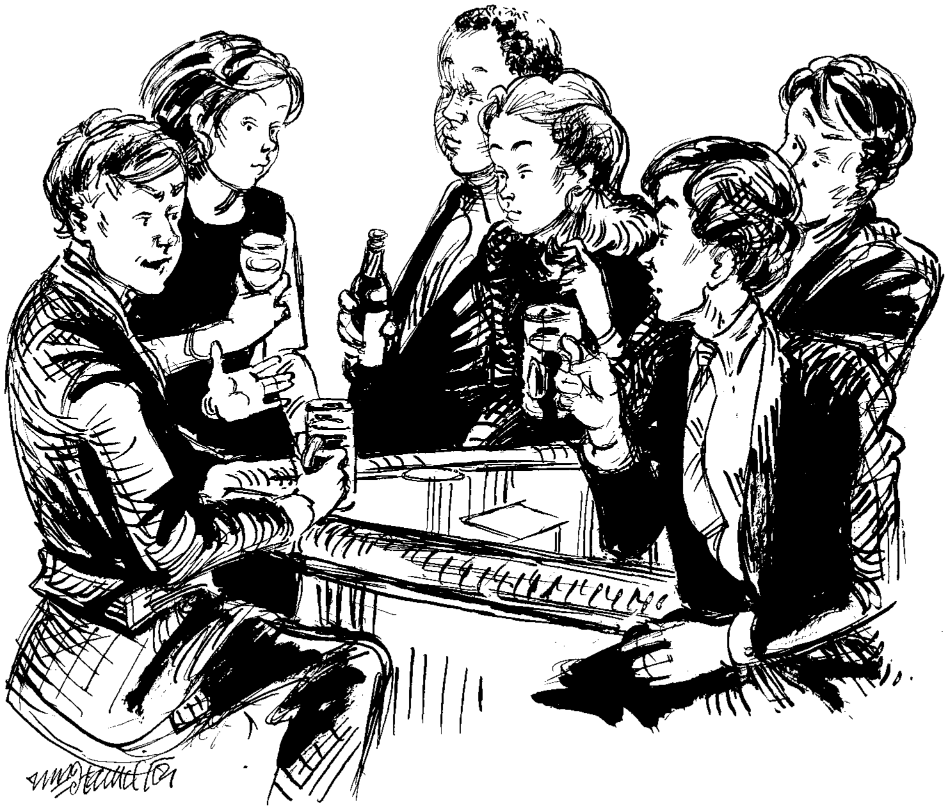
"You've got a cat at home, then," he'd grumbled. "I can tell what any household is like by the stuff in the typewriter."

We had no cats at home—it was me going bald, not a cat—but never mind; he was just filling up a tense silence with his mutterings. Then he got out a jug of alcohol, but instead of using it to clean the keys he ran some tap water into it and banged down two glasses. I remember the light, acrid smell of the spirits and the mustiness of the basement shop, his tear-filled eyes and the network of blood vessels on his flaccid, alcoholic cheeks. And the dim gleam of the part in his brilliantined hair. An hour later, his hair sticking up wildly by now, he was recounting for the *n*th time his exploits as an air ace.

But finally he couldn't hold back, he burst the net of restraint: he had, he said, a Tatar friend—the carriage on the man's typewriter even went backwards, the Muslim way—but *he* had no plans to leave, even though Stalin had moved *him* to Siberia for a while. What was wrong with me, couldn't I sit still? He and the Tatar used to go fishing at a reservoir a mere hundred kilometres from Moscow, and he'd feel homesick even there; on the way back, the very mention of Moscow made his heart beat faster. How could anybody leave—forever? He just couldn't see that. He'd be glad to take me to that reservoir with a net, to get some big fish. Or in winter maybe, to sit out all night with a line through the ice. He'd found *yeriki* there, spots where the ice seals off the water and all the fish are caught inside as in a bucket: you could take them out with your bare hands.

I remember his oddly intent stare—and mine, shifty, though it should have been the other way round. I remember us sitting there for a long time, like now: close kin and at the same time totally alien. I couldn't argue with him, because the only ideas he could comprehend were foreign to me, and I can't convey alien thoughts in my own words.

THE exotic word *yeriki* had taken me aback considerably—was it the resonance with "eureka"? I even took the trouble to consult Dal's dictionary. I felt like that old gudgeon (or whatever inhabits Moscow reservoirs), gasping under the ice in those *yeriki*. Meanwhile outside, the yellow houses on Kuznetskiy Most were wet with rain. Yellow houses—Moscow isn't a fairy-tale snow-white city, it's a city of yellow houses.



"I'm not saying I wasn't startled by the market's drop, but, remember, I was around in '87 for the real thing."

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It was grim hauling my typewriter home past those sodden yellow façades; what sort of people was it who could construe your longing for peace of mind and for freedom as treachery? I remembered my fear, not of treason, or prison, but of becoming one of them myself, the fear of being defined, my fate ordained, by others. But how I longed to be back under the lowering Moscow skies at this moment; for any fear contains the hope of release from that fear, and the memory of that feeling of hope, which accompanied all the years I spent there, overcame the memory of fear. That insistent sense of a hope lost forever is in itself punishment for my decision to free myself permanently from fear. And lost along with that hope was the avidity of eye and finger, the pleasure, with which this stranger from my Soviet past was now picking over the shining fishhooks on the table. It was for the sake of this scene then—to witness another's appetite for my new life when I myself had grown blasé—that I had dragged along with this venerable Soviet official under an English cloudburst. It was for the joy of recognition in the eyes of the other—a perverse sense of nearness, no matter whether with friend or enemy. (No one is closer to being a sworn enemy than your best friend; the two can be almost the same.)

"You've saved a man's life, you should know," said the Soviet fellow, looking up at me as if guessing my thoughts about him. "You've saved a human being. Thank you."

"No need to exaggerate," I managed to bring out with affected nonchalance. "You'd have survived somehow without English hooks."

"Me? *I* would, of course. But what about my nephew? Poor boy." And his chin began to quiver. He reached for his handkerchief. The shopkeeper, off behind his counter, gazed through his tortoiseshell glasses at the vast window spattered with raindrops, pretending not to notice our corner mutterings in some incomprehensible and unreal tongue: for me, this heightened the sense of conspiracy, of the confessional, that surrounded the words of this elderly man, who had suddenly lost all traits of the Soviet. All that remained was his bewilderment at the perversity of fate and a mute plea for sympathy, nothing more. The mention of the nephew, again, annoyed me so much that at first I didn't take in what he was saying—about cards and billiards, about Dostoyevski's "Gambler," a woman, and underworld Moscow, and the odd idea of escaping from a politicized world into some sort of casino where stakes were high and payment was not in cash but in kind—and what an effort it had taken to get that list of English fishhooks out of prison. In jail they keep accounts their own way, he was saying: you don't pay up, your throat gets slit.

At length it began to dawn on me what my former countryman was talking about: these double-damned hooks were not destined for privileged bureaucrats to go catch sturgeon in Kremlin ponds, no. Lord knows *who* would be fishing with them, in what troubled waters. These hooks were the equivalent of beads for savages; they were treasury notes, legal tender, hard currency in the jailhouse banking system of incorrigible gamblers. The nephew was such a gambler, and he was in jail. "If I hadn't looked you up in London, the poor boy . . . ," and he made a gesture near his throat.

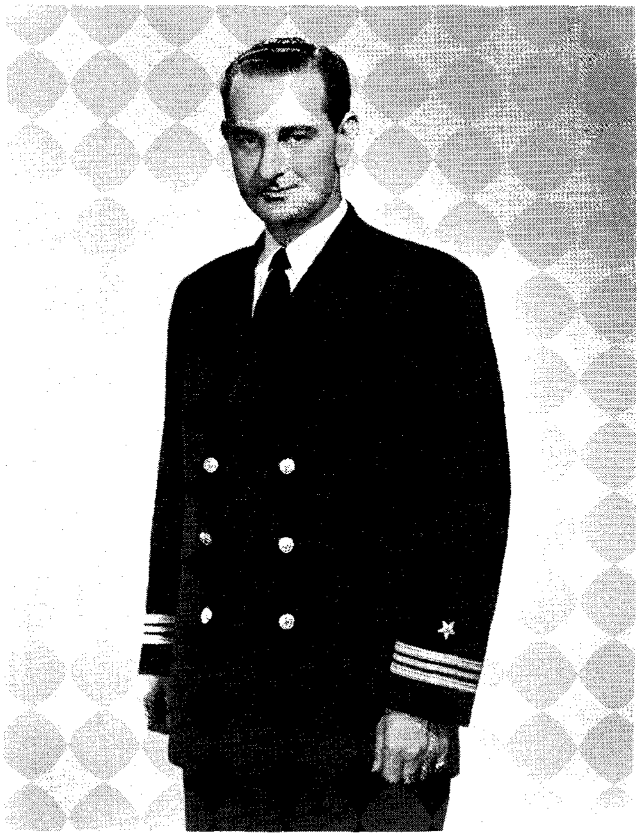
"You know," he went on, "I'd have washed my hands of that boy long since; he's a hopeless case." My companion snorted into his handkerchief. "But not long before he was arrested he took me to one of those awful restaurants I can't stand—people filling their faces, champing, belching, the orchestra hammering out some execrable stuff. . . . I looked around at it all, and I quoted a line from I think it's Heinrich Heine: 'To think the Redeemer died on the cross for these swine—what a waste!' My nephew smiled a little, and said, 'No, my dear uncle, your Heine was wrong. Decent folk can take care of their own salvation; it was precisely to save such miserable worms as these that the Fisherman got himself on the hook.' Imagine! And I'd figured that good-for-nothing for a fool. How wrong can a man be?" He began stowing the English fishhooks about his person.

—Zinovy Zinik

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers.*)

ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE JOHNSON YEARS: A CONGRESSMAN GOES TO WAR



Courtesy of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library

AT twenty-one, Lyndon Johnson, a young man from one of the most remote and isolated regions of the United States, the Texas Hill Country, a young man with no money and only a third-rate education, was already known as the "wonder kid" of Texas politics. At twenty-four, while a congressman's assistant in Washington, he was the "Boss of the Little Congress," the organization of congressional assistants. At twenty-six, he was the youngest of the forty-eight state directors of the National Youth Administration, perhaps the youngest person to be given statewide authority for any New Deal program. At twenty-eight, he was a congressman himself. At thirty-two, having restored centralized financing to his party's congressional campaign and revitalized the moribund Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee with money from Texas oilmen and contractors to whom he alone in Washington had access, he was a congressman with power over other congressmen, national power. And when, in April of 1941, after the sudden death of United States Senator Morris Sheppard opened a Senate seat, a paternally beaming Franklin Roosevelt backed his candidacy in the ensuing special election, Washington assumed Lyndon Johnson would be coming back a senator—the youngest senator, a senator at thirty-two, well on the way to fulfilling that vast ambition beyond the Senate of which he had spoken so frequently in his youth (and almost never since he had set out on the road to it). All during the 1941 campaign, he assumed so himself. For the first time in his life, as week by week every poll showed him gaining on his leading opponent, Governor W. Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, and then passing him and pulling further and further ahead, he was confident of success—euphoric, in fact. As late as midnight on June 28th, Election Day, it had appeared that the euphoria was justified.

But on that day Lyndon Johnson made a mistake.

He hadn't made many, at least not in politics. For more than ten years, at every stage of his career, not only had he worked tirelessly—in the words of one assistant, "night and day, weekday and weekend"—he had also tirelessly planned and schemed and maneuvered, trying to leave no stone unturned, cautious and wary at every step. But that day, after ten years of ceaseless work and ceaseless vigilance—and after ten years of victories—he had relaxed. In the very moment of apparent triumph, he had, for perhaps the only time in his life in a crisis, let his guard down and given his opponents an opening.

When, late in the afternoon on Election Day, the corrupt South Texas border bosses whose support he had purchased asked him when they should report the voting results from their counties, he violated a fundamental rule of Texas politics: to report your key precincts—the ones in which you controlled the result—only at the last minute, so your opponent would not know the total he had to beat; otherwise, in a state in which not a few isolated rural precincts were "for sale," beating it would be all too easy. With a steadily widening lead feeding his overconfidence, Johnson loftily told the South Texas bosses they could report their vote whenever they pleased. They reported immediately, and late that evening, even as headlines were proclaiming his victory and his supporters were parading him on their shoulders in triumph as he whooped and shouted in wild celebration, O'Daniel's strategists were making quiet arrangements. The next day, sitting at a telephone with his face turning ashen at the news, Lyndon Johnson found out that he had not won but lost. After ten years of victories, in this, his most important campaign, there was not victory but defeat.

Now Johnson had to go back to Washington, had to go back not as the youngest senator, not as perhaps the brightest star in the new galaxy that in 1941 was rising over the political horizon, but as merely the congressman he had been before. Winning had always been so terribly important to him; as a boy, recalls his favorite cousin, Ava Johnson Cox, who grew up with Lyndon and loved him, "He had to be the leader in everything he did, just *had* to, just could not *stand* not to be," and Estelle Harbin, who worked alone with him in an office twenty years later, uses the same phrases: "He just couldn't stand not being somebody—just could not *stand* it." And for ten years he had been regarded as a winner in Washington. Now he would be going back to Washington a loser. So going back was hard.

And going back was made harder—much harder—by the fact that he not only had lost but had allowed victory to be stolen from him.

His brother, Sam Houston Johnson, would say, "It was most important to Lyndon not to be like Daddy," and Sam Houston was correct. Their father, Sam Ealy Johnson, who served six terms in the Texas legislature, was idealistic, romantic, rigidly honest; in wide-open Austin, lobbyists who dispensed "the three B's" ("beefsteak, bourbon, and blondes") liberally to other legislators learned that they couldn't buy Sam Johnson so much as a drink. His colleagues called him "straight as a shingle," and, despite this rigidity, he—an idealistic Populist with a remarkable aptitude for legislative maneuvering—compiled an impressive record of championing causes against "the interests" and for what he called, almost with reverence, "the People." And the respect in which he was held by fellow-legislators—decades later, one of them, Wright Patman, by that time a powerful United States congressman familiar with the nation's most renowned public figures, was to call Sam Ealy Johnson "the best man I ever knew"—was for some years echoed in the adoring eyes of his son. As a small boy, Lyndon Johnson had tried so hard to imitate his father that people watching him laughed; he had tried to dress like him, right down to a scaled-down version of Sam Johnson's big Stetson hat. He tried to accompany him everywhere—"right by the side of his daddy wherever he went," a neighbor said. As a teen-ager, Lyndon Johnson resembled his tall father not only in appearance—"the same huge ears, the same big nose, the same pale skin, and the same dark eyes," recalls Patman, who was to serve with the father in the Texas legislature and with the son in Congress—but also in mannerisms, most notably in one very distinctive mannerism: when Sam Johnson wanted to persuade a listener of a point, he would drape one long arm around the shoulders of the man he was talking to, grasp one of the man's lapels with his other hand, and lean into him, talking with his face very close to the listener's. "Even as a teen-ager," Patman was to recall, "Lyndon clutched you like his daddy did when he talked to you." And when his father took Lyndon campaigning—driving his Model T Ford from farm to farm, stopping by the side of the road to share with his son an enormous crust of homemade bread covered with jam while they talked quietly together—that was a time of which Lyndon Johnson was to say, "Christ, sometimes I wished it could go on forever."

But it didn't go on forever. In the Hill Country, ideals and dreams brought disaster when they collided with the inexorable realities of that harsh land. Although until Lyndon was thirteen his father was financially successful, business was never what interested Sam Johnson. Although Texas legislators earned only five dollars a day, and then only on days when the legislature was in session, Sam was always available to drive endless miles over rutted roads, locating elderly ranchers who didn't know they were entitled to a pension and helping them with their applications, or to lead long campaigns for better roads that would help farmers get their goods to market. His personal fortunes began to decline. And when, on a romantic impulse to make the whole Pedernales Valley "Johnson Country" again, Sam, ignoring the realities of the worn-out soil and the marketplace, paid far too much to buy back the old "Johnson Ranch" near Johnson City, he plunged himself, seemingly overnight, into a morass of debt from which there was no hope of escape. Always a little resented by Johnson City because of his "air of confidence" ("The Johnsons could strut sitting down," a neighbor recalled years later), and because he preferred discussing ideas and principles of government rather than crops and the weather, Sam refused now to change his manner although he "owed everyone in town," and he persisted in wearing a jacket and tie instead of work clothes like every other man in the little town—and resentment turned to ridicule, ridicule climaxed by a roar of appreciative laughter at a barbecue when a potential political opponent said, "I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, Sam Johnson is a mighty smart man. But he's got no sense."

Penniless, doomed to remain in debt until he died, unable to pay his bills in the stores he had to walk past every day, allowed to live in his house only because his brothers guaranteed the mortgage payments, Sam Johnson went to work on a road-grading crew that was building the highway for which he had fought in the legislature, forced to wear work clothes at last. "He did a lot for that road, all right, Sam did," one man snickers in recollection. Lyndon's mother, also an idealist and romantic, who tried to teach her children that "principles" were the important thing, a delicate woman better educated than most Hill Country women (and less suited to the rough life), was unable to keep her five children neat, or even fed very well, and when she remarked, trying to explain the value of education, "Now is the time to put something in children's heads," the neighbors commented, "Maybe she ought to try putting something in their stomachs."

The Johnsons became, in fact, the laughingstock of the town. Lyndon Johnson was to spend the rest of his youth in a poverty so severe that often he and his brother and three sisters would have gone hungry had it not been for food given as charity by relatives and friends, food seasoned with small-town sneers and cruelty. He had to stand in Courthouse Square and watch his high-school sweetheart drive by with another man because her parents would not allow her to date "a Johnson." "I saw how it made Lyndon feel," his cousin Ava recalls. "And I cried for him. I had to cry for Lyndon a lot." He was to work on the road gang himself, harnessed to a grader like a mule during a burning Hill Country summer and a freezing Hill Country winter. Lyndon's relationship with his father was transformed into one of resentment, tension, blazing clashes of will, and competition as violent as admiration had once been. And this competition had one dominant theme. After his father's fall, it was terribly important to Lyndon Johnson that no one think that *he* had "no sense" as the rough, brutal world of the

PETS
PETS
Bernard Schoenbaum

Hill Country defined the word: horse sense, common sense, practicality, realism, pragmatism. Not only did he not want to be regarded as an idealist, or as a fighter for causes; he wanted to be regarded as a man who scorned ideals and causes as impractical dreams, as a man practical, pragmatic, tough, cynical. He wanted the world to see him not as merely smart but as shrewd, wily, sly. This was not, perhaps, a reputation that most men would have wanted. But, as Lyndon Johnson's demeanor proclaimed, it was the reputation he wanted, wanted and needed—because of the tears and terrors of his youth, needed desperately.

Cultivating and manipulating older men possessed of power that could advance his ambitions, the young Lyndon Johnson employed obsequiousness and flattery so striking that contemporaries mocked him as a "professional son"—but that was no more striking than the openness with which he explained to them in detail his techniques of cultivation and manipulation, and boasted and gloated over his success in bending older men to his will. In both high school and college—at Southwest Texas State Teachers College, in San Marcos—he courted the daughter of the richest man in town. Not a few youths do that; few take the trouble that Lyndon Johnson took, in both cases, to make sure that his fellow-students realized that the principal basis for the courtship was not love or sex but pragmatism. So widely did he make his motives known that his determination to marry for money became the subject of a joke in his college yearbook.

Each stage of his political climb was marked by perhaps the ultimate manifestation of pragmatism in the politics of a democracy: the stealing of elections. At his rural college, where campus politics had always been so casual that the stealing of an election had not even been considered a possibility, he stole elections. On Capitol Hill, before his election to the House, when he worked as an assistant to Representative Richard Kleberg, he arranged to have the ballot box in elections for the speakership of the Little Congress stuffed with illegal ballots, and then, if even that was not sufficient to give victory to him or his allies, miscounted the ballots. He did this with an organization that had been only an informal social club of congressional assistants, a group so casual and insignificant that a later Speaker of the club would say, in astonishment, "My God, who would cheat to win the presidency of something like the Little Congress?" He was always secretive about exactly what he had done—no one could ever prove anything against him—but on both College Hill and Capitol Hill he made sure, with winks, hints, his whole bearing, that everyone knew he had done *something;* as one of his college classmates, a friend, puts it, "Everyone knew that something wasn't straight. *And everyone knew that if* something wasn't straight, it was Lyndon Johnson who had done it." And at every stage—at college, in the Little Congress, in the big Congress—as soon as he was in the inner circle he took pains to let everyone know he was on the inside, putting his arm around other insiders, whispering in their ear while ostentatiously looking around as if to make sure no one could overhear, strutting to display not only his power but the fact that he had obtained the power by trickery. His attitude proclaimed that if there were any tricks to be played he would play them, that if any outsmarting was done, it would be he who would be doing it, that no one was going to outsmart *him.*

Until the 1941 Senate race, no one had. He had tried to steal this race, too—striking deals, buying county bosses. And he had, as usual, been unable to refrain from boasting about what he was doing. As always, he not only outsmarted opponents but displayed a deep need to make sure they—and the public—knew he had outsmarted them. But this time, at the last minute, *he* had been outsmarted. He, who had stolen elections, who had been confident he had stolen *this* election, had had the election stolen from him. He had been cheated of victory—as if he, too, like his father, had been only a man who had "no sense."

So it was hard going back. His wife, who knew how hard it was, says, "I'll never forget the way he looked, walking away to catch the plane to Washington—striding off, looking very jaunty and putting extra verve

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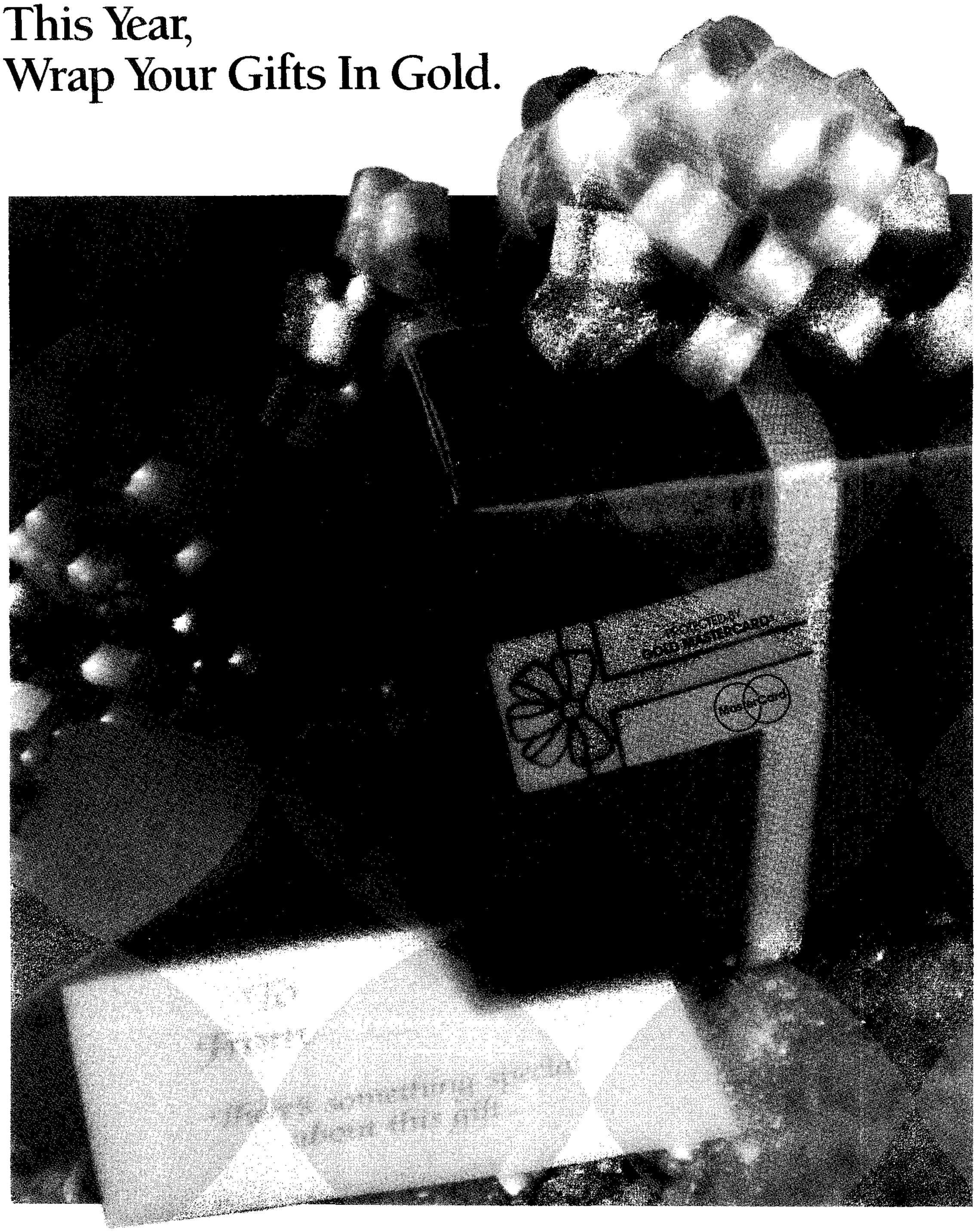

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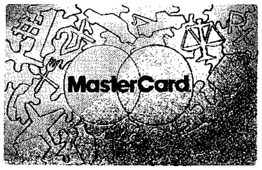

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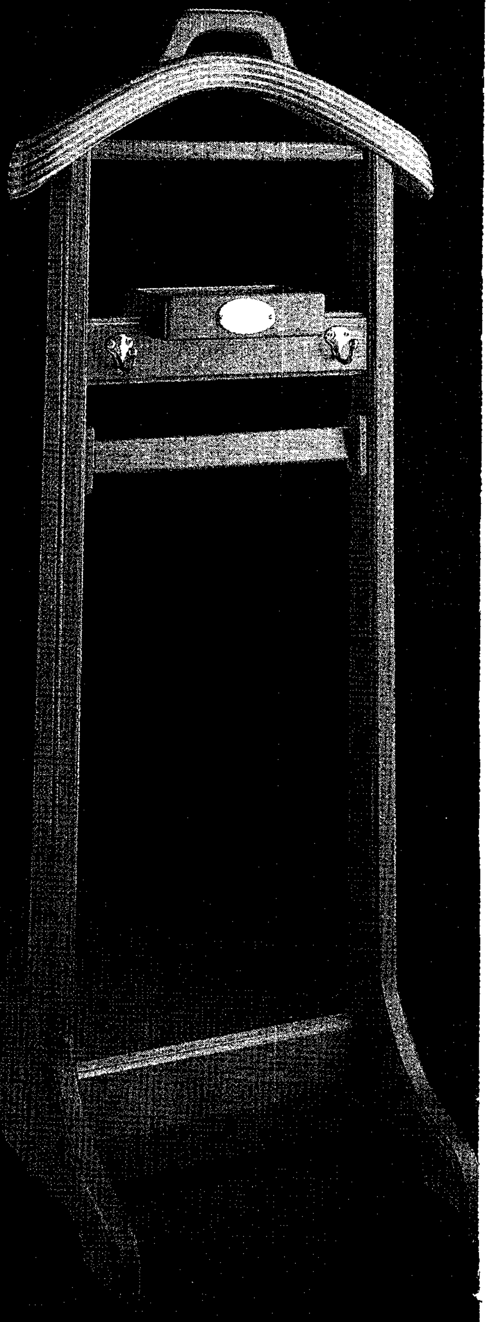

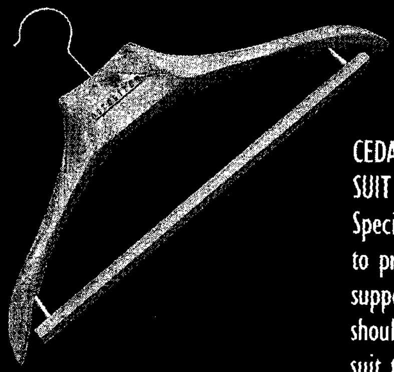

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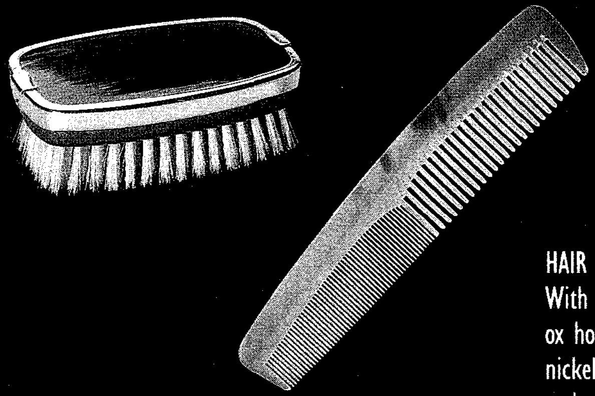

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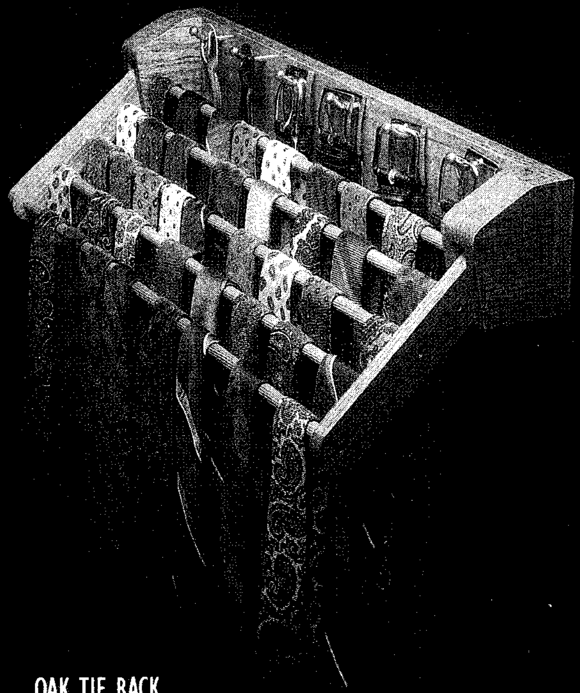

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into his step. It took a lot of effort on his part to act jaunty." That, she says, is "a memory of Lyndon that I will always cherish."

WHAT made it easier was that he might not have to go back for long. The election for the full Senate term would be in July of 1942, little more than a year away, and Johnson intended to run in that election. And about a month after his return to Washington, in July of 1941, he learned that if he ran he would have a good chance of winning—for his great patron was his patron still.

Men who had observed Franklin D. Roosevelt's reaction to other politicians who lost after he allowed them to use his name were at first unsure what his reaction would be to a defeated Lyndon Johnson. Johnson himself had observed that after his predecessor as "Roosevelt's man" on the Texas delegation, his fellow-congressman W. D. McFarlane, had been defeated despite Roosevelt's endorsement, not only had he been unable to obtain anything more than a low-level, temporary federal appointment but he was never again allowed into the presence of the President who had once been so genial to him.

But, just as Roosevelt had during Johnson's senatorial campaign relaxed his customary strictures against campaign assistance in his efforts to help this young man, for whom his aides said he had a "special feeling," so his reaction to the young man's loss demonstrated that that feeling had not changed. After his defeat, Lyndon Johnson sent a note to Franklin Roosevelt.

SIR:

In the heat of Texas last week, I said I was glad to be called a water-carrier—that I would be glad to carry a bucket of water to the Commander-in-Chief any time his thirsty throat or his thirsty soul need support, for you certainly gave me support non-pareil.

One who cannot arise to the leadership shall find the fault in himself and not in you.

Sincerely,
LYNDON

In the margin of the note, Roosevelt wrote to his appointments secretary, Edwin M. (Pa) Watson: "General Watson—I want to see Lyndon." When they met, Roosevelt joked with the younger man. "Lyndon," he said, "apparently you Texans haven't learned one of the first things we learned up in New York State, and that is that when the election is over, you have to sit on the ballot boxes." The President had asked aides what he could do to cheer Lyndon up and had accepted a suggestion from Thomas G. (Tommy the Cork) Corcoran, his political man-of-all-work, that the young Congressman be invited to give a speech immediately preceding the President's at the August national convention of Young Democrats in Lexington, Kentucky, an invitation that would give Johnson his first national exposure. And Corcoran, who was to recall that "in that 1941 race, we gave him everything we could—everything," was able, after checking with the Boss, to tell Johnson that in 1942 the giving would be at the same level.

AN instant rapport had been struck between Roosevelt and Johnson at their very first meeting—in May of 1937, when the young Congressman-elect travelled to Galveston to meet the President as he returned from a fishing vacation in the Gulf of Mexico—and it had gained Johnson admittance to a circle in Washington that had revolved around Tommy the Cork, the stocky, ebullient, accordion-playing political manipulator; it had been Corcoran whom the President had telephoned, upon his return from Texas, to say, "I've just met the most remarkable young man," and to issue an order: "Help him with anything you can."

By 1941, however, with Corcoran's importance at the White House waning, the stars of the circle were Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes and two Supreme Court Justices, Hugo L. Black and William O. Douglas, and it included a group of younger men like Johnson—men who were not yet widely influential in Washington but who had, most of them, already begun to rise, and were rising faster now. There was a short, silent young Jewish lawyer from Memphis with olive skin, large, liquid eyes, and, according to one of his professors, "the most brilliant legal mind ever to come out of the Yale Law School"—Abe Fortas, thirty years old in 1941, who at Yale Law had caught the eye of Professor Douglas and was the first man Douglas brought to Washington to assist him at the Securities and Exchange Commission; James H. Rowe, Jr., thirty-two, of Butte, Montana, and Harvard Law, who had caught Corcoran's eye and then, after Corcoran placed him in a low-level White House job, Roosevelt's; Eliot Janeway, twenty-eight,

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a Washington-based business writer for *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* magazines; and Arthur E. Goldschmidt, thirty-one, known as Tex, from San Antonio and Columbia University. There was a Southern tinge to the circle. Justice Black, of course, was an Alabamian, and so were two of the circle's most gregarious members, Virginia Durr, Black's sister-in-law, and her husband, Clifford, a lawyer and Rhodes Scholar, as well as their friend W. Ervin (Red) James, a politically well-connected lawyer from Montgomery. Not only Johnson and Goldschmidt but a onetime Hill Country legislator for whom Johnson had once campaigned in Texas, Welly K. Hopkins, of Seguin, now chief counsel to John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers, and Tom C. Clark, of the politically powerful Clark family of Dallas, a Special Assistant in the Justice Department, were from Texas.

In January of 1940, Johnson's closest adviser, Alvin J. Wirtz, was appointed Under-Secretary of the Interior. Wirtz was already acquainted with most of the group because of his work as counsel for the Lower Colorado River Authority in Johnson's Tenth Congressional District and his shadowy role in the financing of other power projects, and political campaigns, throughout the West. A big, burly man with a broad, ever-present smile, he possessed a secretiveness concealed behind a carefully cultivated country-boy manner ("Slow in his movements, slow in his speech, but he had a mind as quick as chain lightning," Welly Hopkins recalls) and a ruthlessness that astonished even hardened Austin political operatives. ("He would gut you if he could. But you would probably never know he did it. . . . He would still be smiling when he slipped in the knife.") His charm ("Terribly amusing, delightful," Virginia Durr says) and his avuncular manner ("Soft-voiced . . . very gentle —if you needed a wise old uncle . . . and could have one appointed, he'd be the one," says Jim Rowe) quickly placed him near the center of the circle. One of the most prominent members of the circle had, because of the vicissitudes of politics, left Washington, but whenever former liberal Congressman Maury Maverick, of San Antonio, visited the capital Johnson always held a cocktail party in his honor.

These men were bound together by adherence to Roosevelt and the New Deal, and, specifically, by a single issue —public power, the source of which, the giant hydroelectric-power dams being built in the West, was financed by Ickes' Department of the Interior; Fortas, Goldschmidt, and Benjamin V. Cohen, the other half, with Corcoran, of the New Deal's fabled "Gold Dust Twins," had once occupied adjoining offices in the sixth-floor suite of Interior's Division of Public Power. Most members of the circle were veterans either of the fight for the crucial Public Utilities Holding Company Act, of 1935, and the subsequent skirmishes over administering the act or of the battles to build the huge dams that would destroy the utilities' monopoly. There were differences among them— most dramatically over civil rights. Those, like the Durrs, who burned with demands of justice for blacks, were appalled by the attitude of friends like Wirtz, who once, when Virginia Durr asked him why he was opposed to giving blacks the vote, told her flatly, "Look, I like mules, but you don't bring mules into the parlor." But the public-power issue was overriding. Wirtz, Mrs. Durr was to recall, "wasn't a man of any radical sympathies at all, but he did believe in government in the water thing."

They saw a lot of each other. The younger ones—the Rowes, the Fortases, and the Goldschmidts—lived within a block or two of each other in small, rented houses in the Georgetown section of Washington that had until recently been a black slum but was rapidly being taken over by young white New Dealers, and they would often get together in the evening for informal dinners and back-yard cookouts. On weekends, the parties would be in the riverfront garden of Hugo and Josephine Black in Alexandria, or at the Durrs' gracious house on Seminary Hill, or at the Ickeses' farm at Olney, Maryland. Before their return to Texas to run for the Senate, Lyndon and Lady Bird had been regulars at these gatherings, and Lyndon would invite the others for Sunday-afternoon cocktails at the small, one-bedroom apartment he and Lady Bird had rented in the Kennedy-Warren Apartment House, on Connecticut Avenue.

Johnson in fact had been at the center of this circle, in part for practical, political reasons. He possessed something these young men needed: access to Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn. During Johnson's early years in the House, they had watched in amazement as he leaned over and kissed the bald head of the Speaker, whose grim mien, fearsome temper, and immense power made most men wary of even approaching him. And by the time, in 1939, that that entrée had been somewhat curtailed Johnson had learned the levers of power in the House, and had cultivated the friendship of other House leaders. These young men from the executive branch were in constant need of information from the closed, confusing world of Capitol Hill, and Johnson obtained it for them. "I would call and say, 'How do I handle this?' " Rowe would remember "He would say, 'I'll call you right back.' And he would call back and say, 'This is the fellow you ought to talk to.' " Then, during the 1940 campaign, they, and many Washington political insiders, had suddenly realized that the young Congressman possessed access to another valuable political commodity: cash and checks from those Texas oilmen and contractors for use in the campaigns of other congressmen; he was the conduit, the chief conduit, to sources of campaign financing of which the rest of Washington had barely even been aware.

Rowe, who had been the liaison between the White House and the revitalized Congressional Campaign Committee, had been impressed not merely with the money Johnson raised but with the astuteness with which he doled it out, and with which he handled a hundred other campaign chores from a single, centralized office. "Nobody had ever done this before," Rowe was to say. The members of this little circle were very good at politics; some were already, and some would become,

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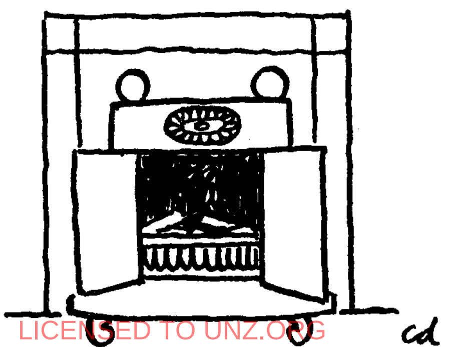
among the master politicians of the age. A master of a profession knows another when he sees him. "Counting" Congress—estimating the votes on bills important to them—was a frequent pastime at the parties. "He was a great counter," Rowe said. "Someone would say, we've got so many votes, and Johnson would say, 'Hell, you're three off. You're counting these three guys, and they're going to vote against you.' " "He was the very best at counting," Fortas would say later. "He would figure it out—how So-and-So would vote. Who were the swing votes. What, in each case—what, exactly—would swing them." And he was more than a counter. "He knew how things happened, and what made things happen," Fortas said. These men knew they had a much better formal education than he did, but they knew that in the world of politics it was he who was the teacher. Once they were discussing a problem, and what a book said about it, and one of the group said, "Lyndon hasn't read that." "That's all right," someone else replied. "We can tell him what the books say, and then he can tell us how to solve the problem." Money made him important to them in other ways, too; when, for example, Corcoran suddenly found himself out of the White House and looking for clients in his new law practice, Johnson saw to it that he was placed on retainer by Brown & Root, the Texas contracting firm, owned by George and Herman Brown, that had lavishly poured money into his campaigns.

Johnson had been at the center of this circle for reasons not merely of politics but of personality. "There was never a dull moment around him," Fortas would later recall. "If Lyndon Johnson was there, a party would be livelier. The moment he walked in the door, it would take fire." Quick wits flashed at these parties, and none flashed quicker than his. Grabbing little Welly Hopkins and pulling him up on a table in a Spanish restaurant to dance an uninhibited flamenco, arranging elaborate practical jokes that included a surprise sixtieth-birthday party that Franklin Roosevelt gave for Sam Rayburn after Johnson had lured him to the White House on the pretext that an angry President wanted to give him a dressing-down, trading humorous notes with Fortas over the relative excellence of Texas and Tennessee pecans, organizing get-togethers ("He was a great one for spur-of-the-moment parties," Elizabeth Rowe remembers. "He'd call up and say, 'I'm about to leave the office. Get old Jim and come on out' "), he was, in Mrs. Rowe's word, "fun." "He could take a group of people and just *lift* it up. That's what no one understands about Lyndon Johnson—that he was *fun!*" Women were very aware of him, of his big hands that were always touching shoulders and arms in a friendly manner, of the energy that made them describe him as "handsome" despite the outsized ears and nose, of the vivid contrast between the milky-white skin and the piercing dark eyes, and heavy, wavy coal-black hair and eyebrows. As for men, when they didn't hear from Johnson for a few days they missed him. Once, Rowe telephoned Johnson's office "to see if you had fallen in front of a train," as he wrote him. "There has been a deadly silence around here for some time," he added. "Miss Gilligan [Rowe's secretary] says it makes this office very dull."

And he was more than fun. He was a dominant figure because of his physical presence—over six feet three inches tall, with long arms and huge hands, that aggressively jutting nose and jaw, and a flashing smile and eyes.

Adding to the dominance was an air of command. He had been giving orders for years now—to his assistants and, before that, to officials of the Texas N.Y.A. He was accustomed to being listened to: he carried himself with authority. And he had, as well, an air of belief. A superb raconteur, he was always ready with the latest inside stories about the great figures of Congress, mimicking them hilariously. And when he talked about two worlds of which his friends knew nothing—the world of Texas politics and vivid figures like Ma and Pa Ferguson, and the world of the Texas Hill Country—he spoke with a passion they never forgot, his voice now soft and confiding, now booming: the voice of a natural storyteller. Bill Douglas, an ardent outdoorsman and no mean conversationalist himself, loved to hold forth about the furies of nature he had witnessed on his Western trips; even Douglas's stories paled when Lyndon Johnson was talking about the rampages of the Pedernales or of Hill Country "gully-washers." And when Johnson spoke about the poverty in the Hill Country—and about what the New Deal's programs meant to his constituents—then, says Elizabeth Rowe, "his belief in what he was fighting for just poured out of him and it was very impressive." As the tall, skinny figure strode awkwardly back and forth in those narrow Georgetown living rooms, with clumsy, lunging strides, awkwardly flailing his arms to emphasize a point, he was, in the words of his friends, "eloquent," "spellbinding."



He was equally eloquent in explaining to these ardent liberals why, although he believed in liberal programs, he quite often didn't vote for them—and almost never fought for them. "I would reproach him very bitterly," Virginia Durr recalls. "Lyndon would put his arm around me—Lyndon put his arm around all the girls—and say, 'Honey, I know you're right. I'm for you. . . . But we haven't got the votes.' " He didn't want to be associated with too many lost causes, he made clear. Jim Rowe said, "Once I was pushing him for something liberal, and . . . he said, 'Just remember our old friend Maury Maverick isn't here anymore. Maury got too far ahead of his people, and I'm not going to do that.' " But Johnson's attitude went beyond caution. He ridiculed—intensely and harshly—politicians who fought for ideals and principles. According to Helen Gahagan Douglas, the stunningly beautiful and intelligent actress who became part of the little circle after she was elected to Congress in 1944, but who had been invited to its parties whenever, in the years before that, she came to Washington, "He made fun of those who refused to bend."

When he was with the other, conservative, side—mostly in Texas, but also with ultra-conservative Texas lobbyists in Washington and big businessmen visiting the capital—Johnson was just as eloquent on that side. "He gave the impression of being much, much more liberal than he actually

THE BEST OF THE ISLANDS

Photographs by Robert Rattner Illustrations by Randy Lyhus

A GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN AND THE BAHAMAS

To define the best of the Caribbean and the Bahamas, of each island or group of islands, is, admittedly, an arbitrary selection of attributes. Despite a common misconception, these islands are not all alike. Without further ado, let the islands speak for themselves.

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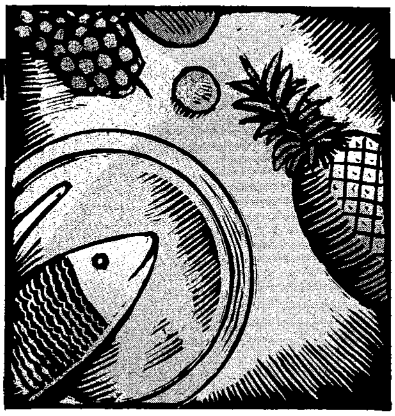
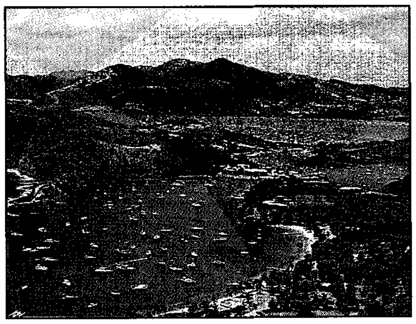


EACH CARIBBEAN ISLAND HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE IDENTITY.

ANGUILLA — *Long, skinny, and flat as its name implies (it's Spanish for "eel"), Anguilla was a sleeper among Caribbean hideaways until a few years ago. When surveys of the world's best beaches became fodder for newsmakers, Anguilla suddenly woke up to its newly heralded asset. This British Crown Colony in the Leewards now lays claim to the best beaches in the Caribbean — thirty-three in all.*

ANTIGUA — *With firing cannons and popping champagne corks, Sailing Week nearly blows Antigua out of the water every April. Also known as Race Week, this premier yachting event in the Caribbean draws an appropriate seafaring crowd from all over the world — as well as some who've never set foot on a boat. The latter may come just to watch the races or to join in the marathon of festivities that culminates in Lord Nelson's Ball. The Antiguans are already gearing up for their twenty third annual Sailing Week, set for April 29th through May 5th. But not to worry if you can't make it: Antigua, known for its fine sailing waters and protected natural harbor, holds a yacht race at least once a week — and then some.*

Shoal Bay, Anguilla



Sailing Week, Antigua

ARUBA — *Although windsurfers would claim the blow-me-down trade winds as the best of Aruba, others would tout the island's newest wave, the International Jazz and Latin Music Festival. With some of the hottest sounds in music emanating from the Caribbean, savvy Aruba has mounted an annual festival that draws major talent — and audiences. Grammy-winner George Benson came back to headline last June's double-weekend of jazz concerts, along with trumpet wizard Wynton Marsalis and Queen of Jazz Diane Schuur, while Ruben Blades beat out a bridge between salsa and jazz.*

Why in Aruba, one might ask, when there's pan in Trinidad, reggae in Jamaica, zouk in Guadeloupe? Little, newly-independent Aruba may play second fiddle to the big boys but it nonetheless maintains a strong indigenous musical tradition.

THE BAHAMAS — *With apologies to Ernest Hemingway, who was hooked on big-game fishing, other sporting*

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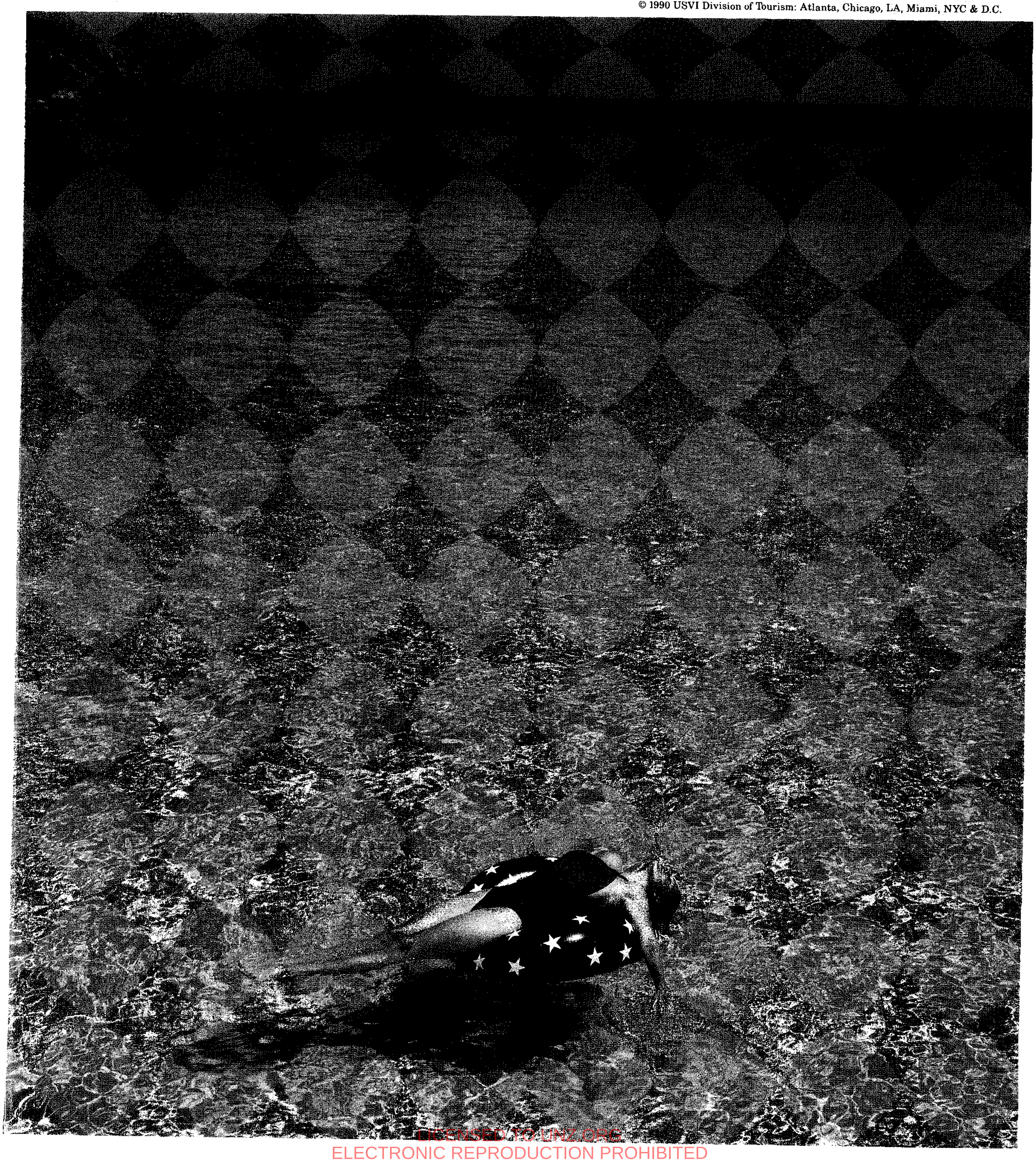

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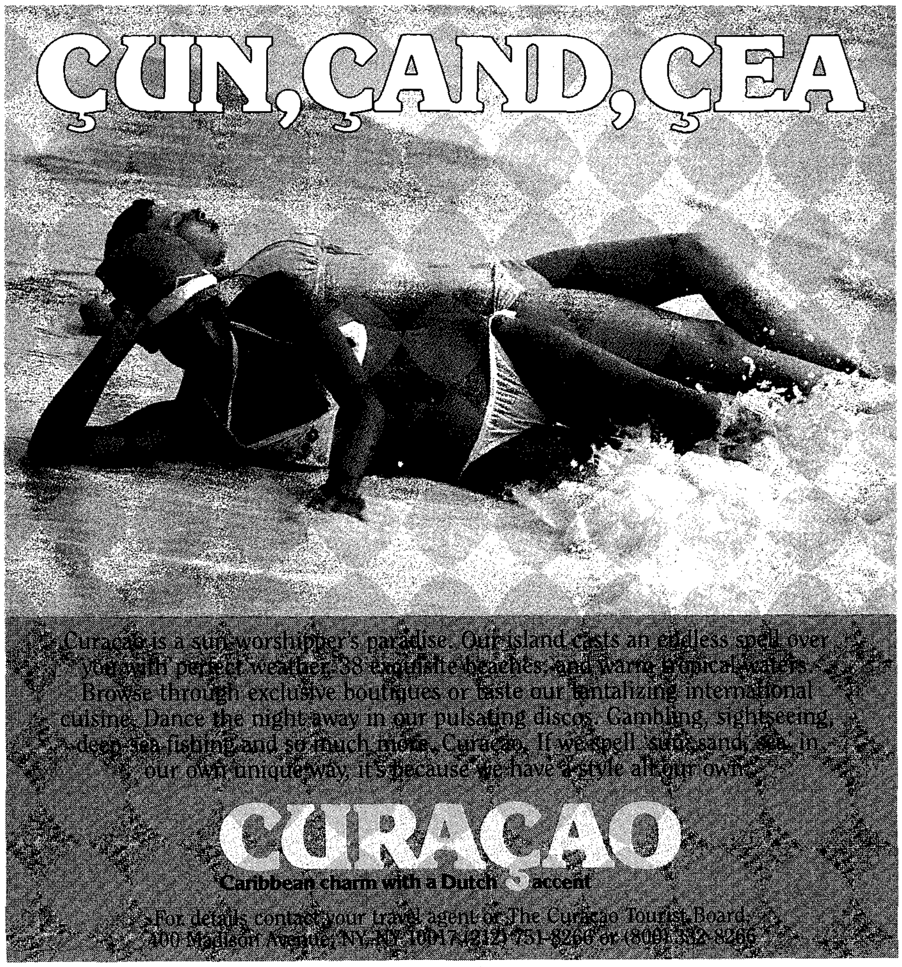
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types would say bonefishing catches the best of the Bahamas. Known as the gray ghosts of the flats, bonefish rarely weigh more than ten pounds (the record bone in the Western Hemisphere, sixteen pounds, was landed in the Bahamas).

Fishing Boats

A day's catch is only as good as your guide. That's the chap who grew up on the flats and poles the skiff, who can spot the elusive fish, and who actually dictates when and where to cast your line. On a recent five-day outing, one party caught ninety-seven bonefish.

BARBADOS — *When an Englishman visits Barbados for the first time, he's often astonished to find it more like home than home. Clearly, the unsullied English heritage contributes to the best of Barbados: Unlike most Caribbean islands that were volleyed back and forth between the European colonizers, Barbados never changed hands from the moment the British landed in 1625 until independence in 1966. As a result, Barbados retains a potent sense of order, civility, and stability unique to the West Indies. Just look at the shops, with their neatly*

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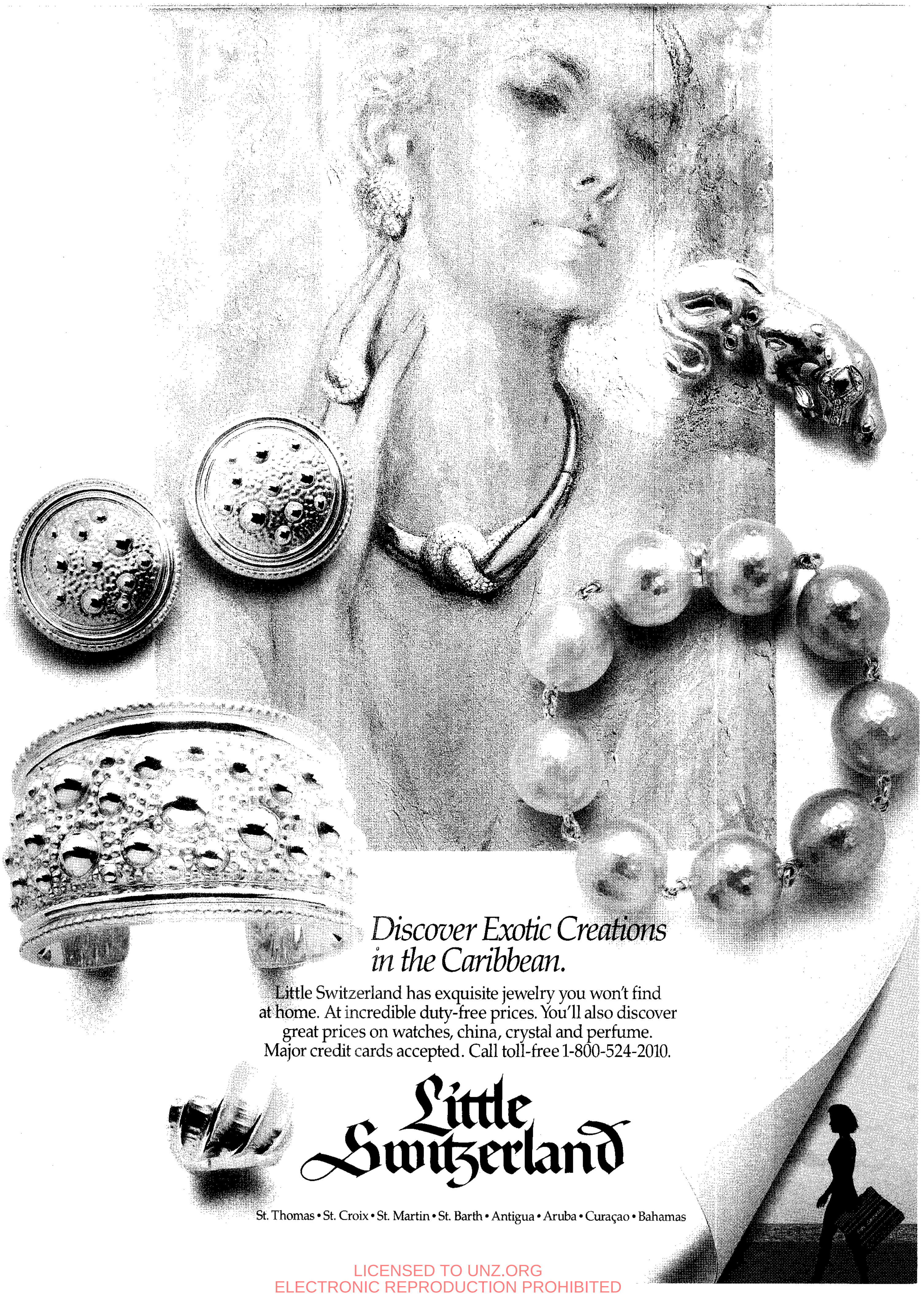

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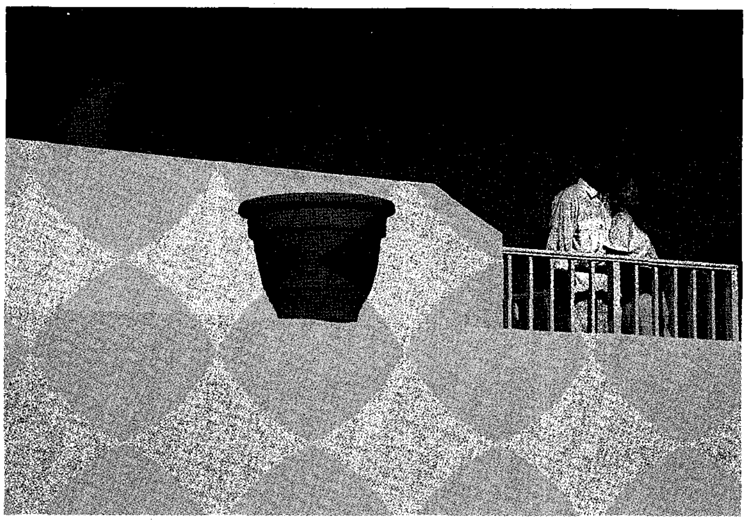

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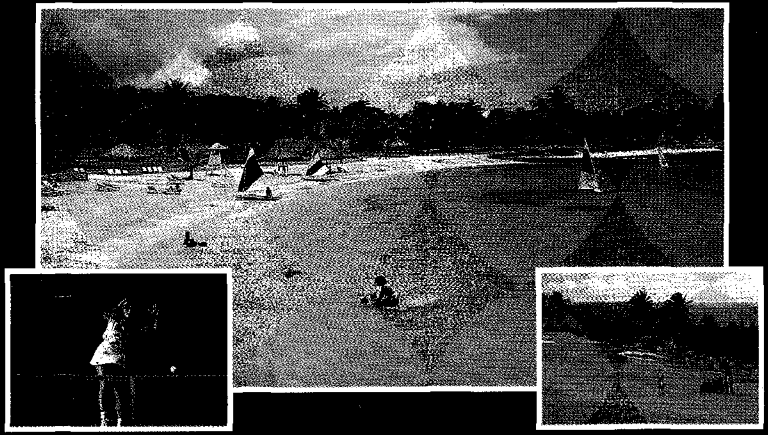

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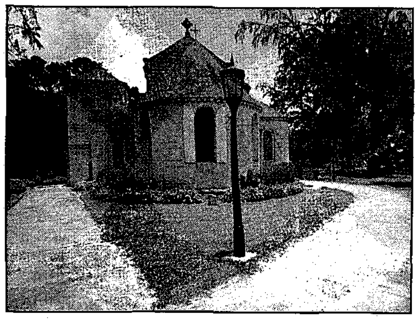
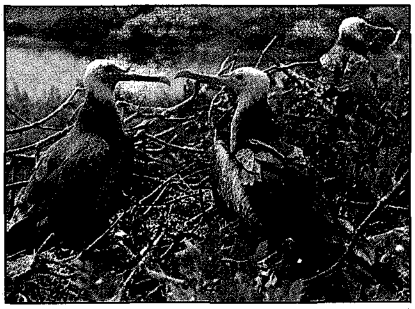
organized goods, and the manicured gardens tended with a typically British botanical mania.

Consider the profusion of English-type parish churches built of stone and scattered among the sugarcane fields that British author Patrick Leigh Fermor found reminiscent of English pastureland under a wheat harvest. The landscape, along with names like Windsor, Yorkshire, and Dover, gives ample reason to call Barbados "Little England."



Parish Church, Barbados

BARBUDA — *Although the frigate bird sanctuary here often fails to muster even a mention in Caribbean guidebooks, it's one of the world's largest — and the best reason to visit Barbuda. The polar opposite of bustling Antigua twenty-six miles south, tiny Barbuda's pin-drop quiet and arid climate draw thousands of frigate birds and other feathered species from pelicans to cormorants. Mostly they confine themselves to the mangroves in a lagoon that stretches for miles; visitors can hire a skiff to see the nesting ground.*



Magnificent Frigate Birds

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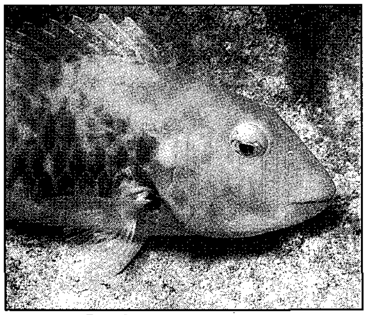
Bonaire's Underwater Life

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THE CAYMAN ISLANDS — *That the best of the Caymans lies underwater shows up on maps of the three-island chain,*

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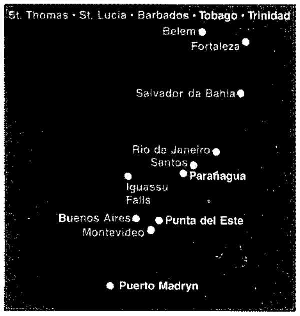

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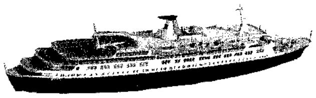

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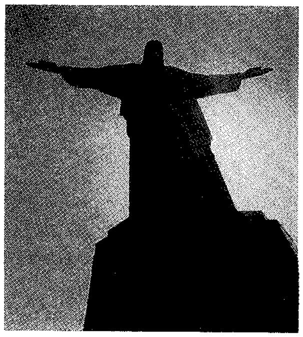

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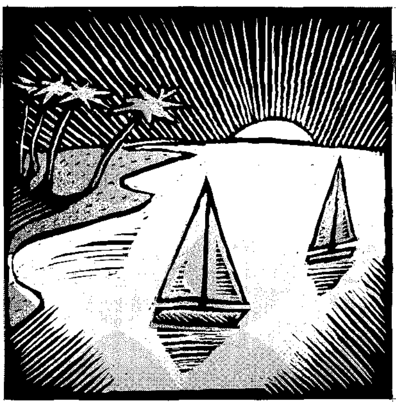

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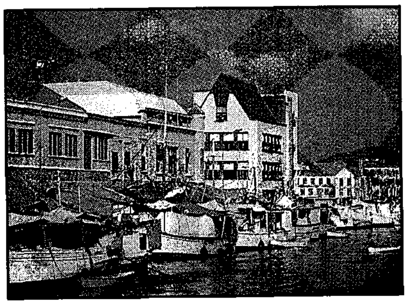
marked as they are with dive sites rather than streets. The Caymans are rated among the top three diving meccas in the world and the best in the Caribbean. Indeed, one British expatriate who couldn't get enough of it simply moved here.

The primary addiction is the six thousand foot-deep "Wall," the craggy surface of an underwater mountain (the islands themselves are merely its flat, sandy peaks). You start at the top of the mountain and float down it, the closest thing to levitation you'll ever experience. What you see is big stuff — tube sponges big enough to poke your head into, coral life, sea fans, huge turtles, and all those fish.

CURAÇAO — *Curaçao's capital, Willemstad, is the purest example of a European city transported across the Atlantic. In this case, with the Dutch-clean, gabled buildings rising off the quay, it's a takeoff on Amsterdam. But the colors could have been mixed only in the Caribbean: In the early nineteenth century the reigning Dutch governor couldn't bear the bright white of the buildings and had them painted in tutti-frutti tints.*

A Cayman Diving Site



Dutch-influenced Curaçao

Visitors can take their fill of Dutch-style food any time. Try genuine rijsttafel, the Indonesian sampler to which the Dutch have long been addicted. Wash it down with a little Dutch gin or some locally brewed Amstel, then head to a bruin café, a Dutch-style pub, for the island's most noted nightcap, Curaçao Liqueur.

DOMINICA — *Dominica's beauty lies in the intensely green mountains, which shoot up almost from the shore, with a tangle of steep valleys, waterfalls, and rain forests that nearly overwhelm the island.*

Don't stop with the Roseau Botanical Gardens; incomparable hiking and walking trails prevail in the National Park, especially through the Valley of Desolation to the Boiling Lake. In the National Reserve, bird-watchers can hope to see the rare imperial and red-necked parrots. If the birds happen to be hiding, at least a rainbow can be assured. Not a day on Dominica passes without one.

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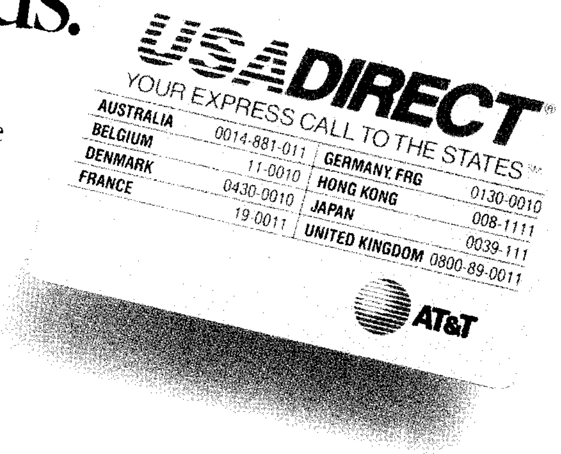

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meates every facet of its culture. As one recent visitor claims, "It's more Spanish than Spain!" But not without Caribbean accents. Spanish rolls off every Dominican tongue, but in the capital of Santo Domingo, so does English.

From cockfights to siesta, the Dominicans hold fast to traditions that took root here nearly five centuries ago. In fact, they've already begun celebrating the country's five hundredth birthday, which also commemorates the discovery of the New World in 1492: When Columbus landed on the island he dubbed Hispaniola ("Spanish Isle") — which the Dominican Republic shares with Haiti — he marked the start of the European sweepstakes in the Americas.

Grenada's Spices

The perfect way to end a day in the colonial zone is to amble over to the Malecon, the seafront boulevard awash with restaurants, nightclubs, and the infectious beat of merengue. The whole town turns out; people stroll arm in arm, wearing their finest clothes, drinking wine or rum and coke from tailgate vendors.

GRENADA — *Thanks to Grenada, the western world has plenty of nutmeg to sprinkle on its Christmas eggnog.*

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There, on the Isle of Spice, as it's also known, groves of towering nutmeg trees turn out nearly half the bottles of the fragrant seed on this planet's supermarket shelves. Grated nutmeg shows up in a multitude of native dishes, from pawpaw chutney to roast pork calypso and sweet potato cake, to callaloo quiche and sea moss ice cream. The Grenadians even fly its likeness on their national flag. But it was the rum punch that first brought nutmeg to Grenada.

It's not just the nutmeg that makes the punch, but syrup scented with bay, cinnamon, and cloves — some of the dozen indigenous spices that define Grenada's nickname. On a Saturday morning at the open market in St. George's, the island capital, you can smell the spices from around the corner, even before you get there.

La Fête des Cuisinières, Guadeloupe

GUADELOUPE — *You can sniff the best of Guadeloupe at every turn, from the boisterous open-air markets to the typical porch-side restaurants and beachside barbecues: Creole food. Not just red beans and rice and other conjurations of that overused term, but a richly imaginative cuisine. For starters, how about smoked conch, octopus cassoulet, or cold baby langouste — splashed with a vinaigrette*

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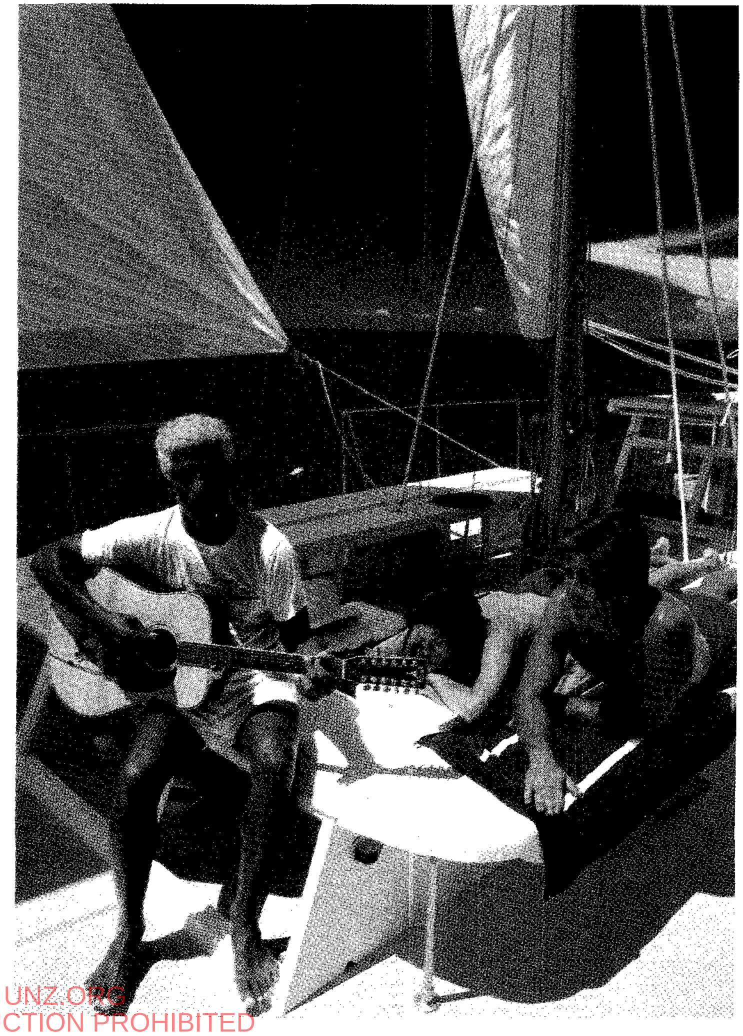

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of parsley, thyme, garlic, chives, and lime?

Every August, Guadeloupe honors its cooks with la Fête des Cuisinières (the Festival of Women Cooks). Some one hundred and fifty chefs cook up a Creole storm and tote the makings of a banquet in a parade along the city streets to a salivating throng of gastronomes (visitors are cordially invited).

Vegetation of Jamaica

HAITI — *Call it what you will — a reflection of the culture, a tradition lending clues to the people's consciousness, the pulse of a nation — the painting of Haiti forms the epicenter of the ethnic art world. Today, Haitian art is the rage in Paris, Sotheby's in New York draws prices in the tens of thousands of dollars for works of the masters, and museums from the Milwaukee Art Center to MOMA house permanent collections.*

In Haiti, the finest repository of its early painting is in the Episcopal Cathedral of Saint Trinite, the West Indies' answer to the Sistine Chapel. Other worthy venues include the new Centre d'Art and the National Museum of Art.

JAMAICA — *The train of peaks that stretch from Jamaica's southeast to the*

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north coast include rain forests and rivers rippling down the steep slopes, and a variety of vegetation unseen anywhere else in the Caribbean. The islanders refer to them as the Blues, keepers of the "real Jamaica."

In the lower elevations of the Blues, just ten miles inland from Kingston, the British built their hill station. Higher up were the great houses of the coffee planters, some abandoned now, some turned into inns for hikers, botanists, or bird-watchers — or those merely seeking the "other" Jamaica. At the Mavis Bank plantation and factory, you can see the stages of coffee production, from the sorting of beans to their vacuum packaging: The exquisite flavor of this champagne of coffees comes not so much from the height at which the arabica plant grows but from the rich soil and the constant caress of cooling mists.

Josephine's Birthplace, Martinique

MARTINIQUE — *Although debates are likely regarding the best of Martinique, nobody can deny its dramatic history, one that lives on in the sensibilities of the Martiniquais — and in the dozen remarkable museums throughout the island.*

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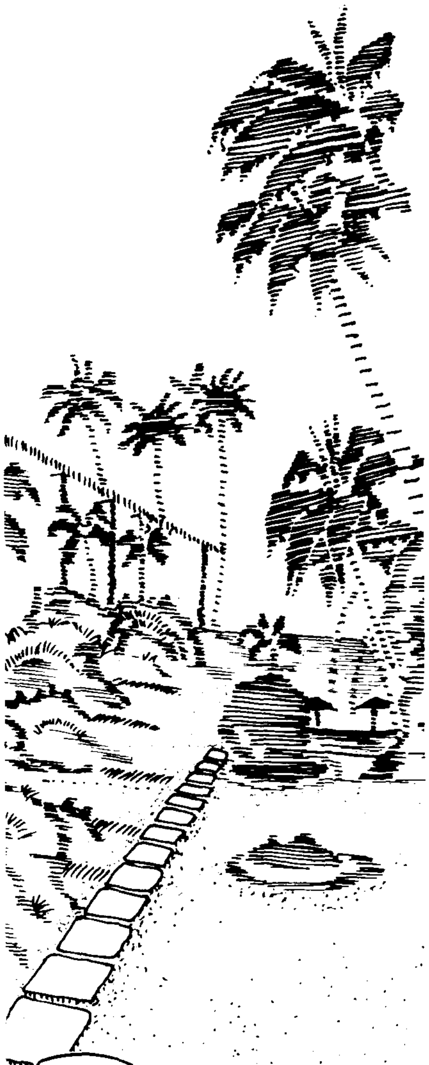

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on Martinique in 1887, before he fled to Polynesia. Farther back in time, the ruins of an eighteenth-century sugar plantation recall another celebrated resident of Martinique, Josephine, who became Napolean's empress of the French Empire.

But the most stirring museum must be the Musée Volcanologique, in the shadow of the once-viscious Montagne Pelée. Here, the memory of the holocaust that swept away the town of Saint Pierre's thirty thousand inhabitants in 1902 is as palpable as the teapots fused with lava in the display cases.

MONTSERRAT — *"If you want a place to go where there's no place you have to go once you get there, this is it," claims a devotee of tiny Montserrat. "It's so quiet that goats and sheep mow the golf course."*

Aside from the eleven-hole golf course, other venues of tranquility include Great Alps Falls, a seventy-foot cascade of rushing waters, reached only on foot (well-shod at that); and the beach at Rendezvous Bay, so secluded that a boat ride or mountain trek are the only ways to get there. But most visitors come here just to lay back and bask in the extraordinary greenery that touched the island's first European settlers.

Tranquil Montserrat

PUERTO RICO — *The best of Puerto Rico can be summed up in microcosmic Isla Vieques, a laid-back miniature version of the "mainland." Vieques, in a constant state of siesta, is the sort of place where you make your own fun, whether it's discovering one of the forty-odd fabulous beaches, the phosphorescent (at night) Mosquito*

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Bay, or simply feasting on such local specialties as pastelillos, crisply fried turnovers stuffed with seafood. Even the modes of transportation make Vieques an adventure, Jeeps being the rental vehicle of choice. But a ride on a publico, one of the tiny island buses that will turn taxi willy-nilly, makes you feel like a Viequens — which is to say relaxed, good-natured, and oblivious of time.

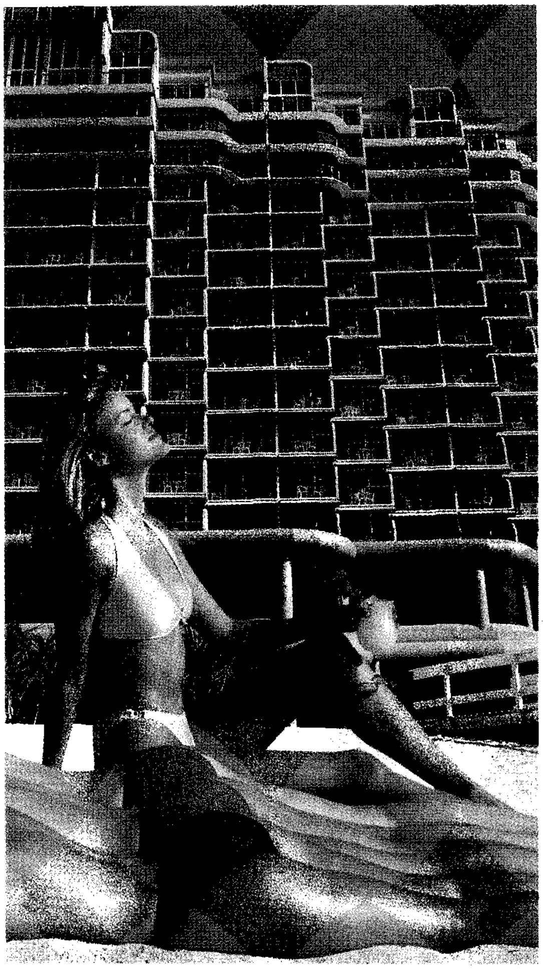
Coast of Puerto Rico

When the day is done, visitors retire to one of Vieques's handful of small hotels clustered in or near the fishing village cum water sports center of Esperanza. The full flavor of Vieques is captured in an old sugar plantation estate house turned inn, where Graham Greene might easily be tempted to hang his hat.

SABA — *Saba is the Santorini of the Caribbean: five square miles of beachless mountain jutting out of the sea with a few villages precariously appended to the cliffs and plateaus.*

The mountain, appropriately named Mount Scenery, is volcanic rock sewn with a lush tapestry of ferns, elephant ears, exotic flowers, and threaded with historic, marked footpaths. While some visitors confronting this barely-out-of-the-woods civilization imagine they've come to the end of the earth, others say it's the top of the world.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY — *St. Barts endures in the mind-set of the jet set as the place to go in season for fine French cuisine. For not only is much of the food imported, but so are many of the chefs. From Michelin-starred kitchens in Paris and the provinces come masters — or their protégés — of haute cuisine,*



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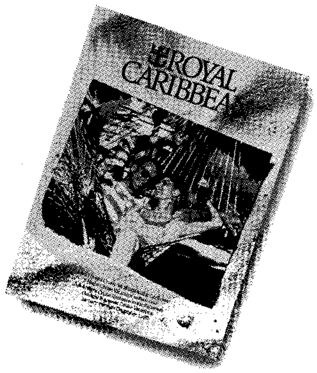

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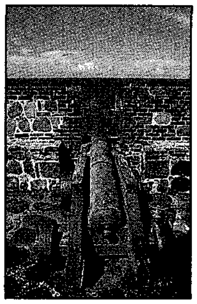

Fort Oranje, St. Eustatius

ST. EUSTATIUS — *St. Eustatius, or Statia, encapsulates the Caribbean the way it was before commercial development took hold. Within its seven square miles, Statia comprises the requisite volcano with a rain forest sprouting from its crater, beaches and donkeys, a formidable museum, and ruins of an eighteenth-century fort. Vestiges remain of what was once the richest port in the West Indies, brimming with French wines, exquisite silver, and hand-painted silks from the Far East. What also remains: an unfettered hospitality.*

ST. KITTS-NEVIS — *The lure of St. Kitts-Nevis lies in the old great houses turned inns. Elsewhere in the Caribbean, the few such remaining estates are usually either privately owned or preserved as museums, but here on these gentle Leeward Islands, they have been transformed into some of the most memorable places to stay in the West Indies.*

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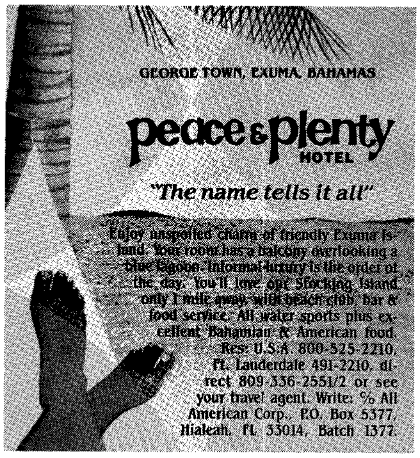

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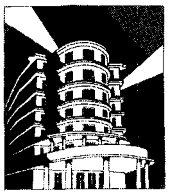

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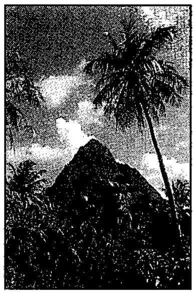
overseer's cottage. With luscious vegetables and fruits growing in their backyards, so to speak, the inns' cuisine is fresh, inventive, and surprisingly sophisticated considering the unpretentious nature of their environs.

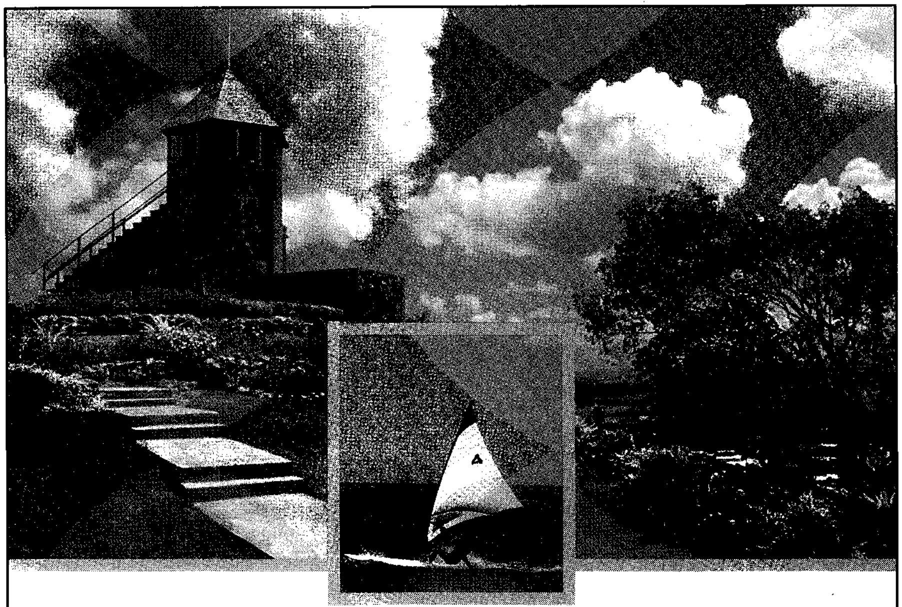
ST. LUCIA — *In* The Traveller's Tree, *author Patrick Leigh Fermor compares the shape of the Pitons — "two lonely spikes jutting out of the coast of the island" — to the Matterhorn. The difference lies in the drama. A glance at the Matterhorn has about the same effect on the viewer as would its picture on a postcard. But to gaze at the Pitons, close enough to touch, is to be stunned.*

"The Pitons could be the eighth wonder of the world," says one seasoned traveller. No one who has seen these twin, furry green peaks can summon a more compelling sight in the Caribbean and yet relatively few people even know of their existence. Most visitors on St. Lucia tend to stay in or near Castries, the boomtown capital at the island's northern end; some head south to the undeveloped, lush terrain that surrounds the Pitons. Others — who prefer the company of the Pitons to elaborate creature comforts — simply stay within their view.



Petit Piton, St. Lucia

ST. MARTIN/SINT MAARTEN — *If you can't decide whether to go to the French West Indies or the Dutch, what's best about St. Martin/Sint Maarten is that you don't have to choose: The island combines a snippet of each on the world's smallest chunk of real estate (thirty-seven square miles) shared by two separate countries. Thus you can have Brie and Gouda on the same plate. Whether that plate is porcelain or delft, you don't*



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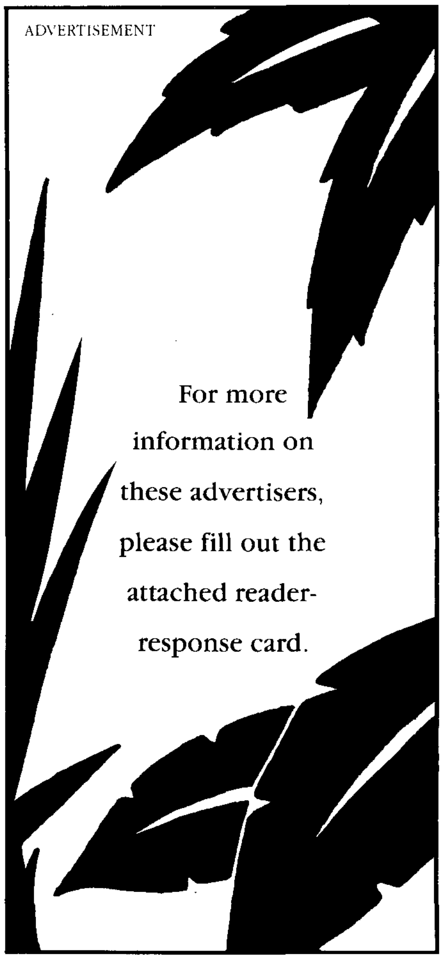

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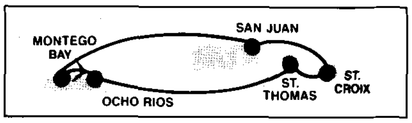

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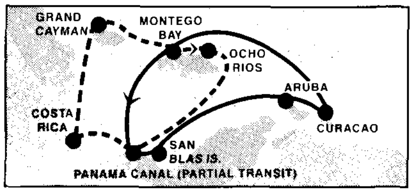

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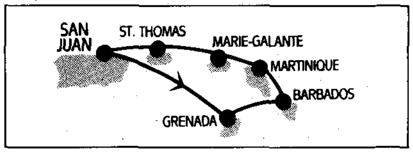

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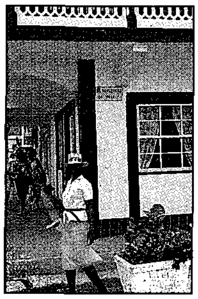

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Back then Holder and his brother Boscoe hit the streets with other kids, forming the tamboo-bamboo bands and playing "mas" (pretending it was masquerade, or carnival time). During the war oil drums rolled onto the scene and when it was over, there was singing in the streets. "Everybody loved the music . . . it makes you want to dance all night," says Holder.

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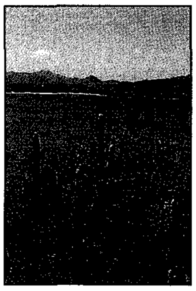
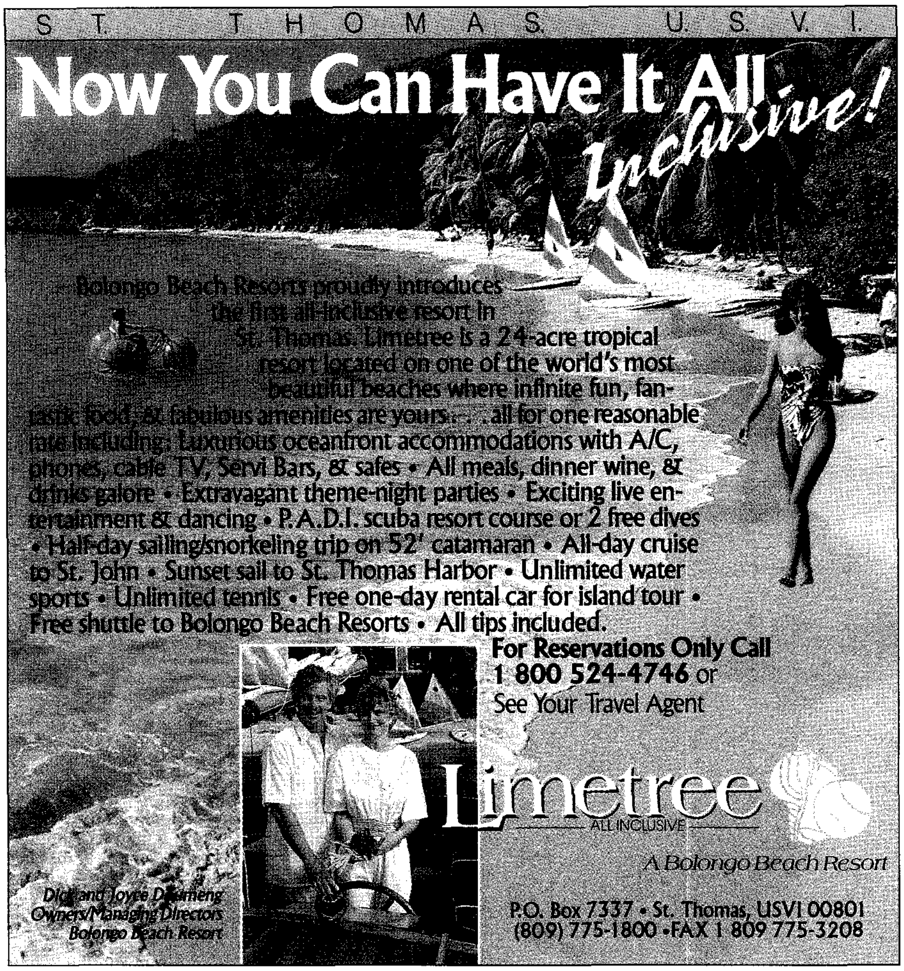

St. John, U.S.V.I.

Jennifer Quale is a writer living in New York City.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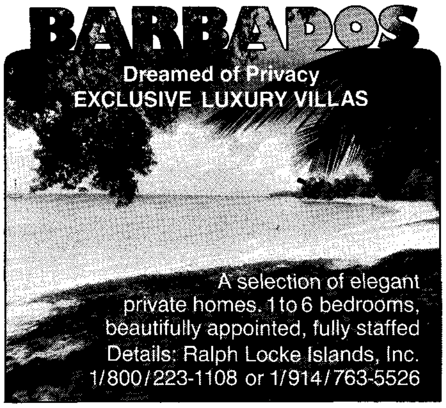
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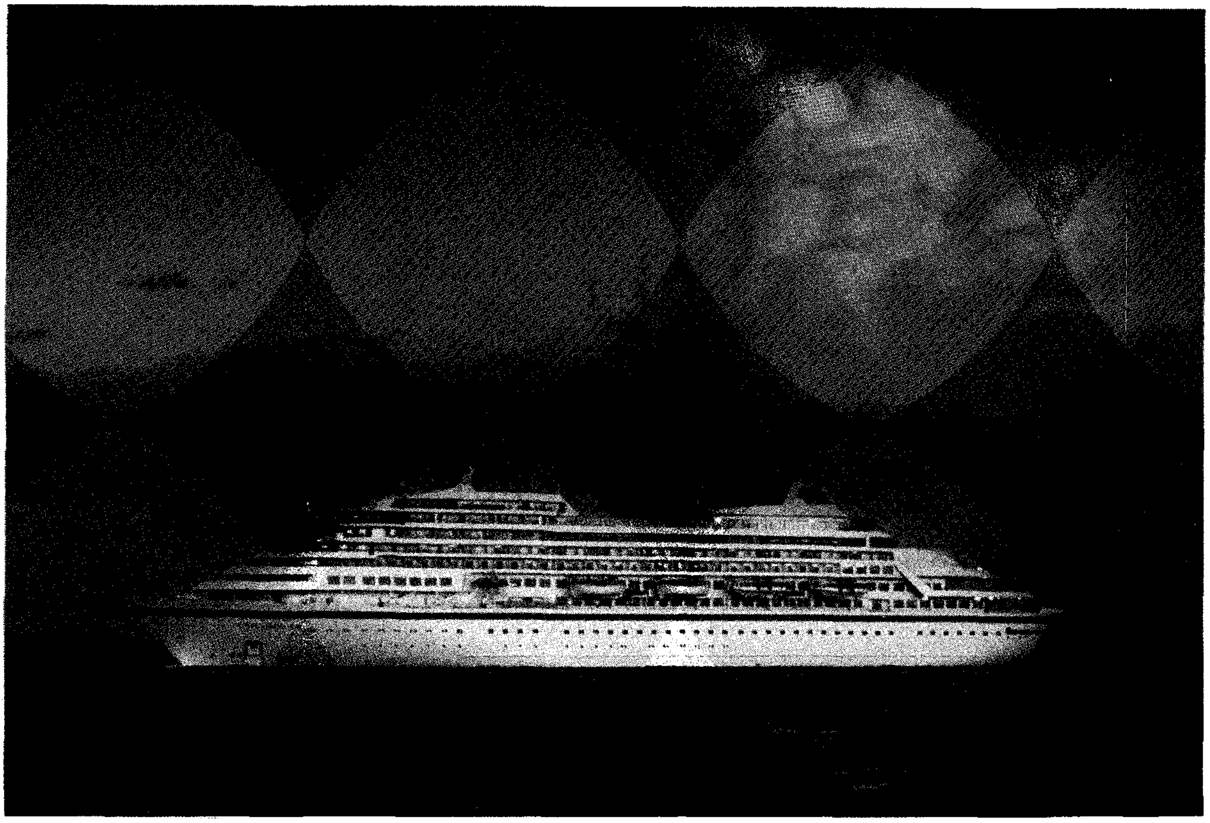

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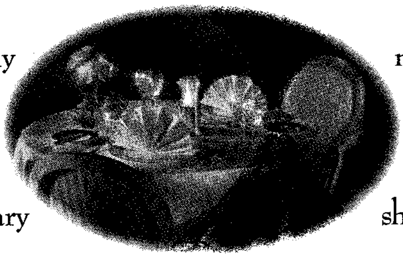

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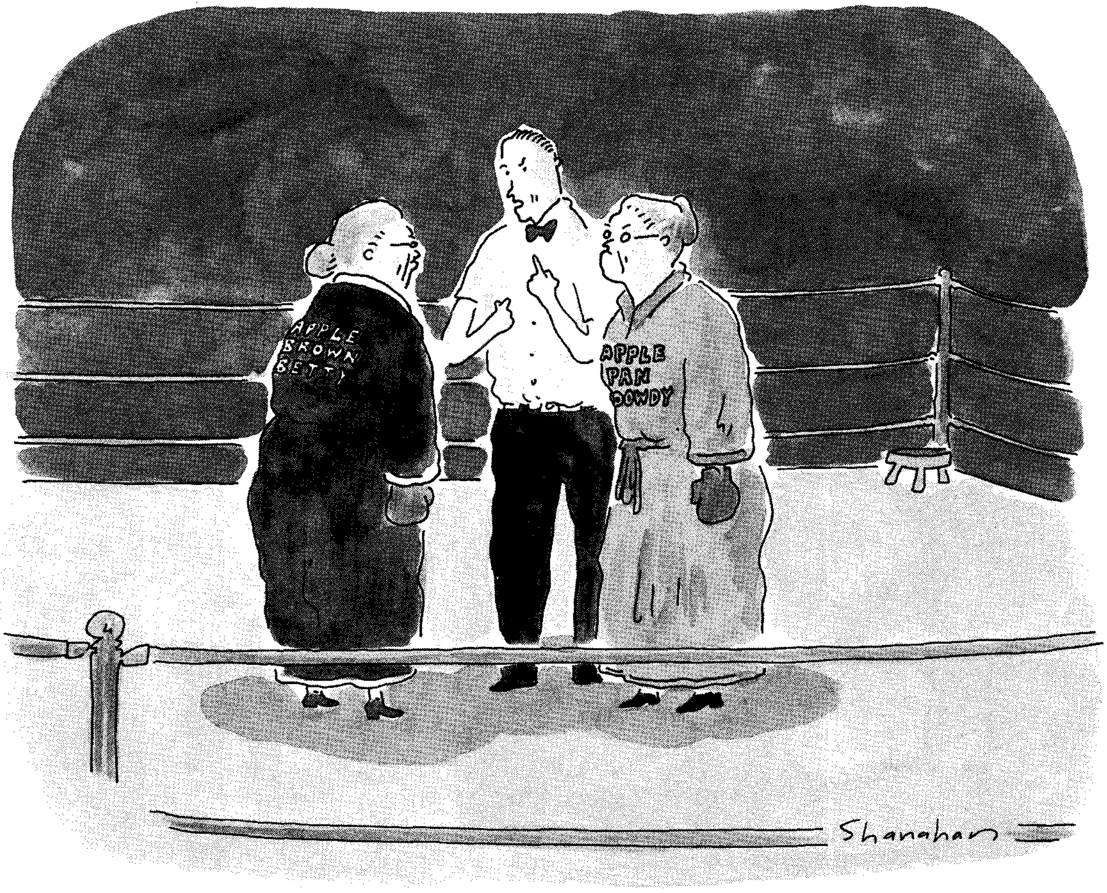
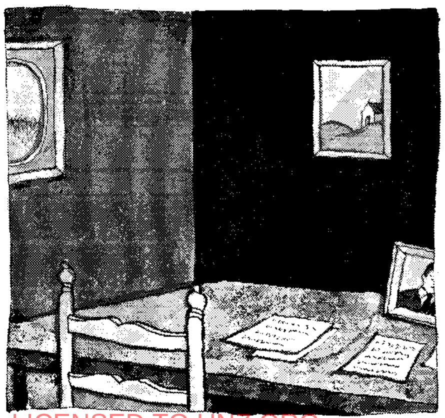


was," the conservative lobbyist Dale Miller was able to assure his friends. "He gave a lot more impression of being with the New Deal" than was actually the case. As for the Brown brothers, ultra-reactionaries both, their opinion is expressed by George: "Basically, Lyndon was more conservative, more practical than people understand. You get right down to the nut-cutting, he was practical. He was for the niggers, he was for labor, he was for the little boys, but by God . . . he was as practical as anyone." Brown, who saw him with both sides since both Corcoran and Wirtz were on his payroll and Fortas was helping Brown & Root obtain a dam authorization (and, whenever Brown visited Washington, Johnson made the suave contractor part of the circle), marvelled at Johnson's ability to make liberals think he was one of them and conservatives think he was one of *them:* "That was leadership, that was his knack," he was to say. The more perceptive of the little circle saw this. "I was never sure whether some of Lyndon Johnson's votes were cast out of conviction or out of judging what Texas politics required," Mrs. Douglas was to write. "It was hard to tell; he never gave any indication. He was willing to make the compromises necessary, I believe, to stay in Congress." Johnson, she saw, used his homey anecdotes to avoid having to take stands on issues. "He protected himself by not being serious," she said. "He was witty, he would tell stories, he was humorous. But . . . he was loose, so he could go either way. . . . He was always aware that what he said might be repeated or remembered—even years later. And he didn't want someone to come back years later and say, 'I remember when you said . . . ' " Watching him talk so much—and say so little—Mrs. Douglas began to realize, she said, that Lyndon Johnson was "strong." In Washington, she said, "everyone tried to find out where you stood. But he had great inner control. He could talk so much—and no one ever knew exactly where he stood." Although he talked so much, she said, "he was one of the most closemouthed men I ever knew." But these practical men excused his refusal to be pinned down on issues. "It's a defensible position in politics," Rowe was to say. And most of the little circle were convinced that, at heart, Lyndon Johnson was liberal, like them, and those who believed differently excused him anyway; his refusal to take stands made those of them who were tied to Lyndon Johnson by ambition as well as affection feel more certain than ever that he was going far—and they wanted to go along with him. Before his defeat in 1941, the young Congressman had become not merely one of this little circle of remarkable young men on the rise but its center. Now, back in Washington, he was, despite his defeat, its center again.

THE support he needed most in Texas was in place, too. During the campaign, Johnson had used money on a scale that Texas had never seen, trying, in the words of some observers, to "buy a state," and much of the money—hundreds of thousands of dollars—had been generated by one man, Herman Brown, the ruler of Brown & Root, which had become a giant of the contracting industry since Lyndon Johnson had gone to Congress. Through federal contracts, Johnson had made Brown rich, and given him the chance to build huge projects of which he had long dreamed, and Brown had ordered up contributions from dozens of subcontractors on Brown & Root dams and highways, and, in giving from his own firm's coffers, had gone to the edge of the law and, some Internal Revenue Service agents would later believe, over that edge into the realm of fraud in order to finance Lyndon Johnson's ambition. Brown wanted to make more millions, and to build projects even huger. Representative Johnson had brought Brown & Root millions of dollars in profits. What might Senator Johnson be able to do? Now Herman's younger brother George delivered to Johnson his brother's pledge: if Lyndon wanted to run in 1942, the money would be available again—all that was needed. One of Herman's lawyers, Edward A. Clark, says of Johnson, "If he needed fifty thousand dollars more or a hundred thousand dollars more, that didn't matter. It would be there when he needed it."

One problem was not solved. The mighty Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, had been very close to Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson. As fellow-Texans, they had come to know him in Washington, and had learned that his hard, expressionless face concealed tenderness and loneliness. Rayburn's loneliness was accentuated by his lack of children, and he had looked on Lyndon as a son; awakening in the hospital during a serious siege of pneumonia, the young congressional secretary found Rayburn sitting beside him, his vest littered with cigarette ashes from a night of smoking, ashes he had not brushed off because he was afraid that any movement would disturb the younger man. Seeing that Johnson was awake, Rayburn had growled, "Now, Lyndon, don't you worry. . . . If you need money or anything, just call on me." It was Rayburn, the man who never asked a favor, who begged a favor for Lyndon Johnson, the appointment as Texas N.Y.A. director, and thereby gave the congressional secretary the upward boost he needed. And as soon as Johnson won his seat in the House Rayburn, then Majority Leader, had taken him into its inner circle, *his* circle, even into the sanctuary of sanctuaries, a little hideaway room on the ground floor of the Capitol in which, every afternoon, met Sam Rayburn's "Board of Education," a group of the great House barons—and twenty-eight-year-old Lyndon Johnson. In July, 1939, during the eruption of a long-smoldering feud between Roosevelt and Vice-President John Nance Garner, Johnson saw his chance to replace Garner as Roosevelt's man in Texas, chief dispenser of patronage and power for the New Deal, and only Rayburn stood in his way. Johnson betrayed the Speaker, fomenting, in concert with Wirtz, a feud between Rayburn and Roosevelt by leading the President to believe, inaccurately, that Rayburn, actually a staunch New Deal supporter, was its secret enemy. How much Rayburn learned about Johnson's role in turning the President's mind against him will probably never be known—around his personal feelings Rayburn had erected, decades before, an impenetrable wall—but he evidently learned enough, and for the next fifteen months he was cold to Lyndon Johnson. Johnson's success in raising funds for the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in October of 1940—the fund-raising that had made him a force to be reckoned with by other congressmen—thawed the coldness somewhat, for Rayburn, aware of Johnson's importance in preserving the Democratic majority and thereby keeping him in the Speakership, was a man who always paid his debts. He was again courteous to Johnson when they met on Capitol Hill. But the thaw did not extend to readmission to the Board of Education; all during 1941, Johnson received no invitation to the ground-floor hideaway. Encountering the House parliamentarian Lewis Deschler late one afternoon on the landing of the staircase near the Board Room, he said, almost shouting, "I can get into the White House. Why can't I get into that room?" Nor did the thaw extend to more than perfunctory support for Johnson's Senate race that year; in Rayburn's own congressional district, in fact, Johnson ran very badly. And now, not long after Johnson's return to Washington in July of 1941, Rayburn's true preference may have become clear. Another youthful public official of whom the Speaker was fond, the Texas Attorney General, Gerald Mann, a fiery New Dealer whose home town was not far from Rayburn's own, had been a favorite in the 1941 race until Johnson entered it, and there were those who felt that if Roosevelt had not endorsed Johnson, thereby dividing the New Deal vote, Mann, rather than Pappy O'Daniel, would have been the victor in the Senate race. Now there were hints that Mann was Rayburn's preference for the 1942 race. The Rayburn problem was not an insuperable one, however, as long as Roosevelt held firm, and he did. When, in October, 1941, Mann came to Washington, the Speaker attempted to arrange for Roosevelt to meet him, telling Pa Watson that "a short visit with [the] President would help all [the] way down the line." Roosevelt refused to see Mann. Rayburn insisted, and an appointment was made for Mann's next trip to Washington, in December, but Johnson was quietly assured by Roosevelt's aides that the meeting would not change the President's choice. Other potential candidates—Representative Wright Patman, for example, and former Governor James V. Allred, a liberal and a Roosevelt ally—felt that, with Roosevelt so firmly behind Johnson, there was no point in running.



Everything seemed on track for another run. A statewide Johnson campaign organization was being set up. The Brown & Root plane was flying the candidate back and forth between Washington and Texas, and from city to city across the state, as, in late October of 1941, he began an unannounced campaign; during a tour of shipyards in Beaumont, the Beaumont *Enterprise* reported, "The central Texas representative whom the President has called 'My good friend' . . . shook hands with more people than the average politician could see in a week." And Johnson could scarcely restrain himself from making the announcement; asked at a private reception in Beaumont if he would run in 1942, he said, "When we have a prize fight" as close as the 1941 race had been, "it's usually considered close enough to call for a return engagement, don't you think?"

There was, however, an interruption in his plans.

IN the opening speech of Lyndon Johnson's 1941 campaign, the line that had drawn the most enthusiastic applause was one he delivered after warning of the possibility of war, and of the need for America to be prepared: "If the day ever comes when my vote must be cast to send your boy to the trenches—that day Lyndon Johnson will leave his Senate seat to go with him." Finding as the campaign progressed that that pledge was a sure-fire crowd-pleaser in patriotic, militaristic Texas, with its glorious history of wars against Mexico and the Comanches, he repeated it day after

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day, in person and over the radio, on small-town courthouse lawns and in big-city auditoriums. He played variations on the sentence. He promised that if war came he would never ask for a desk job in Washington; that when the shooting started he "would be in the front line, in the trenches, in the mud and blood with your boys, helping to do that fighting." He promised, "If Hitler makes this an all-out war, I shall vote in the Senate for war. . . . And when I cast my vote I shall tear up my draft number and join the boys picked to defend our homes and our God and our liberties. I shall never vote for war and then hide behind a Senate seat where bullets cannot reach me." The promise to be "in the trenches" became almost the theme of his campaign. Printed on postcards, under the headline "WE NEED COURAGE LIKE THIS," it was mailed to hundreds of thousands of Texans. Gearing up for the next campaign, he constantly referred to it; when a reporter asked if he would run in the July, 1942, primary, he said, "I may be scrubbing the deck of a battleship by next July." And newspapers kept referring to it, too, friendly newspapers approvingly, hostile newspapers with considerably more skepticism, particularly in the Hill Country, where Lyndon Johnson's boyhood and college acquaintances recalled instances—notable, in that rough society—of his physical cowardice. When, on October 7, 1941, Johnson stated that Roosevelt's issuance of his "shoot-on-sight" order—authorizing American warships to fire on German submarines—meant that "the United States is already in that war," Colonel Alfred Petsch, publisher of the Hill Country's largest newspaper, the Fredericksburg *Standard*, which circulated in Johnson's own Pedernales Valley, noted that when the Congressman originally made his pledge there were "a number of persons . . . sarcastically characterizing Mr. Johnson's fighting intentions," and he added, in thinly veiled sarcasm of his own, that it was now time for the pledge to be redeemed:

> We still believe that Lyndon Johnson meant what he said during the campaign. We are confident that by his declaration of "being in the front lines, in the mud," he meant just that; and that his army service would not find him dressed in shining boots and spurs, reclining in an easy chair behind a desk "nowhere near" the front. . . .
>
> The war being now at hand, according to Mr. Johnson's own declaration, his conduct will demonstrate to his critics and defenders what his campaign promise is worth. . . . So we feel certain Congressman Johnson will soon be an enrollee in the United States draft forces. . . . We believe the Congressman will live up to his often repeated promises.
>
> But, of course, we may be wrong and the Congressman's disparagers may be right. It is up to Congressman Lyndon Johnson whether or not he will live up to his promise.

Nor was the skepticism confined to the Hill Country. An editorial in the San Antonio *Light* asked Johnson to enlist "some time ago."

"Trenches," of course, had never been a serious possibility, unless the United States Navy should drastically alter its methods of operation, for Johnson had enrolled as a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve some two years before. But after he sat in the House on December 8th, the day after Pearl Harbor, and heard Roosevelt's "Day of Infamy" speech, he and Warren Magnuson, a fellow-member of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who was also a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, went to the office of Admiral Chester Nimitz, a Hill Country native with whom both congressmen were acquainted, and had Nimitz sign forms placing them on active duty. That evening, Johnson wrote Welly Hopkins, "When you get back to Washington, I may be 'somewhere on the Pacific.' Who can tell?"

One of the two young lieutenant commanders did indeed go to the Pacific. When the Navy balked at assigning a congressman, and one with little training, to a ship heading into combat, Magnuson appealed to Naval Affairs Committee Chairman Carl Vinson, who "requested" that the Navy do so, saying that it would be invaluable to his committee to have a member with actual combat experience. Within a month, Magnuson was at sea, aboard an aircraft carrier that, during his five months on board, was the target of Japanese bombs, torpedoes, and shellfire in battles off the Solomon Islands.

Johnson did not go to the Pacific. He went to the White House—to ask for a job in Washington. He took with him a letter requesting "active duty with the fleet," but it was pro forma: the subject he really wanted to discuss was a proposal he had previously made to merge the National Youth Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps into a single agency, to be known as the Civilian Youth Administration. Now he wanted to make two new proposals to Roosevelt: that the new agency concentrate on wartime training programs, and that he be appointed its director. And when the President, in the midst of a somewhat hectic day, gave him no chance to do anything more than announce that he had gone on active service (the President simply "said he understood and told me goodbye"), Johnson didn't go back to Nimitz for assignment to a ship, or for any other assignment that might lead to combat, but went instead to the office of his good friend and political ally—and substantial contributor to his 1941 Senate campaign—Under-Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal, for a different type of assignment. In orders he appears to have virtually drafted himself (a note from Forrestal asks, "Lyndon, how do you want these orders to read?"), the warrior was dispatched to Texas and the West Coast for an inspection tour of shipyard training programs, and also was assigned to an office being established in San Francisco by the Navy for liaison with the government of New Zealand. Still lobbying for the Civilian Youth Administration directorship, Johnson didn't leave even for this assignment for another two weeks, during which time he sent Roosevelt a Christmas turkey "as big as a beef" and a note of reminder: "I am very hopeful that we can work out plans for the consolidation of our youth agencies into a single training agency for defense workers. Today, I am leaving for West Coast. When I return I will have a firsthand picture. I hope I may have a chance to put in my nickel's worth before an order is issued." When he did leave, he went with an entourage: his wife, who brought along a portable typewriter, so that she could type his letters; his administrative assistant, John Connally, who had enlisted in the Naval Reserve; and an old college friend and N.Y.A. subordinate, Willard Deason, who had been installed in a strategic post with the Bureau of

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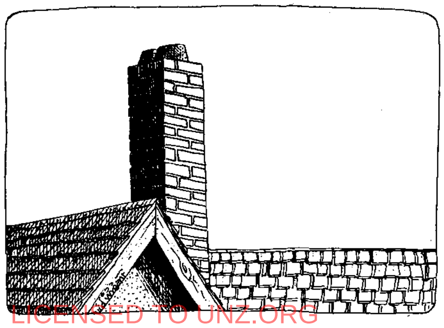
Naval Personnel. And he arranged for adequate billets for his troops in one of Los Angeles' best hotels. On January 2nd, he wrote Tom Clark, the Justice Department Special Assistant there, "Will probably get out to Los Angeles the latter part of next week. . . . Will you put your Jew clothes on and contact Town House Hotel and tell them you have a couple of 'desperadoes' coming in that want a good rate on a double room." Arriving on the West Coast—to be greeted by a note from Roosevelt thanking him for the turkey but saying not a word about the reminder—Johnson and his group travelled to shipyards in San Diego and San Francisco, with Lady Bird spending the days visiting "art galleries and all."

Johnson loathed his work with the liaison office; it was, he said later, "a paper-shifting job, placating the Navy and placating the New Zealanders; it was nothing; I had given up my seat in Congress for nothing."

Another reality of Naval life was brought home to him forcefully on this trip, in an encounter with an admiral whom he failed to salute—and who called this oversight to his attention in a manner that he would, as President, recall jokingly as "rather memorable." Until that encounter, he was to say, "I did not fully appreciate that my uniform completely concealed my status as a congressman" or "that I looked like any other junior officer and . . . was expected to salute my superiors." After he was President, Johnson could joke about the encounter; it wasn't a joking matter at the time. Seated on the dais of the Naval Affairs Committee, he had watched Chairman Vinson treat admirals as if they were cabin boys; in his limited dealings with them, Johnson had himself become accustomed to the deference they gave to committee members. In uniform, positions were reversed: admirals, captains, and full commanders would be giving him orders, and while in civilian life submission was customarily cloaked in civilities, in the military the reality of who gave orders and who took them was harsh and uncompromising.

This was not a reversal he was prepared to tolerate. Not only in Washington but in San Marcos, at college, it had been noticed that Lyndon Johnson could not endure being only one of a crowd; that he needed—with a compelling need—not merely to lead but to dominate, to bend others to his will; not to take orders but to give them. Of his boyhood in Johnson City a companion says, "If he couldn't lead, he didn't care much about playing." This aspect of his personality had been expressed in a particularly striking fashion on the vacant lots where the boys played baseball. The young Lyndon Johnson, although a notably awkward athlete, certainly no pitcher, would give life to a saying usually used only figuratively: during the days of his father's affluence, he would, among those impoverished youths, often possess the only baseball, and if he was not allowed to pitch he would literally take his ball and go home. Now this pattern was repeated. After he had been in California for a little more than a week, he asked the Navy–New Zealand liaison office for permission to "settle a personal problem" and hurriedly returned to Washington, to lobby Roosevelt for a high wartime office. Roosevelt gave him an appointment but no satisfaction. His dealings with Johnson had always been political, and in them the President had been the fox, but Franklin Roosevelt was the lion now, and he may have felt that a high administrative post for a young congressman with administrative experience only as a state director of the National Youth Administration was not appropriate. Johnson did, however, succeed in making arrangements that would minimize saluting—and, indeed, any contact at all with Navy officers. He arranged to be relieved of his liaison duties. In the office directly across the hall from Forrestal's was Professor J. W. Barker, of Columbia University, who had been named a special assistant in the Navy Department to study labor problems. Johnson met, and charmed, Barker, who asked that Johnson be assigned, as his assistant, to make another inspection tour of training programs at West Coast shipyards. On January 29th, Johnson, again accompanied by John Connally, left on this assignment. (Connally was only temporarily deferring to Johnson's possessive wishes in accompanying him. Later, he would push for active service. After a staff posting in North Africa, he served with distinction on the aircraft carrier Essex.)



THE headlines that morning said "ENEMY 90 MILES FROM SINGAPORE" and "TWO MORE AMERICAN TANKERS TORPEDOED," and dispatches were reporting grim fighting on Bataan Peninsula, in the Philippines, and a great naval battle raging in the Macassar Strait. Johnson managed to leave the impression with his wife and staff that active service in a combat zone might be imminent, and Lady Bird believed this.

So did Sam Rayburn. When Johnson had risen in the House to face the unsmiling figure on the triple dais and say, "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for an indefinite leave of absence," Rayburn's coldness toward the young man melted in an instant. Before his first trip to the West Coast, Johnson wrote to Rayburn. He was worried about the Speaker's health, he said; he hoped Rayburn would take care of himself. The letter was signed "Just one who respects you and loves you—LBJ." And now, when Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson and John and Nellie Connally left for Union Station, where the two young men would board their train, Rayburn went along to see them off, standing silently amid the tumult of the giant concourse jammed with men in uniform going off to war, their women kissing them goodbye.

THE next ten weeks were among the most desperate of the war. In the Pacific, the tiny garrisons on Guam and Wake Island had been overwhelmed—the remnants of the decimated Pearl Harbor fleet had tried to relieve Wake's defenders but had been turned back—and Singapore fell. The battles of the Java Sea and Sunda Strait were lost, and the Navy reeled from blow after blow. America's eyes were on the Philippines—first on Bataan, where, through almost all those ten weeks, American troops held out in the face of terrible odds, and then on the underground tunnels of Corregidor, where six hundred and thirty-one men of the last surviving regiment huddled around shortwave radios, hoping for word of a relief convoy, until

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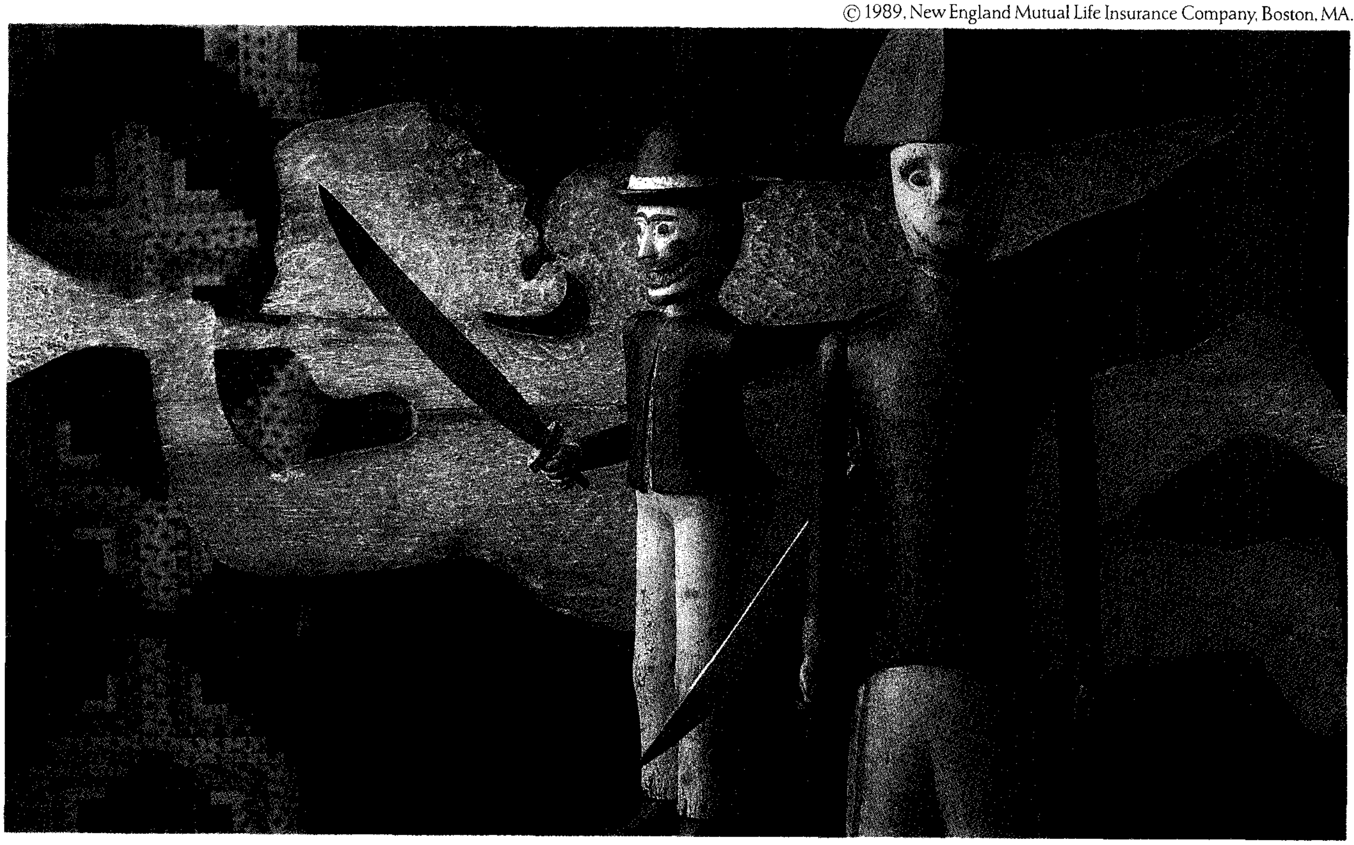

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they lost hope and stopped listening.

During those ten weeks, Lyndon Johnson and John Connally travelled up and down the West Coast, visiting shipyards in San Diego, Burbank, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, and Seattle. "We would go to the shipyards, and meet with Navy training officers and with contractors' representatives to discuss installing training programs and show them how to use the training manuals that Dr. Barker had developed," Connally recalls.

And, Connally says, "We had a lot of fun." They travelled by train, two tall, black-haired young Texans, dramatically handsome in their navy-blue-and-gold uniforms, having the good times of young sailors at war but not at sea. Jesse Kellam, Johnson's onetime assistant at the Texas N.Y.A. and now its director, went out to the Coast to join them, ostensibly to facilitate the inculcation of N.Y.A. on-the-job-training techniques in the shipyards. Although notably little inculcating was done, there was a lot of partying, and there were a lot of practical jokes: when Kellam got drunk at a party one evening, Johnson had a photographer fake pictures of Kellam and some girls, and in the morning showed them to Kellam, who pleaded with Johnson not to show them to his wife. On one train trip, with both Johnson and Kellam high, a post-midnight wrestling match got out of hand; Connally was able to break it up only by pouring cold water over them and then pulling Kellam away from Johnson and locking him out of the compartment. "The next morning, we got into Sun Valley, Idaho," Connally recalls. "Johnson got off—he was in a good mood; his hat was turned up—he was saying good morning to people, and someone replied, 'It may be good for you, but you kept us up all night.' " The stops between trips were fun, too—particularly in Los Angeles, where the two officers were supposedly conferring with personnel of a shipyard there but spent considerable time in a more glamorous locale. Edwin Weisl, Sr., the politically powerful New York attorney and organizer of Johnson's northeastern financial support, was counsel for Paramount Pictures, and he flew out to Hollywood and, in Connally's words, "arranged things for us." Johnson and Connally went to filmings and Hollywood parties, and ate in the famous Paramount cafeteria, where they met Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd and Bonita Granville. Cecil B. De Mille said, "I want to introduce you to the greatest young singer in America" and presented them to Deanna Durbin. Johnson had never been satisfied with the posed photographs of himself that he sent out to constituents by the thousand, and Weisl arranged for long sessions with a Hollywood photographer, so Johnson could determine the poses in which he looked best. In an effort to reduce the ungainliness of Johnson's gestures during speeches, the photographer had the Congressman pretend to give a speech and photographed the gestures so Johnson could see them for himself. A voice coach was provided.

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CHOICE

To at least one observer, Johnson seemed rather uninterested in the war. Alice Glass, a shade under six feet tall, with creamy skin and long, reddish-blond hair—a woman so spectacular that the noted New York society photographer Arnold Genthe called her "the most beautiful woman I have ever seen"—was a small-town girl from Marlin, Texas, who had been installed as mistress of Longlea, an eight-hundred-acre estate in the northern Virginia hunt country, by the immensely wealthy publisher of the Austin *American-Statesman*, Charles E. Marsh, by whom she had borne two children. Witty, elegant, hostess of a brilliant table and a sparkling salon of politicians and intellectuals, she possessed a political acumen so keen that the toughest Texas politicians enjoyed talking politics with her; it was Alice Glass who devised the compromise ("Give Herman the dam and let Lyndon have the land") that pulled the Congressman and the contractor off a collision course that, in 1937, had threatened Johnson's career. Alice Glass had been Lyndon Johnson's mistress for more than three years, in a passionate love affair of which Marsh, patronizing and paternalistic toward the young Congressman, was unaware. (In 1939, the publisher had helped Johnson financially by selling him land in Austin at a giveaway price. In 1940, he offered Johnson an oil deal that would have made him rich; Johnson refused it, because, he said, if the public knew he had oil interests, "it would kill me politically.") Observing Johnson's willingness to sit silently listening to Alice read poetry, knowing the risks he took in being the lover of the mistress of a man so vital to his political career—this affair stands out in Johnson's early life as perhaps the only episode in it that ran counter to his ambitions—the Longlea circle had believed that his feelings for Alice were unique, a belief shared by Alice, who had told intimates that she and Johnson had discussed marriage. In that era, a divorced man would be effectively barred from public office, but she had said that Lyndon had promised to get divorced and accept one of several job offers he had received to become a corporate lobbyist in Washington. As a result, she had kept fending off marriage proposals from Marsh. "She wouldn't marry Charles after she met Lyndon," her sister, Mary Louise Young, says. The alacrity with which Johnson had leapt into the 1941 Senate race when Morris Sheppard died, however, made her realize that her lover's political ambitions would always take priority, and that divorce was not a realistic hope, and after the 1941 campaign she finally agreed to marry the powerful publisher. But, an idealist herself, who had first been attracted to Johnson because she felt *he* was an idealist ("a young man who was going to save the world"), she still believed in his idealism, and when, despite her marriage, he asked her to visit him in California, she went. He was, she felt, a young man on his way to fight a war—or, at least, to participate in the war effort.

The contrast between Johnson's activities and the grim battles being reported daily in the newspapers was not lost on Alice, however, and she grew disillusioned. Years later, jokingly suggesting in a letter to a mutual friend, Brown & Root lobbyist Frank C. (Posh) Oltorf, that they collaborate on a book on Johnson, she said, "I can write a very illuminating chapter on his military career in Los Angeles, with photographs, letters from voice teachers, and photographers who tried to teach him which was the best side of his face." Her sister says that "she was disgusted, just disgusted with him after that trip," although she was still powerfully attracted to him sexually. Alice's closest friend, Welly Hopkins' wife, says simply, "Lyndon was the love of Alice's life." As for Johnson, his feelings for Alice no longer precluded seeing other women.

After Alice returned East, "we had an interesting time up and down the West Coast," Connally says. In every city, the two young officers stayed at the best hotels—the Town House Hotel in Los Angeles, the Del Coronado in San Diego, the Empire in San Francisco. Sometimes the Navy paid, and sometimes Alice's husband paid: Charles Marsh had arranged for Johnson to have the use of "due bills" (credits from hotels in payment for advertising) that hotel chains had given his various newspapers. The two young naval officers went on lighthearted shopping expeditions. In San Francisco, in a store owned by a Japanese named Matsumoto, who was about to be interned as an alien, "We bought robes and blouses at just giveaway prices—he followed us out into the street just begging us to buy more," Connally says. Connally bought a gray silk robe with blue piping that forty

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years later was still one of his cherished possessions.

DURING those ten weeks, the movements of the Johnson Squadron were cloaked in secrecy. There were strategic reasons for this, of course. Back in December, when Johnson had entered the service, the Houston *Post*, a friendly paper, noted that by going to the West Coast he had been "placed in line for possible early action against the Japs," but, friendly though the *Post* was, it had been compelled to add, "Of course, if Mr. Johnson should be merely getting himself a safe, warm naval berth for use as a pre-campaign headquarters and [to] cash in on his patriotism, the purpose of his entering the service would become obvious, and the voters would be certain to react accordingly." The *Post* and voters in his own congressional district in Texas might not, should they learn the nature and location of his activities as December passed into January, and January into February, March, and April, view Sun Valley, Idaho, as the front line for "action against the Japs"; they might even view his job as "a safe, warm naval berth"—they might even "react accordingly." Another strategic reason involved Charles Marsh, who had business interests on the West Coast, and flew there while his wife was with Johnson. Wanting to visit Johnson, Marsh had his secretaries telephone Johnson's office in Washington to ascertain his whereabouts, but since Johnson's secretary, Mary Rather, was able to tell them that because of military secrecy she did not know where Johnson was, the danger of the publisher dropping in unexpectedly on his wife and the young man of whom he was fond was averted.

The secrecy, however, extended also to the Navy. The movements of the two officers appear to have been almost as much of a mystery to their superiors as to the voters. Connally is careful to add to his description of the "fun" they had in California, "In spite of these little incidents, we were really working." Even so, their commanding officer appears to have encountered some difficulty in keeping track of their movements. On February 15th, more than two weeks after Johnson had been dispatched to the Coast, Professor Barker was contacted, not by Johnson but by one of Johnson's secretaries in Washington, O. J. Weber, who said he would be forwarding some reports from his boss. "Where is that man?" Barker asked Weber. "Tell him to let me know where he's going to be so I can send him reports, orders, etc. from time to time or we'll get in a jam." When Weber provided Barker with an address at which Johnson could be reached, Barker wrote the lieutenant commander, "I'm very glad to know your whereabouts as we have had trouble getting any address to which to send mail. Please keep us advised." Johnson thereupon wrote Barker that "our messages and letters are evidently crossing each other." But the difficulties in communications—always, of course, a problem in a combat zone—continued. When, on March 5th, Johnson sent progress reports on various shipyards to his superior, Barker wrote back that he was glad to have them, but added, "I've been wondering how things were progressing" in other assignments Johnson had been given before he left Washington.

One thing at which Johnson *was* working was politics. Every day, not one but several letters from his congressional office would arrive at the Empire Hotel in San Francisco with reports on various district problems—ranging from appointments to the service academies and rural postmasterships to procuring for Austin businessmen priorities that would enable them to obtain scarce raw materials. Moreover, in Texarkana, where Brown & Root was building a military depot, heavy pressure from the Office of Price Administration was needed to reduce high rentals, which were, Weber reported, "forcing Brown & Root to lose many men each week." Johnson would write instructions on the handling of each problem in the margins of the reports, or would reply by letter if his instructions were detailed.

And he and Connally were also wrestling with the larger political problem. In the first excitement of the outbreak of war and Johnson's going on active service, it had been assumed by everyone, including Johnson, that he would certainly not be running for the Senate nomination in the summer of 1942, and he had promised to support former Governor James V. Allred, a longtime ally, against Pappy O'Daniel. When Roosevelt had given Allred his blessing, Allred had for-

THE SUMMER WAS NOT LONG ENOUGH

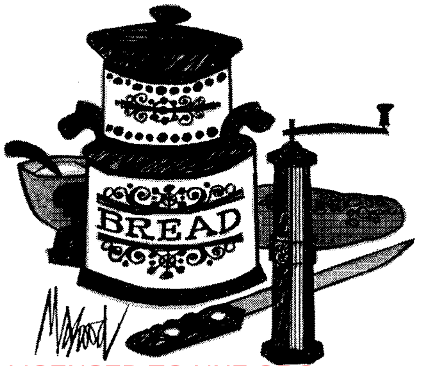
Stanley, my ex, the painter,
stepped out of his van.
His beard was gone. Loudly, carefully,
he started to paint the trees
and the ground and the telephone poles
grass-green.

I woke up crying over this dream.
For myself: not Stan's upside-down-ness,
my own. My own friends, not written back,
not called. A friend envied, ground down. Another
asleep in the cage of his hands. Oh, our love
turned from, and August half over.

August's more than half over;
dove, it's time for peace.
Time to taste the round mountains, the white and green,
and the dusk rose of relationship again,
for the first time, it's time to take off our clothes,
and the fortresses around our eyes, to touch our first fingers,
you and I, like God, across everything.

—Jean Valentine

• •

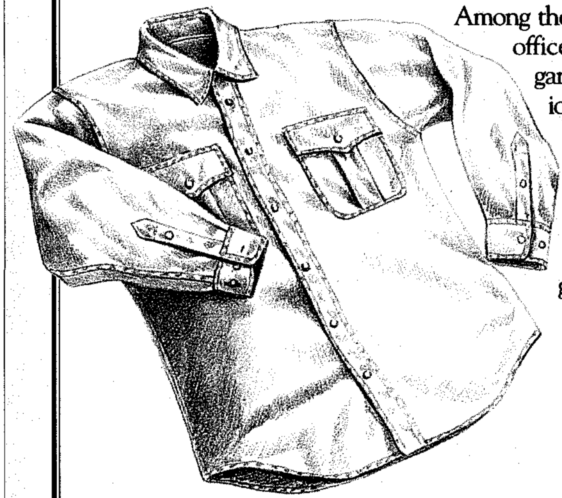


mally entered the race. But now, as the June 1st filing deadline drew closer, although everyone else concerned still felt that Johnson could not possibly run, Johnson was no longer so certain. The upcoming election would fill one Texas senatorial seat for six years; the other was held by Tom Connally, re-elected just two years before and as immensely popular as ever. Johnson felt, John Connally recalls, that "he might not ever have another chance as good as this." Connally and Wirtz told him—Connally with the diffidence of a subordinate, Wirtz with the quiet certitude that made him the "only man Johnson listened to"—that running was not feasible; that, as Connally recalls, "war fever was extremely high at this time, patriotism was extremely high, and it would have indicated he was more interested in his political future" than the war. But Johnson appears to have been unwilling to let even a war defer his ambition; he kept trying to find an excuse to escape from his promise to Allred and run. Although President Roosevelt made it clear that he wanted the Allred candidacy to go forward, so that there would be no split in the liberal vote, Johnson refused to drop the subject, and he and Connally analyzed the situation from every angle, day after day ("This went on for weeks," Connally recalls), and Johnson began quietly maneuvering to be "drafted" for the nomination.

He was also working diligently at obtaining promotion within the Navy. If he was not reporting often to his superior, Professor Barker, he was lobbying with Barker's boss, Under-Secretary Forrestal, for a job in which the roles of superior and subordinate would be reversed. And he wrote to Forrestal's personal aide, Commander John Gingrich:

> All over the place there is in evidence great need of positiveness, leadership, and direction. There is much that I should be doing that I am not. One does not function well without authority and responsibility.
>
> When and if you or the Boss run into a problem that requires energy, determination, and a modicum of experience give me the word. I need more work.

Lady Bird says that the period from January to April of 1942 was "a very frustrating time of high hopes which didn't come to fruition . . . a non-productive few months, and he didn't like it a bit." She was receiving a "constant stream of letters," she says, "and after a while I could tell in his letters that



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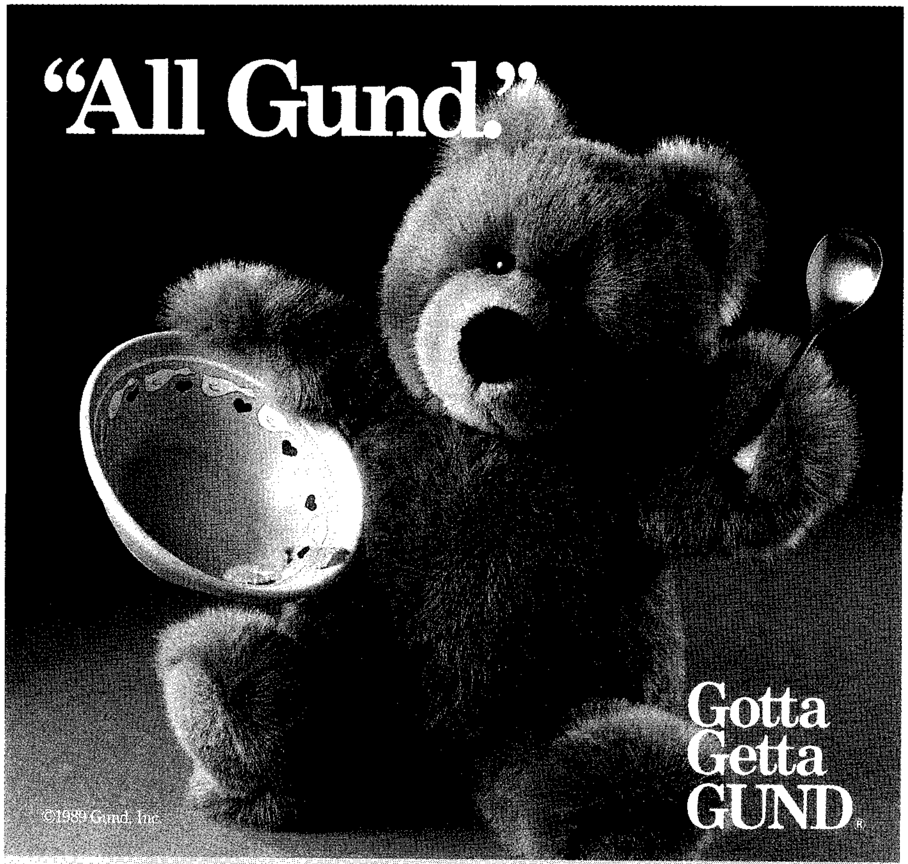

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there was an increasing frustration and feeling that he wasn't being useful, he wasn't getting the best out of his time. . . . Lyndon had been used to running his own show in Congress—and in the N.Y.A., too."

In fact, her husband's hopes were higher than Lady Bird may have known. He apparently had in mind for himself a post in which he would no longer have to salute admirals, because he would be an admiral himself—at least an admiral. He apparently had in mind a job in which he would be in a position to exercise authority over other admirals. "He wanted something big in Washington, really big," Tommy Corcoran was to recall. "He had everyone working on it for him. Wirtz was working . . ."

A letter from Wirtz at the time is more specific, and also casts light on Johnson's later contentions that during these months on the West Coast his sole aim was to get into combat. On February 23, 1942, Wirtz, Johnson's most trusted adviser, to whom he had been talking frequently on the telephone, wrote him, "I can appreciate how you feel and how much you would like to have more power to get things done." Wirtz said he had therefore attempted—unsuccessfully—to see Roosevelt and *had* seen Presidential aide Pa Watson, and had "suggested that you be made Admiral and given the same comparative job in the Navy that Knudsen has in the Army."

William S. Knudsen had just been named a lieutenant general and placed in charge of all production for the Army, giving him authority therefore over hundreds of factories producing billions of dollars' worth of war matériel (and over other generals working on production). Johnson was lobbying to be placed in a similar position over all Navy production, and over the admirals responsible for it. But Knudsen was a famous production genius, an immigrant who had risen from the assembly line to the presidency of General Motors, and had thereby been in administrative charge of one of the nation's greatest industrial enterprises. The fact that Lyndon Johnson, who had never directed *any* industrial enterprise (unless one counts the Texas N.Y.A., whose main function was to provide campus jobs for high-school and college students), wanted a comparable job shows how lavish was his appraisal of his own abilities.

LOBBY though he might at politics and promotion, however, his lobbying was yielding him nothing. Writing to the White House on March 8th, ostensibly to his friend Grace Tully, Roosevelt's secretary (in a letter he knew she would show to the President), he first tendered assurances of his support for Allred, and then added:

> Things are very dull here with me. How I yearn for activity and an assignment where I can be reasonably productive. I hope sometime you run across something that you think I can do well 24 hours per day.

But the reply, from Roosevelt himself, contained a paragraph indicating that the President regarded the Allred nomination as all but settled; the only other line was "I hope all goes well with you. My best wishes to you. As ever . . ."

And as March, the fourth month of war, drew to an end, time was running out for Lyndon Johnson. He had requested a transfer to Pearl Harbor,

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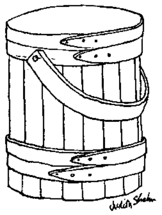
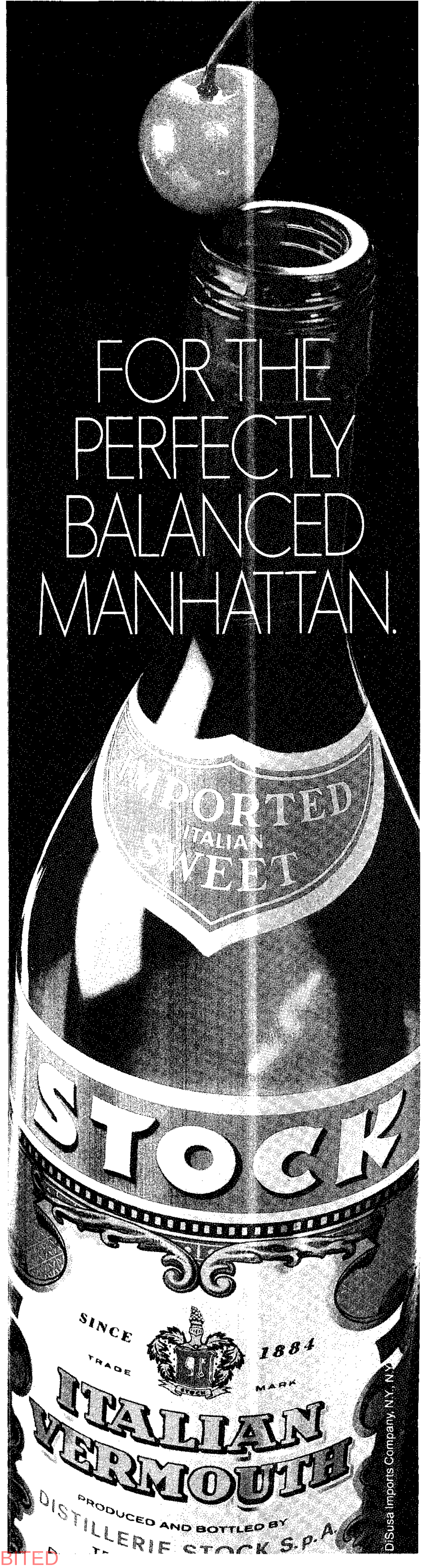
although what he planned to do there, without any service in or training for the Navy, is unclear. (As it was evidently unclear to his superior; in a letter that month, in which Barker expressed continued exasperation over the communications problem—“[I] have no address for you. . . .”—Barker wrote, “I don’t see how we can find an excuse to send you to Hawaii.”) Also unclear is the degree of enthusiasm with which Johnson was pursuing this request. If he was asking the White House for help in getting into active service, there exists no evidence of it in Roosevelt’s papers, which contain requests from Johnson only for what Corcoran calls “something big” back in Washington. At least two of Johnson’s older advisers—the two most aware of his true role in the war effort—now expressed, each in his own way, the feeling that Johnson was not trying hard enough to get into more active service. “Get your ass out of this country at once where there is danger, and then get back as soon as you can to real work,” the arrogant Charles Marsh wrote him. “If you can’t sell the Navy on ordering you out, you are not as good as I think you are. . . . It [the work in Washington] may be in Man Power; it may be in running the congressional campaign; it may be in the Congress. . . . But for God’s sake, get going and quit talking.” Alvin Wirtz’s advice was, as always, tendered in a calm, courteous manner, but, while considerably more understated than Marsh’s, it was, in essence, the same advice. After assuring Johnson that he was still trying to get him a post in Washington comparable to Knudsen’s, Wirtz had added, “I am doubtful whether it would be altogether advisable for you to be called into the White House before summer and before you have some more active service.”



The wisdom of Wirtz’s advice was becoming clearer every day. Johnson may have felt that an important enough Washington post—one he was, moreover, ordered to take by his Commander-in-Chief in the White House, so that he would have no choice but to accept the assignment instead of service in a combat zone—would redeem his campaign pledge to the people of Texas. But no such post had been offered—and what would the voters’ reaction be if he left the Navy without ever having seen battle? The Houston *Post* (“If Mr. Johnson should be merely getting himself a safe, warm naval berth . . . the voters would be certain to react accordingly”) was a friendly paper. What would the San Antonio *Light* say, or Colonel Petsch, or the none too friendly Dallas *Morning News*, should he return to Congress without ever having been “in the trenches” or “on the deck of a battleship”—without, in fact, ever having been anywhere near a combat zone?

Johnson’s secretaries were continually giving inquiring constituents the impression that, while the Congressman was, so far as they knew, at last report, on the Pacific Coast, he was there only en route to a destination thousands of miles farther west—the war zone in the Pacific—and, indeed, might be there already, for all they knew. But voters went on asking—out of solicitude—where the Congressman was. And on March 13th a minor state official and Pappy O’Daniel supporter, O. P. Lockhart, apparently having learned of Johnson’s true whereabouts, publicly suggested that if Johnson was going to spend the war on the West Coast he might as well return to Washington, where he would at least be serving the district; Lockhart called on him either to resign from Congress or to return to it. Rushing out a reply, Wirtz said that “Lyndon Johnson is rendering patriotic and valuable service,” but did not specify what it was. Marsh’s executive editor, Charles E. Green, chimed in, writing that “government censorship does not permit me to say what Lyndon Johnson is doing. . . . But he’s doing a job for his nation. . . .”

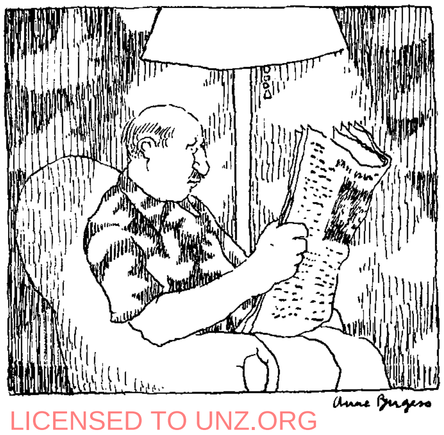
How long, however, could the reality of the situation be concealed? Even young O. J. Weber was forced to give his boss a warning. In a letter on March 16th Weber wrote, “The matter of your being out of Washington is coming to a showdown and . . . you’re going to get caught no matter which way you jump. . . . Even if the President calls you back there will be that element who will say, I told you he wouldn’t get in any trenches with the boys. Since the movement to recall members on duty with the armed forces is gathering momentum every day don’t you think it is doubly important that you get on a boat and get to Pearl



Harbor or some other place like that NOW and as quick as you can?" In another letter Weber wrote, "We're going to have to have an answer [to voters' inquiries]. Any way you take it the situation will be embarrassing." Other aides, back in Austin, were similarly warning Johnson that his constituents' curiosity about his precise whereabouts and duties was rising. Johnson's reply to one of these aides, James Blundell, contained a note of defensiveness: "I am under orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and the Commander-in-Chief. I don't give the orders but I do take them. Today I am here, tomorrow I don't know where I will be, but it will be where they think I can do the most."

Even more ominously, inquiries were becoming increasingly insistent from reporters from newspapers all over Texas, not out of suspicion but simply out of eagerness to do articles on him. Newspapers had reprinted a cryptic message that Warren Magnuson scribbled from "somewhere in the Pacific": "I am getting it. Otherwise I am still afloat." The Congressman's carrier, part of a task force that had raided Wake Island and the Solomons, had just finished dodging torpedoes from a Japanese plane while Japanese bombs rained down. Other congressmen were now in service. (Twenty-seven would eventually serve.) A third member of the Naval Affairs Committee, Representative Melvin Maas, of Minnesota, was with the Marines in the South Pacific, where he would win, among other medals, the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. Another Texan, Representative Eugene Worley, had become a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and was in the South Pacific. Representative James Van Zandt, of Pennsylvania, also a lieutenant commander, was in the North Atlantic, on a destroyer escorting convoys through U-boat-infested seas. Having made during his last campaign a promise similar to Johnson's—to enlist in the event of war and serve in the front lines—Representative Frank C. Osmers, of New Jersey, had redeemed that pledge on the day after Congress declared war; he had enlisted as a buck private and requested assignment to a combat unit, with which he would later participate in the Okinawa and Philippine invasions. Articles were appearing about *these* congressmen. Still unwilling to abandon his political ambitions, Johnson, as the months passed, had been unable to decide whether to file for the Senate seat or for reëlection to the House; the filing deadline for both races was June 1st, and, no matter which election he selected, the announcement of his filing would focus attention on his war service, attention which, under the present circumstances, might prove disastrous for either candidacy. If he wasn't going to get "something big" in Washington, he needed to be in a combat zone when he announced. And there might not be much time left, for Wirtz had let him know that the order recalling all congressmen to the House, an order whose issuance would require him either to resign from Congress or to return without ever having seen combat, was under active consideration at the White House.

In desperation, Johnson headed back to Washington with Connally on April 13th. In Washington, he made no secret of the pragmatism with which he viewed the war. A diary entry that a new White House aide, Jonathan Daniels, made after meeting him for the first time says that Johnson "wants for the sake of political future to get into danger zone though realizes talents best suited for handling speakers and public relations." Telling Presidential secretary Marvin McIntyre that he would wait around Washington as long as necessary to meet with Roosevelt, Johnson was finally given an appointment on Sunday, April 26th. To judge from later communications, during this meeting he again sounded out Roosevelt about the Senate race—and the President again declined, this time firmly, to assist him. After a nudge from Forrestal, however, Roosevelt did assist him with his other problem. The President had decided to send a three-man survey team to report on the war effort in the Southwest Pacific. Two lieutenant colonels, one representing air forces, the other ground forces, from the War Department General Staff had already been selected. When Forrestal suggested Johnson as the Navy's representative on the survey team, Roosevelt agreed. On April 29th, he was ordered to Australia.



On May 1st, still unwilling to foreclose a senatorial race, Lyndon Johnson signed two applications, one filing him for that race, the other for reëlection to his congressional seat, and told Connally, who would be remaining in Washington, to consult with Wirtz and make a final decision on which seat to file him for. Then, with Mary Rather and O. J. Weber acting as witnesses, he wrote out a will in longhand, leaving all his possessions to his wife, sealed the will in an envelope, and left for San Francisco. (Another envelope was sealed at this time; it was a large manila envelope, on which had been written "To be opened only by JBC"—Connally—"or LBJ." Inside was a leather carrying case containing four photographs, four of the pictures taken by Arnold Genthe of "the most beautiful woman" he had ever seen. Where Johnson placed the envelope at this time is unknown; it would later be kept in one of the locked filing cabinets in the office of his assistant Walter Jenkins, in which Johnson's most sensitive papers were stored.) On May 7, 1942, five months after America entered the war, Lyndon Johnson boarded a huge PBY Coronado Flying Boat for the long flight to Honolulu—on his way across the Pacific to Palmyra, the Fiji Islands, New Caledonia, Australia, and the war. He had brought with him at least one political accoutrement—scores of copies of his formal portrait—and waiting for him in Nouméa, the capital of New Caledonia, was a brief reminder of politics: a telegram from the White House. Roosevelt was apparently concerned that Johnson might try to circumvent his strictures against a Senate race, and the telegram warned him off. It was signed by McIntyre, the Presidential secretary, who officially spoke only in the names of Rayburn and himself—but Johnson knew whom McIntyre was actually speaking for. "MUCH TALK DRAFTING YOU SENATE RACE. SAM AND I THINK YOU SHOULD WIRE SOMEONE TEXAS YOU WOULD NOT RECONSIDER." And when Johnson arrived in Melbourne, Australia, there was another reminder. Charles Marsh had been urging him to run for the Senate, but, Johnson knew, it was not Charles who had the brilliant political mind at Longlea. He had asked Alice for *her* advice, and for a report on the reaction to the suggestion that he be drafted for the race, and on May 31st he received it, on the other side of the world: "CHARLES BELIEVES YOU SHOULD FILE FOR SENATE. POLLS SHOW YOU LEADING. NO ONE ELSE SHARES HIS OPINION ENTHUSIASTICALLY. IF POSSIBLE, TELEPHONE. LOVE, ALICE MARSH." Whether Lyndon telephoned Alice is not known, but he did get through to John Connally. Calls from the South Pacific were limited in duration. "It had to be very short," Connally recalls. "He just asked, 'What did you file me for?' 'I filed you for reëlection.' 'That's fine.' "

Those were the last reminders of politics. Then Lyndon Johnson headed into a war zone.

IN Melbourne, Lieutenant Commander Johnson and his fellow-"observers," Lieutenant Colonels Samuel Anderson and Francis R. Stevens, met General Douglas MacArthur, who paced back and forth in front of the maps on his wall as he gave the survey team from Washington an overview of the war in one of his famous *tours d'horizon*. The General's staff had arranged an itinerary for them: first, they would inspect major industrial and training sites in the Southeast Australia countryside, near Melbourne, and then they would head more than a thousand miles north, to the bases from which air raids were being flown against Japanese installations in the conquered portion of New Guinea. Recognizing the importance of a congressman close to the President, the politically astute MacArthur had detailed a blue-ribbon escort team, headed by a brigadier general, William F. Marquat, to accompany the observers.

The tour was conducted in the shadow of a war that was going badly. While the big Coronado was crossing the Pacific, the Japanese had been capturing island after island. During Johnson's stopover in Hawaii, the first rumors of a great naval battle in the Coral Sea had begun trickling in. By the time he landed in Nouméa, the rumors had become reports: of defeat, and of the loss of yet another aircraft carrier, the Lexington. With the Japanese now not only on New Guinea but on New Britain and Portuguese Timor, Australia itself was filled with fears of impending invasion—and of impending abandonment by its battered American ally. The lack of equipment was borne home to the three observers when they learned that the plane assigned by MacArthur as their transportation, an early-model B-17 Flying Fortress named the Swoose, had been grounded by a lack of spare parts. After several days spent touring the Melbourne area, they were flown north on an ancient Australian airliner, first to Sydney, then to Brisbane, and finally to Townsville, in northern Queensland, for a visit to Garbutt Field, headquarters of the 22nd Bomb Group. At a final briefing just before they left for Garbutt, they were told that a battle was shaping up at that moment, near the island of Midway.

When Johnson arrived at Garbutt Field, on June 6th, he found himself in a landscape almost as flat and barren as

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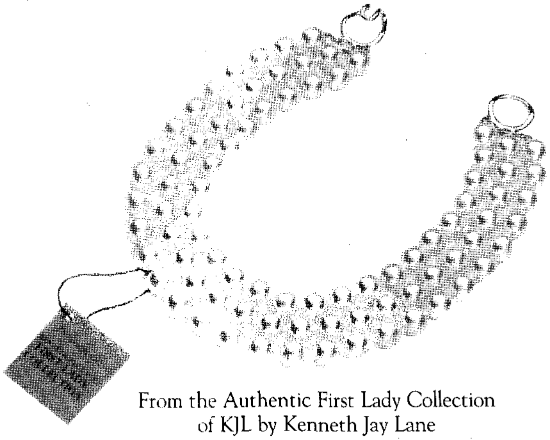

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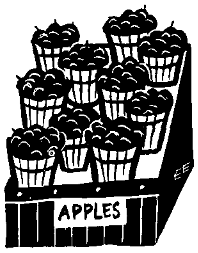
a desert; the trees were small and stunted, the undergrowth sparse. Amid the trees stood tents—old and frayed—and planes, twelve Martin B-26 Marauders of the 22nd Bomb Group, twin-engined medium bombers much smaller than the four-engine Flying Fortresses he had seen near Melbourne. Not one of the Marauders was unscarred. The three observers walked among them, looking at the blackened marks left by fires, at the small, neat bullet holes, at the gaping punctures caused by shellfire from Japanese guns, at the jagged, gleaming shards of metal that protruded from them. One Marauder, which had evidently been forced to come in with its landing gear retracted, lay tilted on its side, the tip of one wing on the ground, the propeller on that wing bent and blackened by fire. The other wing pointed to the sky; the engine on that wing, jolted loose by the crash, hung down. Around the planes scurried mechanics, frantically trying, with almost no spare parts available, to get them ready again for combat, hammering, welding, threading belts of fresh ammunition into machine guns. Other members of the ground crews were hoisting bombs—slim hundred-pounders, big five-hundred-pounders—into open bomb-bay doors. Watching them were crew members, their faces showing exhaustion and tension. Their uniforms were ripped and tattered. Some, because their uniforms had worn out and there were no new ones available, had donned Australian shorts, bush hats, and cowboy boots. Some wore fresh bandages, stained with blood. Lyndon Johnson may have tried—and, for six months, had succeeded—to avoid being in a combat zone. He may have arrived in one finally only for what Jonathan Daniels had called the sake of his political future. But, whatever the reason, Lyndon Johnson was in a combat zone now.

IF one characteristic of Lyndon Johnson was a boundless ambition, another was a willingness, on behalf of that ambition, to make efforts that were also without bounds.

As an N.Y.A. director, to whom, according to an aide, "hours made no difference, days made no difference, nights made no difference"; as an unknown twenty-eight-year-old running his first, seemingly hopeless campaign for Congress against seven older, better-known opponents, a race in which he drove himself so ruthlessly that a fellow-politician, a man who worked terribly hard himself, said, "I never knew a man could work that hard"; at every stage in his adult life—as congressman's secretary, congressman, senatorial candidate—he had displayed a willingness to push to their very edge, and beyond the edge, the limits not only of politics but of himself. In every crisis in his life, he had worked until the weight dropped off his body, and his eyes sank into his head, and his face grew gaunt and cavernous, and he trembled with fatigue, and the rashes on his hands grew raw and angry; and whenever, at the end of one more of a very long line of very long days, he realized that there was still one more task that should be done, he would turn without a word hinting at fatigue to do it, to do it perfectly. His career had been a story of manipulation, deceit, and ruthlessness, but it had also been a story of an intense physical and spiritual striving that was utterly unsparing; he would sacrifice himself to his ambition as ruthlessly as he sacrificed others. If you did "*everything*, you will win." To Lyndon Johnson, "everything" meant literally that: absolutely anything that was necessary. If some particular effort might help, that effort would be made, no matter how difficult making it might be.



It would be made even if the effort required was the one that was, of all efforts, perhaps the most difficult for him to make.

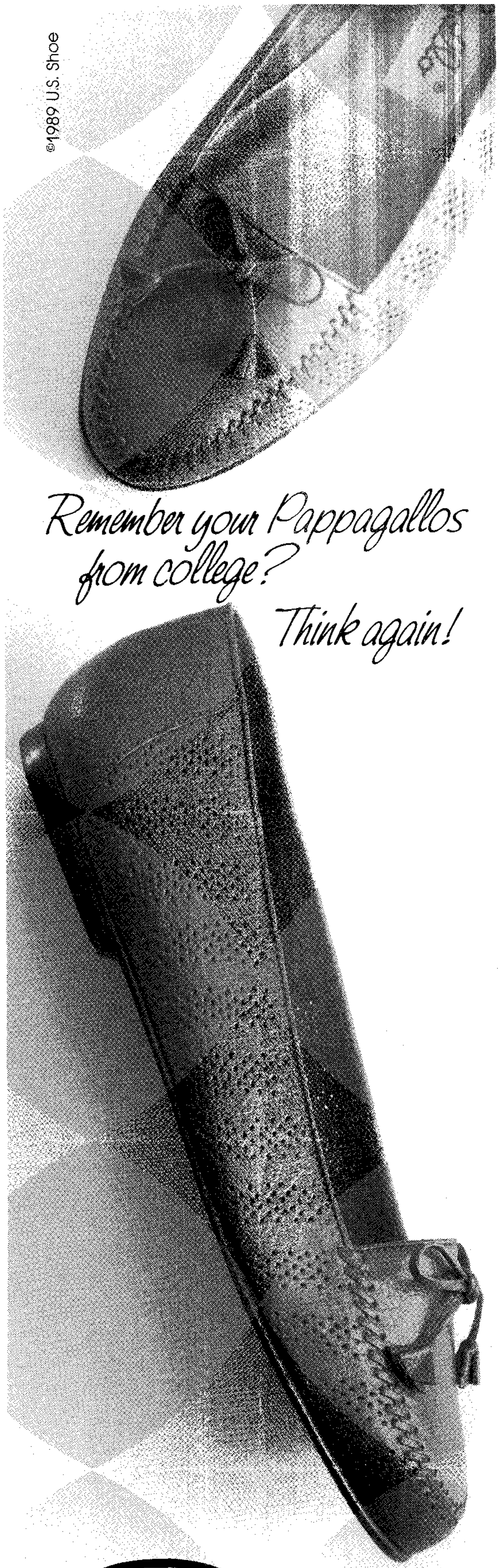
One prominent aspect of Lyndon Johnson's makeup, particularly notable because of the rough-and-tumble world in which he had been raised, was his attitude toward physical danger, real or imagined. To Johnson City boys, wrestling and fistfights were normal parts of growing up. Lyndon Johnson had displayed a conspicuous hesitancy and timidity at participating in these activities, or at riding an unruly horse or diving from a not very high bank into the Pedernales River—at any of the routine roughhousing of youth. And at college, if a fellow-student, antagonized by him, approached him to fight, Johnson would immediately, without a single gesture of resistance, fall back on a bed and kick his feet in the air with a frantic windmilling motion to keep his foe away, while yelling, "If you hit me, I'll kick you! If you hit me, I'll kick you!"—a scene that astonished other students, one of whom says, "Every kid in the state of Texas had fights then, but he wouldn't fight. He was an absolute physical coward."

Whether or not this view, widespread among his fellow-students, was correct, certainly Lyndon Johnson had never been casual about his physical well-being; on the contrary, he had always been unusually anxious to avoid even the slightest exposure to violence, danger, or risk. Never, in any physical encounter, had he conspicuously displayed courage.

But if courage was needed now, it would be there.

Lyndon Johnson was in a combat zone, but he was in it only as an observer, not as a combatant. Yet recall by the President was imminent: he was never going to be "in the trenches" or "on a battleship"; this trip as an observer was to be his only direct participation in the war. And if he was never going to be a combatant, if the closest he could get to fulfilling his campaign promise, the only means now left to him of protecting his "political future," was to *see* combat—then he was going to see it.

On the night of his arrival at Garbutt Field, and on the next day, he, Anderson, and Stevens talked to the airmen of the 22nd Bomb Group, hearing about the missions they had been flying. The missions were mostly against the Japanese airbase at Lae, on the northeast coast of New Guinea, and Lae was a tough mission. Martin Caidin and Edward Hymoff report in their 1964 book "The Mission"—the best available account of Johnson's experiences in the Pacific—that just getting to the target was tough. Since Lae, at five hundred miles from Garbutt Field, was outside the range of a B-26, the Marauders flew first to Seven-Mile Strip, a primitive little American base hacked out of the New Guinea jungle on the south side of the Owen Stanley Range, which towered up to thirteen thousand feet between it and Lae. The flight from Garbutt Field to Seven-Mile, as it was called, was over the ocean. The men knew what was in that ocean: as one said, "so many sharks that we could fly low and actually see



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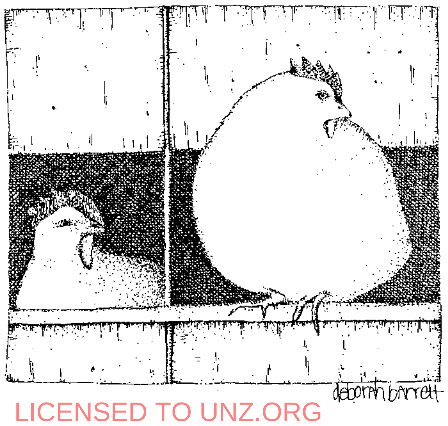
their fins and bodies cutting the water." (The quotations here concerning Johnson's experiences in the Pacific, and much of the information are contained in "The Mission.") Occasionally, for sport, the machine gunners fired at the fins; then the water would turn red as other sharks tore apart those that had been killed or wounded. Just ten days before, a badly hit B-26, returning from Lae, had fallen into the ocean; a Japanese pilot later wrote that he had seen "thirty or forty" sharks swarming around the crew members as they scrambled frantically to get into a life raft. "Suddenly one of the men thrust his hands high above his head and disappeared. The others were beating fiercely at the water. . . . Then the second man disappeared. I circled lower and lower, and nearly gagged as I saw the flash of teeth which closed on the arm of the third man. The lone survivor, a big bald-headed man, was clinging to the raft with one hand and swinging wildly with a knife in the other. Then he, too, was gone. . . ."

After refuelling at Seven-Mile, the Marauders took off for Lae—from a runway that, surrounded by mountains and jungle, was too short, that ran up and down a hill, and was pocked with bomb craters so hastily filled with dirt and stones that the wheels of a heavily loaded plane sometimes sank into one; just taking off from Seven-Mile, the pilots told the three observers, could be "pretty hairy." And almost as soon as they had taken off they were over the Owen Stanley Range. Since a B-26 carried no oxygen equipment, the pilots sometimes attempted to fly through the passes in the rugged range, often during turbulent tropical storms (there were no facilities for forecasting weather), before swinging out over the ocean again—the Solomon Sea—for the best bombing approach to Lae. Anti-aircraft fire over the target was heavy. The young men standing talking with Lyndon Johnson had flown through it so many times that they had given nicknames to various gunners; the most dangerous, they told him, was the one whose bursts followed so hard on one another that they had named him Rapid Roberts. And then there were the Zeros, which would roar up to meet them, or swoop down on them, out of the sun. Johnson had heard reports that the Japanese fighter planes were less maneuverable than American planes; the American pilots corrected him: the Japanese planes were more maneuverable, they said. And, they told Johnson, the Japanese pilots were *good*. The three observers stood listening as they were told about the bombers that had been shot down, and about the planes that, battered, with one engine gone, had struggled home—over the ocean, and the sharks.

The young airmen standing there at Garbutt Field that day, in their bush hats and shorts, had, Anderson was to recall, a "jaunty air," but as Lyndon Johnson talked to them he was talking with men who were so familiar with death that they had evaluated its relative forms. One pilot described a recent crash in which a B-26, failing to clear the trees, had plowed into them and exploded in a great fireball. When the three observers expressed horror, the pilots told them that they didn't understand: after a crash, an explosion was a blessing, since the men in it died instantly; the alternative was burning to death in the wreckage. But the airmen's matter-of-factness could not conceal the odds against them: two weeks before, six B-25s from another squadron had raided Lae; five of the six had been shot down. Although the exact percentage of American bombers lost on raids against Lae in 1942 is unknown, one estimate is that on a typical raid between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the planes did not return. The men Lyndon Johnson stood talking with among the battered planes of the 22nd Bomb Group were men who were face to face with death every time they took off on a mission. The following morning, their escort, Brigadier General Marquat, told the three observers that the 22nd Bomb Group's next mission against Lae would take place the next day, on June 9th. Arrangements had, of course, been made for Anderson, as the Air Force observer, to fly on the mission, Marquat said, and now Stevens, Anderson's associate in Washington, said he was also going. There was no reason, Marquat made clear, for Commander Johnson to go: he was an observer for the Navy, and the Navy had no connection with this mission. Commander Johnson said he was going, too.



AFTER an early dinner on June 8th, Johnson, Anderson, and Stevens went to bed. The twelve Marauders had already taken off for Seven-Mile Strip, where they would refuel for the flight to Lae; the three observers were to be picked up about 2:30 A.M. by a B-17 that was bringing two generals to Seven-Mile to watch the Marauders take off.

A message had been sent ahead to the strip's commanding officer, Brigadier General Martin F. Scanlon—that, as Scanlon recalls it, "an important congressman would be arriving." The B-17 got to Seven-Mile late, so the Marauders—loaded, fuelled and ready to go—had to wait on the runways for the planeload of officers to land. But from the moment Lyndon Johnson stepped off the B-17 onto that rough little airstrip in the jungle, wearing khaki pants and shirt, a bulky dark-blue Navy jacket without sleeves, and his uniform cap, and, with a broad smile, shook hands with General Scanlon, he put everyone at his ease. "Affable, nice . . . doing a job and making very little fuss about it" was how Scanlon was to remember him. Introduced to Lieutenant Willis G. Bench, on whose B-26, the Wabash Cannonball, he had been assigned to fly, he shook hands and was led to his seat on the plane. Crouched over—there wasn't space enough in the Marauders for a man six feet three inches tall to stand erect—he climbed into a narrow compartment behind the cockpit.

There was a further short delay before takeoff. During it, Johnson stepped off the Wabash Cannonball and walked away to urinate. Climbing back into the plane, he discovered that his seat had been taken by Colonel Stevens. Johnson was later to recall that he had told Stevens that he had been on the plane first, but Stevens, he said, "just grinned," and told him to "find another plane." Shrugging, Johnson got off the Cannonball—he left behind his movie camera and film—and walked over to another B-26,

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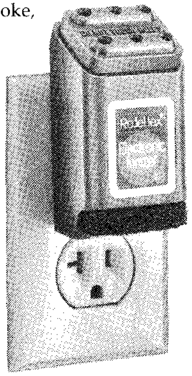

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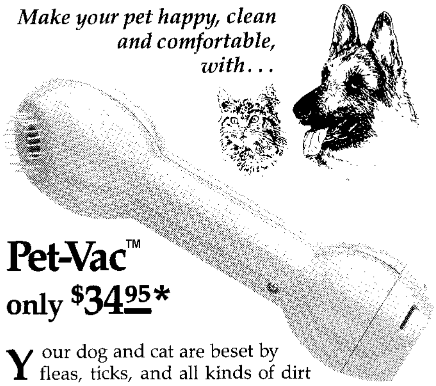

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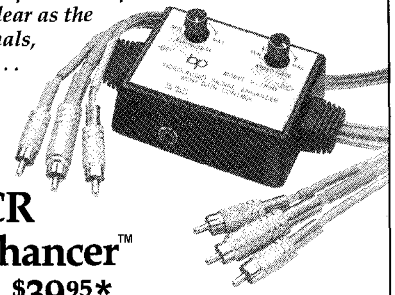

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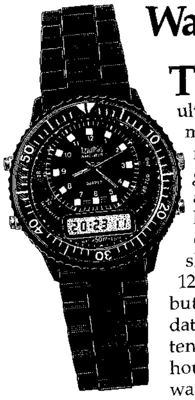

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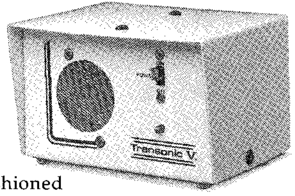

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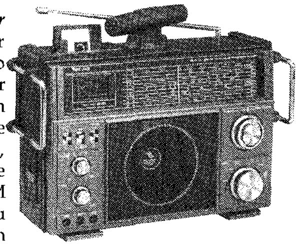

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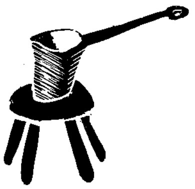
the Heckling Hare. Standing under the painted caricature on its fuselage—of a rabbit dropping bombs from a flying carpet—he asked the Heckling Hare's pilot, Lieutenant Walter H. Greer, if he could ride on his plane. When Greer agreed, the tall man in the lieutenant commander's cap turned to the members of the bomber's crew and said he would like their permission, too, and when they gave it he displayed during the several remaining minutes before takeoff "the amazing talent for meeting and greeting," for striking up instant friendships and intimacy, that had been astonishing people all his life. Sergeant Claude McCredie, the bombardier, was setting bomb fuses in the bomb bay, one of the last actions before takeoff, and Johnson started to ask him questions. "I was startled at the questions," McCredie later told Caidin and Hymoff. "We've had the 'wheels' that came poking around before, but it was more effect than anything else. You can tell at once if a man really is interested. . . ." Then Johnson approached the tail gunner, Corporal Harry Baren, and asked him his name. "We started to kibitz around," Baren said. "The moment you started talking with him, you liked the guy." Baren liked him so much, in fact, that "it suddenly dawned on me that this guy was really coming along to Lae with us"—and Baren warned him of what was coming. "You're out of your goddam mind," he said. Baren and McCredie, who was listening, both recall the corporal saying, "This ain't no milk run, believe me. You don't need to come along and get shot up to find out about conditions here, or the things we need: we'll *tell* you that. . . ." Johnson, as Baren was to recall, explained that he had come to the Pacific to find out for himself what conditions were, and that "the only way a man could ever know what things were like was to go and see it with his own eyes, and to experience it for himself." And when Baren again "told him just how rough it was up there . . . all he did was grin." He kidded with the crew until the Marauders' engines, which had been idling, began to thunder, and Greer shouted down to his crew to board the plane. Donning a parachute—the harness had been adjusted for a shorter man, and there was no time to change it, so Johnson couldn't stand erect, but once inside the plane he had to hunch over anyway—Johnson climbed into the cramped fuselage and sat down in a small cubicle on the right side of the plane just behind the cockpit. Across the narrow passageway, on the left side of the plane, was a small window. A clear plastic bubble, the "navigator's dome," was above him. If he stood on a stool, he would be able to look out the dome across the top of the plane.



Lyndon Johnson sat, seat belt on, parachute and harness bending him forward, as the Heckling Hare jounced down the bumpy runway and then laboriously groaned its way into the air with its heavy bomb load. The plane kept climbing—the squadron had to get over the Owen Stanley Range—and for a while, at fourteen thousand feet, the air was thin, but he had been warned that this would happen, and had been told that it wouldn't last long. The twelve B-26s divided into three formations, each formation a staggered V shape of four bombers; the Heckling Hare was in the third position in the last V. They flew for about an hour. Then they were nearing the target. In front of them, the first two formations were settling into their bombing runs, and then suddenly Captain Greer alerted his gunners: there were Zeros ahead—ahead and above them. And then, without warning, the Heckling Hare staggered, and all at once Johnson could feel the plane slow down and begin to lose altitude; the generator that controlled the right engine had failed. Immediately, the plane began to drop behind the formation, and it turned to head home. And then, in McCredie's words, "all hell broke loose."

A lone Zero was bearing in on them, charging across the sky. Bullets were smashing into the plane, and cannon shells were bursting against it, like shotguns being fired right beside your ear. The plane began skidding across the sky, diving wildly, trying to climb, diving again, then swerving, weaving, as Greer frantically jerked it through the air. Somewhere in those first few moments, the pilot jettisoned the bombs to lighten the plane. "Here he comes!" someone screamed, and the Zero, which for a moment had overshot them because of Greer's maneuvering, was boring in again, and again the

B-26 shuddered as it was hit. Its own guns were in action now, filling the plane with a steady rumble; it shuddered and shook from the recoil of the big machine guns in the tail and waist, the fuselage was filled with the roars and the explosions, and with the smell of powder, and all the time the plane lurched and screamed back and forth through the air as Greer worked the rudders from side to side—for long moments without result. “We were getting hit all over the place,” McCredie would say. “You could feel the bullets banging into the airplane. And those cannon shells . . .” The Zero was suddenly gone, and Greer was heading for a cloud bank that could spell safety when, suddenly, a wave of seven more Zeros was around them, and bullets and shells were smashing into the Marauder again, and again the plane was skidding and weaving wildly across the sky. And then McCredie, firing from the nose, had his machine gun jam, and Greer shouted at him to get back to one of the waist guns, and he started to crawl back along the narrow passageway, and as he did he saw their passenger.

Lyndon Johnson was standing stooped over, so that he could see out the little window, and what he was seeing was three Zeros. One would fake a pass, and when the guns of the B-26 followed him the others would come screaming straight in—straight at the plane, straight, it seemed, at that window, straight at him—with the leading edges of their wings spitting bullets, until, at the very last instant, the Japanese pilots dropped and zoomed under the B-26. “It was the kind of sight that scared you right out of your wits,” McCredie was to say. Johnson was looking steadily out the window. He turned as McCredie crawled by, and held up three fingers. He pointed out the window. “There’re three out there on the left,” he said calmly. And he smiled. McCredie took a look—one look, “figuring they were still laying off. But they were coming straight at us and firing! . . . The guns and cannons were all firing at us.” McCredie pushed past. As he did, Johnson grinned at him, “cool as a cucumber.” Things seemed to get worse. The sky was filled with flashing wings with red balls painted on them as the Marauder struggled for the clouds. Radioman-gunner Lillis Walker had to leave his waist gun to crawl forward to the radio and find out if Seven-Mile Strip was clear for a landing. “It sure was rough. . . . The Zeros stayed with us, working us over, like they were having . . . target practice.” And then, as he crawled, “There was this passenger of ours. . . .” The passenger wasn’t looking out the little window any longer. He had pulled out a stool, and was standing on it and looking out the navigator’s bubble on top of the plane. There was a better view from up there. “From up there,” Walker was to say, “that’s a sight to scare the living daylights out of you. A couple of Zeros were in front of us, and coming in, firing everything they had, and you’re looking straight into the face of death when *that* happens.” Lyndon Johnson, the physical coward who was afraid of a fistfight, was looking into that face. He was, Walker was to say, “just as calm as if we were on a sightseeing tour. . . . Bullets were singing through the plane all about us and we were being hit by those cannon shells, and he was—well, just calm, and watching everything.” He got down off the stool, so that Walker could push past to the radio. Walker recalls what Lyndon Johnson said as he passed. “Boy,” Johnson said, “it’s rough up here, isn’t it?” And Walker recalls what he said in reply: “Yeah, I’m always scared up here.” And he recalls what Lyndon Johnson did next. “He burst out laughing at me. I’m sure he felt exactly the way I did, but he just didn’t show it. He didn’t show it a bit.”

Then, at last, they were in the clouds, and safe. After a while, they were home. Greer brought the plane in, nursing the bad engine, touching down without a jar. The crew climbed down to the ground. Several officers were rushing up to see if the Congressman was all right, but before he turned to them Johnson had a last word for the crew. “It’s been very interesting,” he said. Then he grinned again.

“I don’t think I’ve ever met anyone from the Barbarian sector before.”

NINE of the eleven other Marauders returned to Seven-Mile Strip shortly after the Heckling Hare, having dropped their bombs on the Lae airfield and raced for home through the Zeros, some of the Marauders skimming the ocean so low that the vacuum created by their propellers kicked up whirlpools on the waves. Ambulances sped out, and wounded men were carried off the planes and taken to

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a makeshift hospital. Then came a wait as Johnson stood there with officers and men, until, finally, another plane appeared, riddled from nose to tail, the belly of the ship so shredded that the landing gear couldn't be lowered. A pilot ran to a radio, and talked the ship down to a belly landing; it slid to a halt in a cloud of dust. Then there was another wait, but there was no plane at the end of it. Many of the airmen had known there wouldn't be. They had seen one B-26, hit by shellfire from a Zero, fall through the sky, thick black smoke pouring from an engine, and crash into the water with shattering impact. Everyone aboard it was killed. That plane was the Wabash Cannonball, the plane in which Lyndon Johnson had been supposed to fly. In it when it crashed was his movie camera—and Lieutenant Colonel Francis Stevens, who had taken his seat.

LYNDON JOHNSON had seen combat, had been *in* combat, under fire, if only as an observer. The next day, he headed home, at 7:10 A.M., boarding the B-17 that would carry the two generals and other high-ranking officers as well as him and his surviving fellow-observer, Sam Anderson, back to Australia—first to Darwin, and then on the long flight south to Melbourne, where Johnson and Anderson would catch a Coronado PBY back to the United States.

On the trip home, there was one more adventure. On the second leg, over what Johnson later was to recall as "El Paso desert country" between Darwin and Cloncurry, the plane's navigational equipment failed, and the pilot became lost. After vainly flying for four hours in a box search pattern (continually increasing the size of the boxes in hope of finding a recognizable landmark), with the generals and other officers crowded into the cockpit giving advice, the pilot, with fuel and daylight running out, decided to land the plane in a pasture not far from a windmill and a ranch house. With the officers and Lyndon Johnson huddled in the rear—Johnson was holding on to the tail guns for support—so their weight would act as a brake to slow the plane after it landed, they hit the ground with a jolt. Australian ranchers suddenly appeared, and, one of the crew later recalled, "Right away, Lieutenant Commander Johnson gets busy. He begins to get acquainted. They tell him

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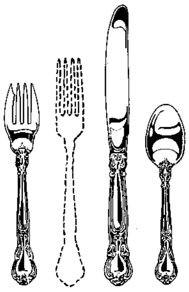

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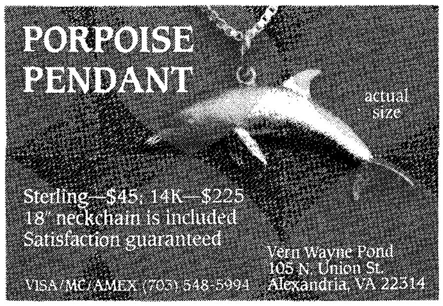

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where we are and some of them go off to get a truck to take us into town where we can telephone, and more keep coming, and Johnson is shaking hands all around, and he comes back and tells us these are real folks—the best damn folks in the world, except maybe the folks in his own Texas. Pretty soon he knows all their first names, and they're telling him why there ought to be a high tariff on wool, and there's no question he swung that county for Johnson before we left. He was in his element. I know he sure swung the . . . crew. He can carry that precinct any day."

And there was a medal. After a several-hour-long cross-country drive over rutted roads to the nearest town—Winton—with the local sheriff, who arrived with several ancient cars, an uneventful flight the next day to Melbourne, and five days of rest and briefings, Johnson and Anderson were suddenly summoned to General MacArthur's office on June 18th, a few hours before they were scheduled to leave for the United States. Appearing irritated at Johnson, MacArthur said that of course Anderson had had to take part in the air raid, since he was an Air Force observer, but that he couldn't understand why an observer for the Navy had risked his life. Johnson replied, according to Anderson, that "many of the airmen . . . knew that he was a congressman from Texas—that many were his constituents—and that he wanted to show them he would face the same dangers they had to face." MacArthur listened for a while to what Johnson and Anderson had to report. As they were about to leave, he suddenly said that he had posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, an Army medal second only to the Congressional Medal of Honor, to Colonel Stevens. Then he told the two men he was awarding each of them the Silver Star, the Army's third-highest decoration. After a somewhat awkward pause, MacArthur said, "We don't have any Silver Stars out here. And the citations haven't been written yet." There was a supply of ribbons in his outer office, he said; "You can pick [them] up, and start wearing them."

And, as in many crucial episodes in Lyndon Johnson's life, there was illness. Hardly had the big Coronado Flying Boat lifted off from Sydney when he took to a bunk on the plane, feeling "terrible," and during the nine-hour flight he developed a fever. After their arrival in Nouméa that evening; Navy doctors ordered him to the sick bay of a submarine tender in the harbor, but the next morning, anxious to get home, he refused their advice to stay, and flew on. That day, he began to shake badly with a chill and a high fever. Anderson and crewmen wrapped him in blankets; the pilot wanted to return to Nouméa, but Johnson insisted they continue homeward. By the time the Coronado set down that night, in Suva, in the Fiji Islands, however, his fever was 103.6°. Anderson took him to a local hospital, where, Johnson wrote in his diary, he "got insulted." In bed in a hotel there, he became delirious, and began vomiting. In a Navy hospital, medication brought his fever down, but when the Coronado left the next morning it left without him. He had asked Anderson to get in touch with Admiral Nimitz at Pearl Harbor, and inform him of his condition. Nimitz immediately sent doctors to Suva, and after four days in

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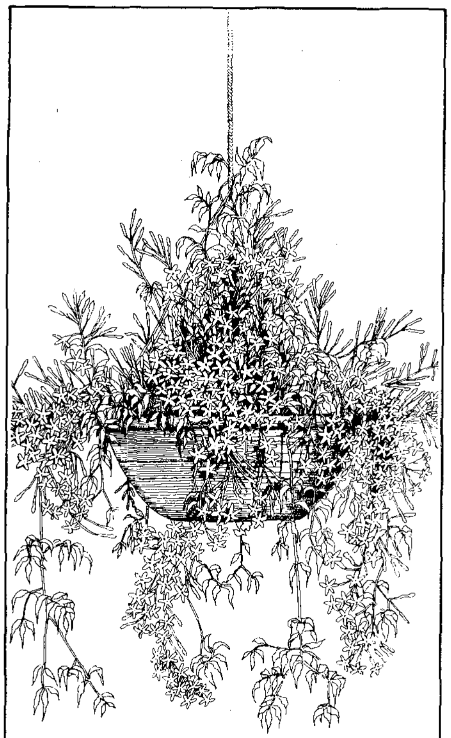

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the hospital Johnson left for Pearl Harbor, where he remained for treatment at the Navy hospital until July 6th, when he began the four-day flight to Washington, arriving there weighing a hundred and eighty pounds—twenty-five less than when he had left. By July 10th, White House aide Daniels would write, "Lyndon Johnson [is] back from his politically essential plunge into the Pacific."

On July 9th, President Roosevelt released a directive ordering all congressmen in the armed forces to return to Congress. Of the eight congressmen then on active service, four, including Vincent Harrington, of Iowa, who was later killed in action, reacted to the order by resigning from Congress so that they could stay in uniform. Four, including Johnson, resigned from the armed forces. In explaining his resignation, Johnson was to say, "I had been ordered out of uniform and back to Washington by my Commander-in-Chief." He was back in the House, out of uniform, within a week after his return.

THE story of Lyndon Johnson's service in the armed forces during the Second World War, brief though it may be, nonetheless reveals violently clashing contradictions in his character.

During his 1941 senatorial campaign, except for an occasional reference to "scrubbing the deck of a battleship" as an ordinary sailor, he had repeatedly promised to "be in the front line, in the trenches, in the mud and blood." But he had known when he had promised to "tear up my draft number" that he would not *have* a draft number—it was, indeed, at least partly so that he would not be eligible for the draft that he had had the foresight to obtain a commission in the Naval Reserve. (And, naturally, since the commission was as a lieutenant commander, scrubbing the deck of a battleship—or performing any other function of an ordinary sailor—was not a possibility, either.) He could, of course, have torn up the commission, and obtained a draft number (or could have enlisted), but he did not do that.

What he did do, in obedience to orders that he himself had had a hand in drafting, was to spend the first five months of the war trying to further his political future while ensconcing himself in precisely the type of bureaucratic "safe, warm naval berth" he had promised to avoid. For five months, he delayed and stalled, making no serious attempt to get into combat while having what his sidekick John Connally was to call "a lot of fun." And when, after six months of the war had passed, he finally did enter a combat zone—when he no longer had any choice, when "for sake of political future" he *had* to get into a combat zone, and get there fast—he went not to fight (in the trenches or anywhere else) but to observe. Despite flying more than twenty thousand miles to reach that combat zone and return home, the only brush he had with the war there was to fly as an observer on a single mission, at the conclusion of which he left the combat zone on the next plane out.

Nevertheless, although Johnson had avoided being at the scene of a battle as long as he could, once he was at it his conduct was bold and courageous, nonchalant in the face of danger. If he had gone to the Southwest Pacific only so that he could later claim to have been in the war—and if he had been in that war for only one day—still, for that day he had been not a politician but a warrior. Ambition may have governed his war service as it governed his entire life, but, as had always been the case, in the service of that ambition he had done whatever he had to do.

Nothing about Johnson's war service, however, was more revealing than the way he came to portray it. A great storyteller, he had a great story to tell, and he made the most of it. Hardly had he arrived back in Washington when he began telling it to journalists, inviting them to lunch, scheduling interviews, one after the other, with the A.P. the U.P., I.N.S., *Time*, and Texas newspapers. Edwin Weisl, the counsel not only for Paramount but for Hearst Newspapers, was set to work contacting the chain's many columnists. If deëmphasizing certain facts—the precise length of his combat service, for example—was imperative, the guise of censorship and military secrecy made that deëmphasis easy; writing that Johnson had "distinguished himself 'Down Under,'" Walter Winchell told his readers that "the details of *how* he had distinguished himself would soon be released"; another journalist wrote that Johnson had been on "an extremely secret assignment." The lead sentences in the articles that

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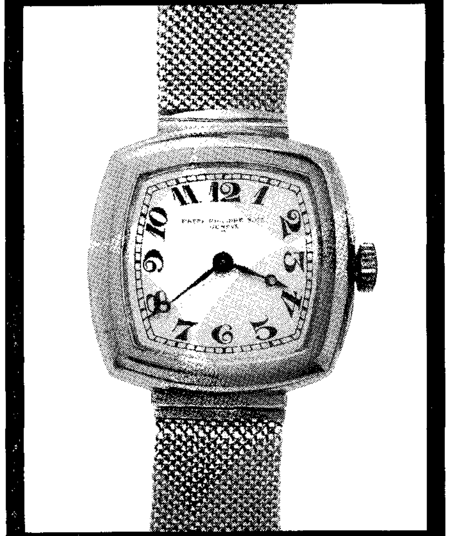

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appeared—"Lyndon Johnson came home from the wars Monday"; "Fresh from the battlefields of the Southwest Pacific, with the boom of cannon from hostile aircraft still echoing in his ears"—were all that could be desired, and readers were told, in the Congressman's own words, about the "suicide mission" on which he had flown, and about "the harrowing flight home under fire" from Japanese Zeros. His criticism of "incompetents" in high military positions and of shortages of equipment, of pilots forced to fly obsolete planes ("I would just as soon try to weather a storm riding on the tail of a box kite as I would to face the fighting Jap Zero with one of those Navy PBY crates some of those boys are now flying") made front pages not only in Texas but in Washington and across the country, as did copies of a picture taken of him at Seven-Mile Strip, which he had had the foresight to obtain from a news photographer.

Back in Texas a week after his return, he outdid himself. His demeanor was that of the battle-weary veteran who has seen war, and has been sobered by it. So sobered, in fact, that to one reporter "the congressman was noticeably a changed Lyndon Johnson." While in Washington the only reminder of his illness had been his loss of weight (weight that was rapidly being replaced), in Texas his weakness was so pronounced that only with difficulty could he summon up the strength to make speeches to his constituents. Sometimes, during a speech, he had to call for a chair in which to sit on the stage, so greatly was the effort taxing his energy. Sometimes he could barely make himself heard. At a businessmen's luncheon in Taylor on August 5th, for example, he spoke, with evident strain, for some minutes in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper—"his talk went unheard by portions of the audience, as his recent illness prevented him from raising his voice"—until someone brought him a microphone. (At another speech, that very evening, in San Gabriel Park in Georgetown, his recuperative powers displayed themselves when he spoke for ninety minutes in his prewar shouting style.) Whispering or shouting, however, his speeches, as one reporter wrote, "impressed and inspired" the farmers and ranchers of the Hill Country, many of whom had sons fighting overseas: "I have just returned from a

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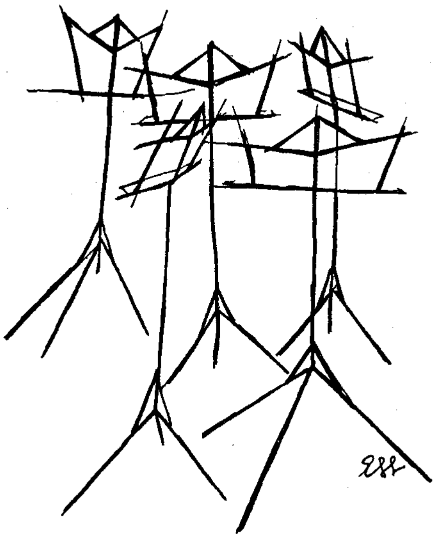
tour of duty with some of the loneliest men in the world. . . . You may not know where your boy is tonight. Perhaps you have just had a letter telling you not to write to the old address again, not to send another bundle for a while." But of one thing they could be sure, he said: "your boy" is fighting bravely; he, Lyndon Johnson, had seen for himself the bravery, against long odds, of America's fighting men. And, he reminded them, he had been with those men. "I am happy to be here. How happy you don't know until you have been where I have been and have seen what I have seen," he said. He told his audiences that God had helped him return: "There are no nonbelievers at twelve thousand feet with Jap Zero fighters around."

Good as the stories were, though, they grew better—and better. At first, they were improved only by exaggeration: in interviews and speeches, the pneumonia he had contracted became a more dramatic disease, and one evocative of the South Pacific jungles—dengue fever; the twenty-five pounds he had lost became thirty-five pounds, then thirty-eight pounds, and then forty; the mission he had flown became missions; the twenty-five thousand miles he had flown became fifty thousand miles, and then sixty thousand; the time he had spent in combat was made to appear longer and longer.

Exaggeration is a normal aspect of war stories, only to be expected. With Johnson, however, exaggeration spilled over into something more—until the story of his wartime service had little resemblance to the reality, which was that, exciting though his flight may have been, it was only one flight. He had been in action for a total of thirteen minutes. When, in December of 1942, five months after his return from this action, a reporter asked him, "Were you in actual combat?," he replied, "Yes, I was. I was out there in May, June, and part of July. We exchanged greetings quite often. They paid us very busy visits every other day for a time." After another interview, a reporter wrote that "the tall, dark and handsome Texan . . . speaks with deep emotion about the war," and no wonder: "He has had months of exciting active duty with the navy . . . he saw action in the South Pacific on sea and then on land in Australia. In the past year he has flown between 60,000 and 70,000 miles, part of the time in bombing raids. . . ." His actual role—as an observer, not an airman; an observer who had flown a single mission; an observer who had not had "months" of active duty and had never been paid "busy visits every other day for a time"—all but vanished in the telling; he portrayed himself as a war-scarred veteran of many battles on many fronts. By 1944, he was stating, in writing, "I lived with the men on the fighting fronts. I flew with them in missions over enemy territory. I ate and slept with them; and was hospitalized with them in the Fiji Islands. . . ." And always the details became richer. He began saying that, because he had been too tall to fit into the parachute provided, he had flown without one; then he added another fillip: only one parachute had been available, and he had given it to a friend. The engine that had malfunctioned on his plane now, in his accounts, had been "knocked out" by Zeros. Several of his crew had been wounded. In reality, his squadron had shot down a single Zero; in his retelling, the number steadily rose, until "I saw fourteen of 'em go down in flames right in front of me." He even gave himself a nickname: he told a reporter that the men who had flown with him had come to admire him so much that they had named him Raider Johnson; that was how he had been known among the men of the 22nd Bomb Group, he said.

He began inviting journalists and friends to his house to see the "home movies" he had filmed on the trip before his movie camera was lost—to see them over and over again. At every dinner party at the Johnsons', it seemed, the movies would be shown, with a narration by the host, in a self-promotion so relentless that it made the guests smile even when they thought Johnson's narration was true. And because some repeat guests were hearing the narration more than once (not a few were hearing it more than twice), they could hardly help being aware that it was changing, that the story of Lyndon Johnson's war service was different every time they heard it. As they compared notes, the story became a joke among them. "Sometimes," says Harold Young, counsel to Vice-President Henry Wallace, "you could hardly restrain yourself from shouting, 'Oh, bullshit, Lyndon.' " Sometimes their disbelief was expressed to his face, in derisive remarks only thinly veiled with laughter, during his presentation. His predilection for identifying each soldier or airman visible on the film who was from Texas similarly became a subject of ridicule; Ben Cohen, who had seen the film several times, said to him dryly, "Lyndon, now why don't you just tell us the fellows who *aren't* from Texas? It would save you some time." Johnson could hardly have been unaware of the growing amusement and disbelief with which his stories were being received. But that did not stop him from telling the stories—and continuing to improve them.



Also revealing was the fact that he would persist in these exaggerations and keep adding new ones—until the story of his war service bore little relation, indeed, to fact—even under circumstances in which he must have been aware of the possibility that the facts might be checked: when he was President. In October of 1966, for example, when "credibility gap" had already become a phrase in common usage, President Johnson showed the home movies to a group of journalists gathered in the White House, and delivered a narration about his service during the war. Although some of the facts in the narrative were correct, the President also said, "During the months we [the three observers] were there, we must have talked to ten thousand men, flown to hundreds of bases. . . ." And, discussing the Lae mission—it is not at all clear from his narrative that this was the only mission he ever flew—the President said, "I lost some good friends on that mission. We came back with a lot fewer planes than we left with." On December 13, 1967, he was interviewed in the White House by Ronnie Dugger, a Texas journalist

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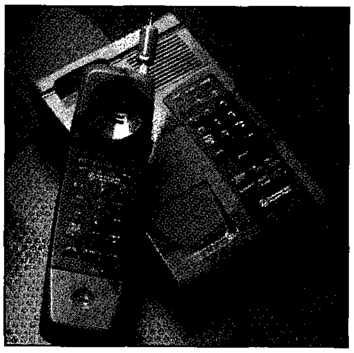

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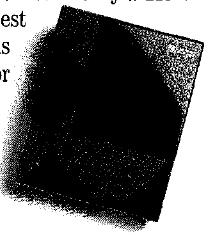

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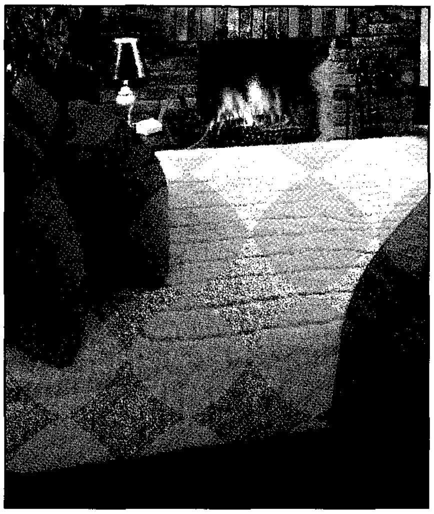

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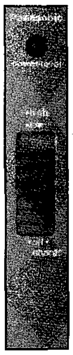

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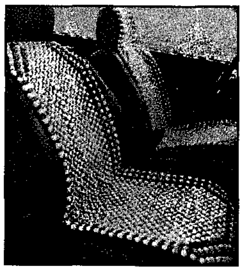

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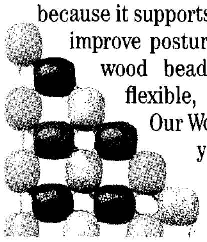

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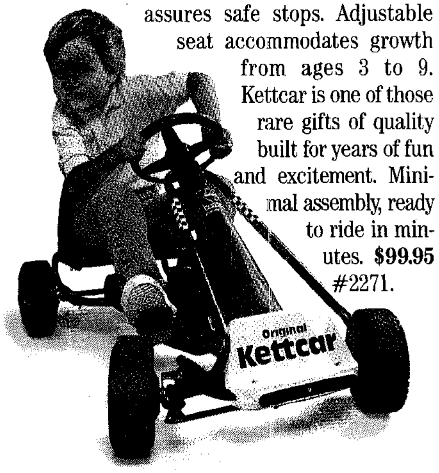

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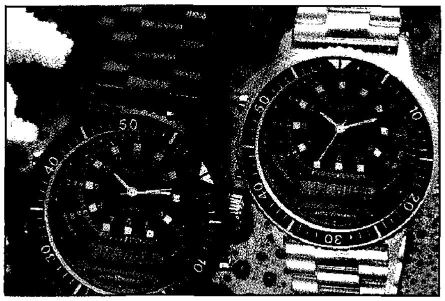

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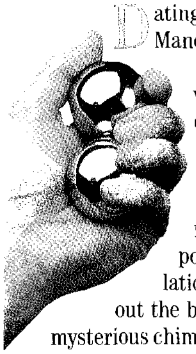

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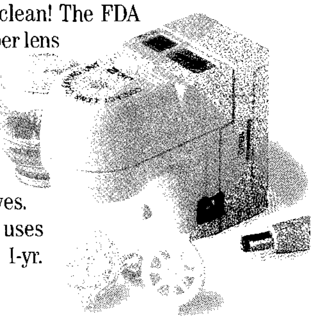

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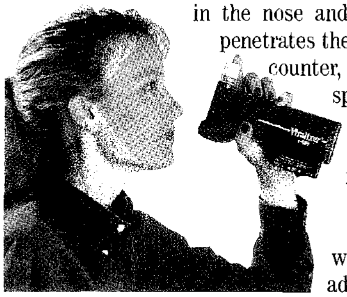

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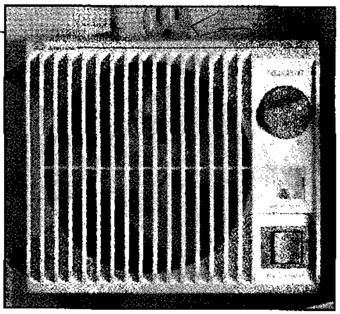

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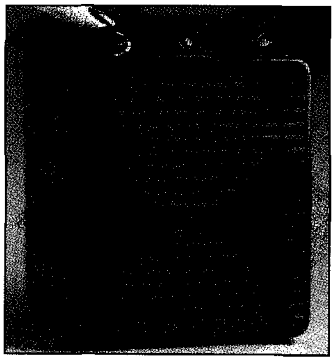

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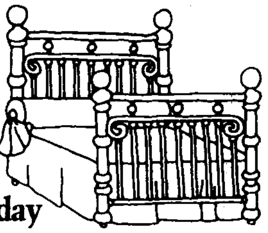
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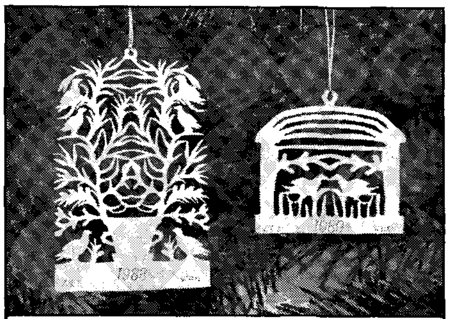
generally hostile to him, who was writing his biography. In the book, Dugger wrote of the interview, "He not only let falsehood pass for truth, he faked his record himself. Telling me about the mission over Lae, he said that when twenty Zeros attacked them 'it was like shooting fish out of the barrel.' . . . Fourteen of the planes got the hell shot out of them. He saw Colonel Stevens' plane go down. He said that everybody who survived that mission got a Silver Star; everybody who died got the Distinguished Service Cross."

So widely and deeply mistrusted had Lyndon Johnson been at little Southwest Texas State Teachers College, in the Hill Country, that the nickname he bore during his years on campus was Bull (for "Bullshit") Johnson. And his fellow-students (who used his nickname to his face: "Hiya, Bull," "Howya doin', Bull?") believed not only that he lied to them—lied to them constantly, lied about big matters and small, lied so incessantly that he was, in a widely used phrase, "the biggest liar on campus"—but also that some psychological element *impelled* him to lie, made him lie even when he knew the lie might be discovered, made him, in fact, repeat a lie even *after* it had been discovered, made him, in one classmate's words, "a man who just could not tell the truth." In 1942, he was acquiring the same reputation in Washington.

More significant still was another reason for the skepticism about his war stories. Though he had flown only one mission, the story of that mission, told by him with the vividness of the master storyteller he was, was to some degree the story not only of a courageous man but of a patriot and idealist. Essential though such an image was to Lyndon Johnson politically, the image he needed in his inner life was very different. It was, as it had always been, very important to him that he be seen as shrewd, realistic, pragmatic, cynical—"different from Daddy." A shrewd, pragmatic man would have volunteered to place himself in danger only because of political necessity, so Johnson, almost as if he could not help himself, kept making it clear, often to the very same men to whom he was telling the story of the courageous mission, that he had gone to the Pacific only for political advantage—only because he had, in terms of his ambition, no choice—and that, once there, he had done the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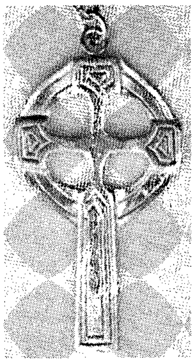
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absolute minimum necessary to safeguard that ambition. Before leaving for the Pacific, he had told Jonathan Daniels he wanted to go only "for sake of political future"; after a conversation with Johnson now, after his return, Daniels noted that the trip had been "politically essential." The wink and the tear do not complement each other; even men fond of Johnson, hearing out of the same mouth a story of bravery and a story of pragmatism, found it difficult to give much credence to the first. They tended to doubt the story—including those parts of it (admittedly more and more rare) that were true.

But most significant of all was Lyndon Johnson's own attitude toward his war story: he was coming to believe that it was true. The symbol of his belief was the Silver Star. In one of his first interviews after his return to Washington, he told the reporter Marshall McNeil, of the Fort Worth *Press*, that he thought he didn't deserve the medal. When McNeil apparently agreed with him (he later commented, "He got it for a flight, not for a fight"), Johnson assured him, "Well, I'll never wear the thing." In at least one of his speeches in Texas, he went further, telling a responsive audience that he had refused the honor, because "I believed that the small part I played in the trips [sic] did not entitle me to the same honor that went to men who risked their lives in daily contact with the enemy." Drafting a letter of formal refusal ("My very brief service with these men and its experience of what they did and sacrifice makes me all the more sensitive that I should not and could not accept a citation of recognition for the little part I played for a short time in learning and facing with them the problems they encounter all the time. . . . I cannot in good conscience accept the decoration"), he had the letter typed, ready for his signature.

It is indeed somewhat difficult to conclude that the medal was awarded for any considerations other than political. Lieutenant Greer, whose brilliant flying saved the Heckling Hare, did not receive a medal for the mission over Lae, nor did Corporal Baren, who shot down a Zero—no one on the plane received a decoration for the mission except the observer; in fact, some members of its crew were to fly twenty-five missions without receiving any medal,

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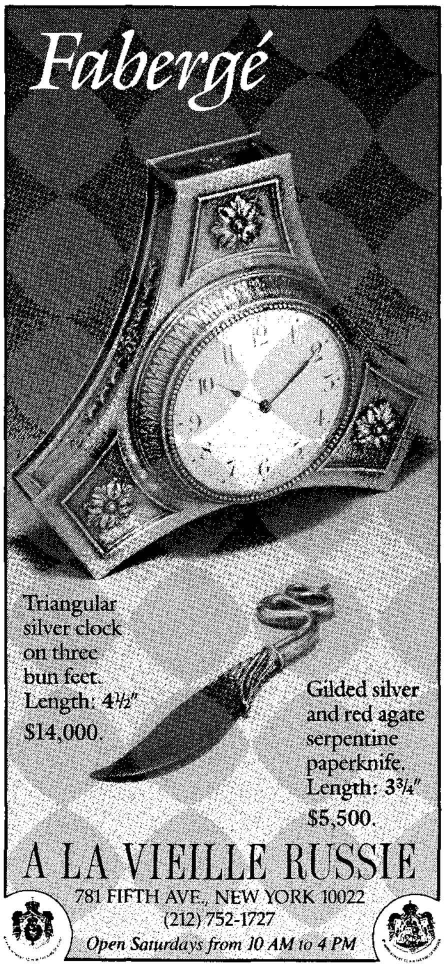
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much less one as prized as the Silver Star.

But Johnson's attitude changed—and, as with many Johnson changes, the change was dramatic and total. The letter refusing the medal was filed away, unsigned. All talk of refusal abruptly ended. Instead, not only did Johnson accept the Silver Star, he arranged to accept it in public. Several times. Buying the decoration (in an Army-Navy store in Washington), he took it to Texas, where, in a number of public appearances, it was affixed to his lapel as if for the first time; in Fort Worth, for example, the commander of the local American Legion post pinned it on him while a crowd of Legionnaires cheered and Johnson stood before them, head bowed, face sombre, hardly able to blink back the tears.

And once he had it he flaunted it; a medal for Lyndon Johnson was not a medal that was hidden away in a drawer. By the end of 1942, he had added a new item to his daily attire: a small silver bar with a star in its center. It was the "battle ribbon" emblematic of the Silver Star, and he wore it in his lapel the rest of his life. And because the silver bar was unfortunately rather inconspicuous and audiences might therefore not notice it (and, even if they did, might not recognize it), for some years, when Johnson was referring in a speech to his combat service and the medal he had been awarded—and for some years his speeches were liberally studded with these references—he would punctuate the references by repeatedly pointing to it.

Had he once felt that he did not deserve the medal? Lyndon Johnson rapidly came to feel not only that he deserved it but that he deserved more: that the Silver Star was not a sufficiently high honor for such heroism as his.

One of his protégés in Texas politics was a young attorney from McAllen, Joe M. Kilgore. Fighting Joe Kilgore he came to be called—with reason. Enlisting when the war began, Kilgore became an Air Force pilot, flew a twenty-five-mission tour over some of the most hazardous targets in Europe in Flying Fortresses, reënlisted, and flew ten more. In a state that produced many heroes, Kilgore was one of the bravest. Once, seeing Nazi fighters swarming around another Fortress that had already been hit and crippled, the young pilot turned back into the

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face of the enemy, and flew cover for the other Fortress as it struggled homeward. He was awarded the Silver Star. After the war, Johnson brought Kilgore, now a promising young legislator, into his political camp. Constantly reminding Kilgore that he, too, had won the Silver Star, he took great pains to make sure the younger man understood that in his—Johnson's—case, the medal was not really sufficient acknowledgment for what he had done. "I had the Silver Star, and I kind of felt you got it for something special," Kilgore recalls. "I never heard [Johnson's mission] was anything more than a routine afternoon raid in which he got shot at. And to hear the man complaining that he had got only the Silver Star for an experience that millions of people had had was almost irrational," but "he bitched and bitched because he only got the Silver Star." And, Kilgore came to realize, "he believed what he was saying. He believed it totally." During twenty years of political alliance with Lyndon Johnson, Kilgore came to understand, he says, that Johnson could believe whatever he wanted to believe—could believe it with all his heart. When one assesses Johnson's influence on history, this capacity may be the most significant implication of his war service. "He could," Kilgore says, in words that are echoed by the closest of Johnson's associates, men like George Brown and Tommy Corcoran, "convince himself of anything—even something that wasn't true."

—ROBERT A. CARO

(*This is the first of a series of articles. Subsequent articles will appear in future issues.*)

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Letter to the editor of the London Independent*]

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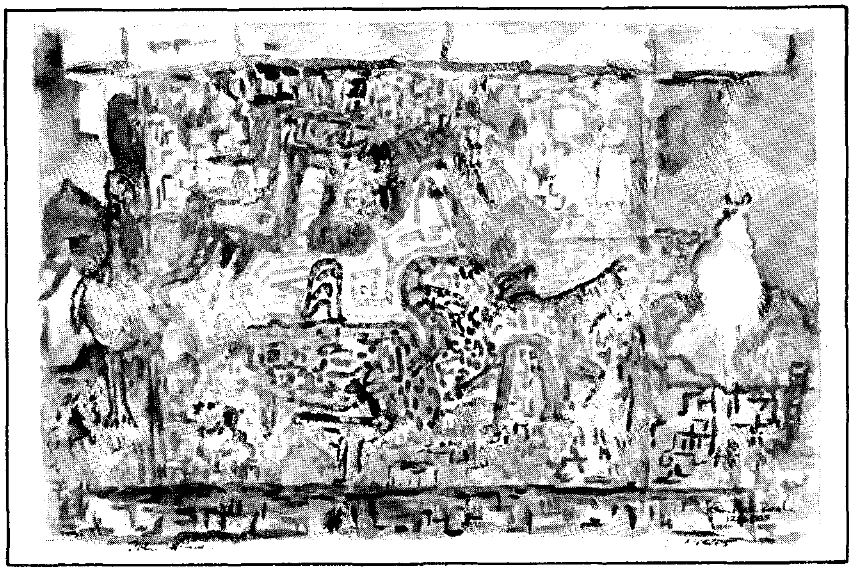
The famous poet Thomas Wolfe once wrote, "You can never go back home after you leave."—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

Or words to that effect.



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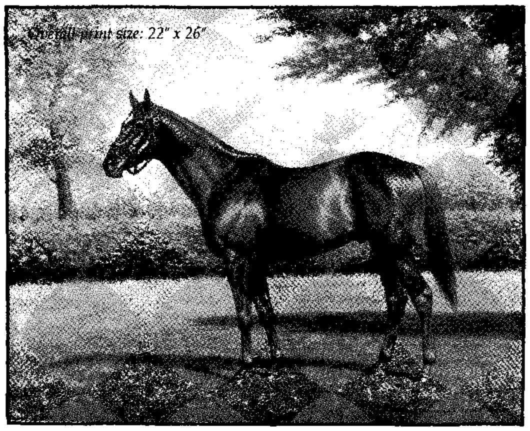

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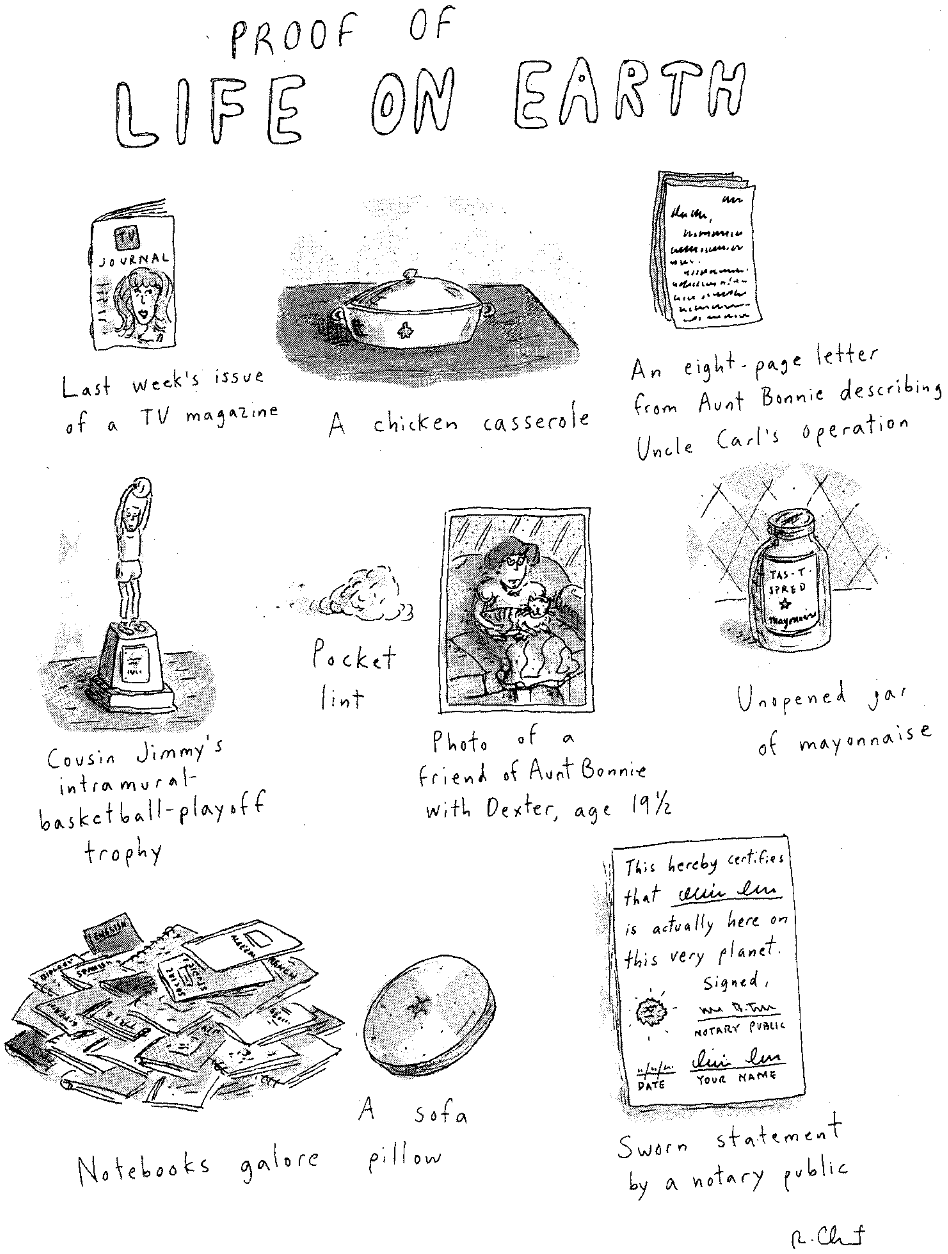
MUSICAL EVENTS

By the Wandering Po

TURIN's Settembre Musica is a remarkable series of concerts: fifty-three of them this year, in the space of twenty-five days, filling the halls, churches, courtyards, and theatres of the city. Admission (about eleven dollars for a reserved seat, six for one unreserved) was charged for big-name events in the Rai Auditorium: concerts by Alicia de Larrocha, Teresa Berganza, Shirley Verrett, the Kim-Ma-Ax trio, the Moscow State Symphony under Rozhdestvensky with Postnikova and Oistrakh as soloists, the Camerata Bern with Holliger. But most of the concerts were free. Cavalieri's "Rappresentatione di Anima, e di Corpo" was staged in Juvarra's Church of the Carmine. The Tallis Scholars sang in the Santi Martiri. In the Lingotto—Renzo Piano's transformation of the celebrated Fiat factory into performance and exhibition spaces—D'Annunzio's "Cabiria" film was projected while Pizzetti's score was played by the Orchestre National d'Île de France. In the Teatro Nuovo—part of the huge exhibition palace, in a park beside the Po, that Pier Luigi Nervi erected on what remained after the war of Turin's 1938 exhibition buildings—the Laboratorio Lirico di Alessandria presented Siegfried Matthus's opera "Die Weise von Liebe und Tod des Cornets Christoph Rilke." Elliott Carter's four string quartets were played by the Arditti Quartet in a salon of the Officers' Club.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Each year, the festival honors a contemporary composer with concerts and with a book about him: in earlier years, Ligeti, Henze, Nono, and Xenakis; this year, Carter. Besides the string quartets, there were three all-Carter concerts in the Rai Auditorium: the Rai Turin Orchestra, conducted by Farhad Mechkat, played the Double Concerto and the Concerto for Orchestra; the Emilia-Romagna Orchestra, conducted by Giampiero Taverna, played the Piano Concerto and the Symphony of Three Orchestras; the Ensemble InterContemporain, conducted by Peter Eötvös, played "Penthode" and the Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell song cycles, "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" and "In Sleep, in Thunder." (A concert by the Band of the United States Air Force in Europe, given in the city's principal piazza, amusingly provided an explicatory context for the Bishop song "View of the Capitol," with its commentary on Air Force Band music.) Within each orchestra concert there was a substantial chamber intermezzo: the Brass Quintet, "Night Fantasies," and "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux." The Carter book, prepared by Enzo Restagno, one of the Settembre Musica directors, contained a long biographical interview—a record of several days' conversation between Carter and Restagno—with new material in it, a fat selection of Carter's writings, and a catalogue, bibliography, and discography.

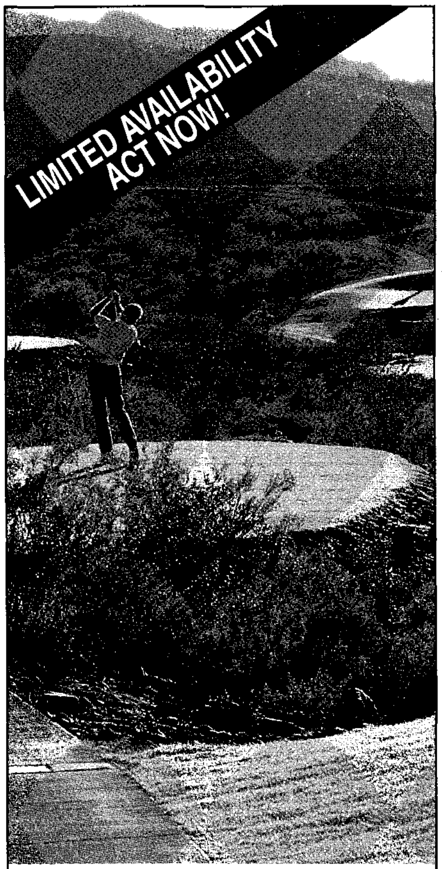
At one point in the interview, Restagno asks Carter, "Are you astonished that in Italy there should be so strong an interest in your music?" He replies, "No, I am pleased; and it shows that the music I write is probably received more readily by European than by American audiences." On the rare occasions when Carter's orchestral music is performed in this country, it tends to be played dutifully, with professional competence, rather than freely and joyously. (There have been exceptions: Solti and the Chicago Symphony in the Variations for Orchestra; Gielen and the Cincinnati Symphony in that piece and in the Piano Concerto. But the pinched rehearsal schedules of American orchestras seldom allow them to master the intricacies of such a work as the Concerto for Orchestra.) I had long been curious to hear how an Italian orchestra might deal with the formidable technical difficulties of the scores. In Turin, I heard the Orchestra Sinfonica dell'Emilia Romagna "Arturo Toscanini"—that is its full title—give well-prepared, confident, exuberant, joyous accounts of the Piano Concerto and the Symphony. The orchestra, Parma-based, was founded in 1975 to invigorate musical life in the province of Emilia-Romagna. Besides giving concerts, it plays for operas and ballets, and puts on the Toscanini International Competition for conductors and the Petrassi International Competition for composers. Its latest project is a set of twelve orchestral commissions, one from each country of the European Community, to be played in Parma's Teatro Farnese. The performance of the Symphony was uncommonly colorful, lyrical, and picturesque. In the Piano Concerto, the young players had a Carterian touchstone in their soloist, Charles Rosen: a strong, lucid interpreter, a leader at once experienced, authoritative, and sensitive for the band of concertante players who support the piano's affirmation, against an aggressive orchestra, of decency, goodness, and grace.

The Rai Auditorium began life, in 1856, as a home for equine spectacle. It proved to have excellent acoustics and became the Teatro Lirico. In 1952, it was refashioned as an admirable modern concert hall, equipped for radio and television broadcasts, and holding an audience of about fifteen hundred. The sound there is warm and full. In Carter's Symphony, the individual strands, rendered by players who seemed to rejoice in their lines, were excellently clear, even if the three divided orchestras did not sound spatially distinct. In "Penthode," with its five individual quartets, there was a greater sense of music moving across the platform. Carter in his conversation with Restagno reveals that "Penthode" takes up an idea that occurred to him, twenty-five years ago, after he heard the four Daggar brothers, from northern India, singing in Berlin. Their song, which lasted for two hours, passed from voice to voice: "It was born in the deep register and gradually rose, becoming now rapid, now slow, but developing always as a single enormous line." The long line of "Penthode" begins as an extended viola solo. It passes first to a violin on the other side of the platform. Many developments and about eighteen minutes later, the song reaches its close in a bold span rising from the lowest note of the double-bass clarinet, through the E-flat clarinet, to a shrill piccolo cry. The opening solo, marked "tranquillo, quasi improvvisando, un poco espressivo," should not—Carter says in the interview—be played "in too expressive a manner." The violist, Jean Sulem, could, however, safely have allowed himself just a shade more freedom and character. The performance was masterly. "Penthode," composed for the Ensemble InterContemporain, in 1984-85, has become one of its repertory pieces. The players have gone beyond the notes; they delight in the music's wit, lyricism, and charm. David Schiff, in his *Tempo* article about the series of late works, from the Triple Duo (1982) onward, calls "Penthode" the composer's "luminous response" to an invitation to write for a large, expert ensemble with unskimped rehearsal time—his "vision of a musical utopia."

The soloists of the song cycles were British: Rosemary Hardy in "Mirror" and Peter Hall in "In Sleep, in Thunder." They were "instrumentally" accurate and musically alert, but neither of them, I thought, really brought the *poems* to life. Both cycles, along with Three Poems of Robert Frost and with "Syringa" (a setting of John Ashbery glossed with ancient Greek), appear on a new Bridge disk, made by Speculum Musicae. Lloyd Schwartz contributes a good essay on "Elliott Carter and American Poetry," in which he says:

> Carter's reading of these American poems requires a colloquial naturalness that's directly counter to any stilted operatic affectation (what a friend calls "the Margaret Dumont syndrome"). Carter turns poetry—the poets' speech—into music; the singer has to make the music "talk." Besides the sturdy technique necessary just to hit all the notes and maintain the complex rhythms, the singer must also have impeccable diction, a sensitivity to language, an amazing ear for colloquial speech, and the communicative urgency of the best story-tellers.

Tall order! The Bridge soloist for "Mirror" is Christine Schadeberg, usually a vivid performer but here taken by the tessitura above the range where she can maintain fine control of timbre, dynamics, and verbal color. The



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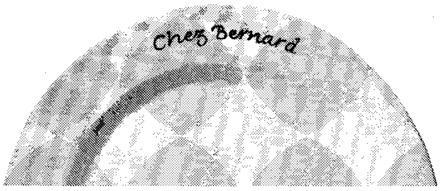

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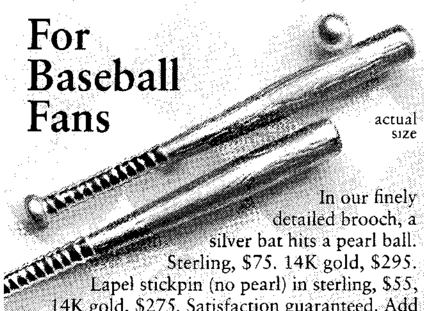

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sensitivity to language, poetic delicacy, and pure tones of Susan Davenny Wyner—the first singer of “Mirror” and the soloist in Speculum’s earlier recording (CBS)—remain unmatched. The Bridge soloist in the Lowell cycle is Jon Garrison. The work needs a tenor in whom Mr. Garrison’s robustness and American inflections are joined by the intelligence and the verbal clarity of Martyn Hill—the first singer of the cycle and the soloist in a Nonesuch recording. (Is it too late to urge the Bishop cycle on Elisabeth Söderström, the Lowell cycle on Jon Vickers?) Both Mr. Hill and Mr. Hall have a certain daintiness of enunciation and tone at odds with Lowell’s and with Carter’s utterance.

ANOTHER Turin theme was music of—and before and after—the French Revolution: wind-band works; Cherubini’s D-minor Requiem; Gossec’s Te Deum, composed in 1790 to celebrate the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, and now performed in the great Guarini and Juvarra church St. Philip Neri; Jean Gilles’s Requiem, performed in the Carmine. Gilles’s Requiem, as I wrote when it was done in New York earlier this year by the Boston Camerata, in Merkin, was heard first at its composer’s funeral, in 1705, and was heard thereafter, in increasingly elaborated versions, on many a solemn occasion—including the funeral of Louis XV, in 1774. Two hundred musicians are said to have flocked to take part in Gilles’s exequies. The Camerata, with small forces, performed that original, pure version. Turin chose the version that was elaborated, probably by Michel Corrette, for Rameau’s funeral, in 1764—enriched by a Kyrie built from Rameau themes and by a moving and beautiful, if evidently anachronistic, Pie Jesu for soprano. The score had been edited by Sergio Balestracci, who conducted the chorus and the (original-instrument) orchestra of Turin’s Accademia del Santo Spirito. The church was packed. In the street outside, as I arrived, a large crowd was clamoring in vain for admission. To get in at all, I had to pull critic’s privilege—and then squeeze in among people thronging the side aisles. In Juvarra’s resonant spaces, the music sang and soared. The tenor soloist, Mario Cecchetti, was ardent but intent on self-display; in duet he drowned the elegant alto Giuseppe Zambon. Cristina Miatello, the soprano soloist, was fervent and true.

MATTHUS, whose “Judith” is due at Santa Fe next year, is East Germany’s leading composer. “The Lay of Cornet Christoph Rilke’s Love and Death” was written for the reopening of the Dresden Opera House, four years ago. It has since been widely performed—and always (the composer observed in a program note) in theatres bombed and rebuilt. Like other successful “literary” operas of recent years—Wolfgang Rihm’s “Jakob Lenz,” Hans-Jürgen von Bose’s “Die Leiden des Jungen Werthers”—it treats familiar matter without narrative naturalism and with less than grand-opera forces. “Cornet Rilke” calls for six singers, eleven instrumentalists, and a chorus that can be scaled to the size and circumstances of the production. Rainer Maria Rilke wrote his “lay”—a ballad in rhythmic prose, about a seventeenth-century ancestor who, after a night of enchanted love, fell beneath Turkish sabres—in 1899, on an autumn night of moon and cloud, by the light of windblown candles. During the 1914-18 war, a special knapsack edition accompanied many a young German soldier to battle. In the 1939-45 war—so M. D. Herter Norton tells us in the preface to her English translation—it again proved an inspiration. But Matthus—like Frank Martin in his moving song cycle “Der Cornet” (which has been very well recorded by Marjana Lipovšek, on Orfeo)—gives an antimilitaristic reading of the text. He opens his piece with fierce Rilke lines about a blazing theatre, from the “Buch der Bilder”; in a program note he calls the bombing of Dresden, on February 13, 1945, Germany’s Hiroshima. He then frames the ensign’s chivalric adventures within a Dies Irae, adding a few verses from other Rilke poems and from Schiller’s “Wallenstein” to shape what he terms “a vision in operatic form” of Rilke’s poem. In Alessandria’s Teatro Comunale (another theatre bombed and rebuilt), the piece had been played as if by a band of battle-weary soldiers, now homeward bound, resting overnight in a ruined theatre. One of them begins to read his well-worn copy of “Cornet Rilke”; theatre ghosts, awakened, take over and give it form; the men recognize images of their younger, idealistic selves. Soldiers from the 21st Infantry Battalion, stationed in Alessandria, took part in the production. In Turin, the piece was done in concert form, but it was easy to discern how powerful its theatrical impact would be.

Matthus's protagonist, like Martin's, is a mezzo—a dashing young Cherubino gone to war. His comrade, the Marquis, is a baritone. Both the Cornet and the Countess, a soprano, are doubled by voicers of their inner thoughts. General Spork is a bass. Matthus composes with an octatonic scale of semitones and two minor thirds, so ordered as to allow "dissonant harmonies, consonant harmonies, superimpositions impressionistic in character, and more besides." Each scene has its own harmonic tint and instrumental color. The band is a quartet of flutes, two harps, solo horn, electric bass guitar, and three percussions. The scoring—and also the choral scoring, which employs a madrigal group within the full body—has plenty of contrast. Stark or stirring music alternates with episodes of visionary lyricism. In the love scene, four high voices (Cornet, Countess, and their doubles) are rapturously entwined.

The Laboratorio evidently does good work. (Last year, it presented the Italian premières of "Jakob Lenz" and Peter Maxwell Davies's "Martyrdom of St. Magnus.") Will Humburg conducted an alert performance. Rosanna Mancarella and Claudia Eder, in the shared title role, were outstanding. It was perhaps a mistake to do the work in the original German. Although the program book included an Italian translation of the libretto, there were too few copies of it to go around, and, in any case, the houselights were out. Anyone unfamiliar with Rilke's poem may have wondered exactly what was going on.

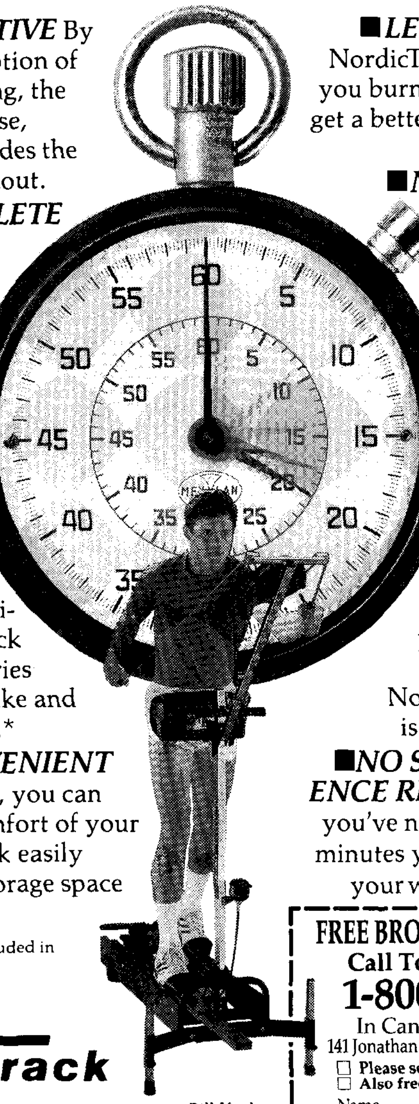
—ANDREW PORTER

•

CHANTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT CHANTED

[*Joceline Frank in the Los Angeles Times*]

While picketing, Virginia Reade chanted: "Jane Fonda is a racist. She promotes herself as a liberal? The director [Argentine Luis Puenzo] had to go to Mexico to learn the history of our country, the leading actor had to learn how to be a macho-Mexicano."



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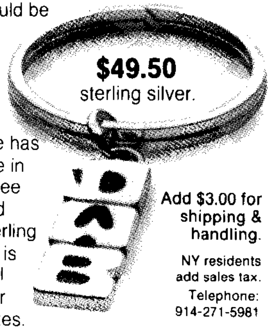

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THE THEATRE

Appearances

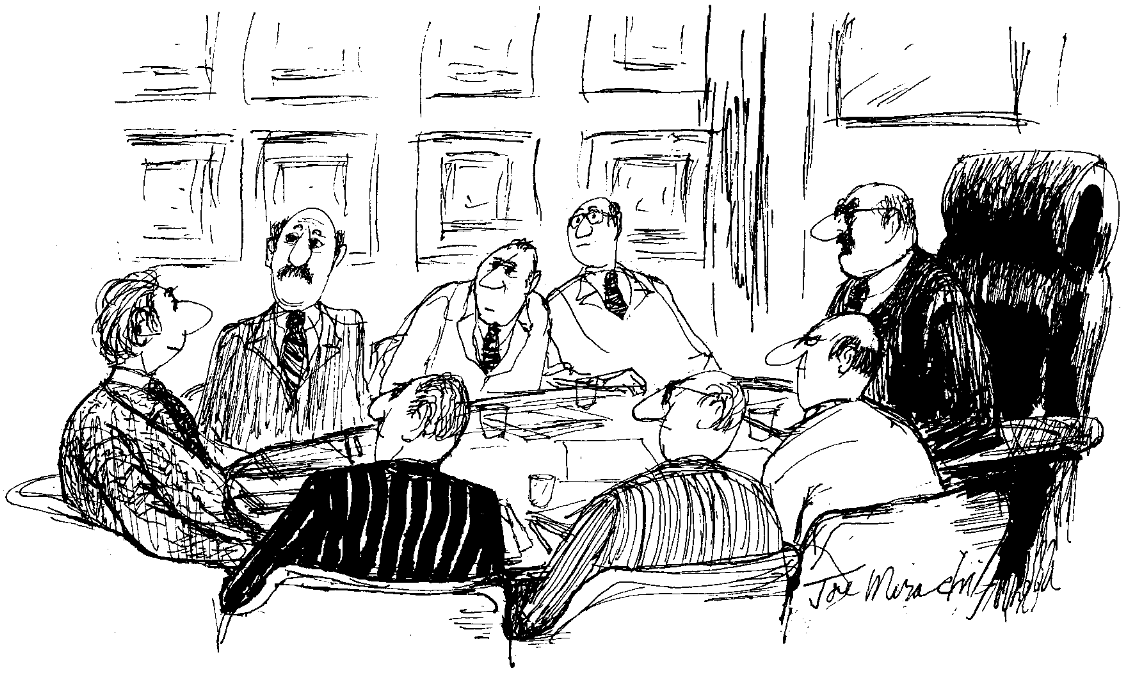
Joe Pintauro's "Beside Herself," at the Circle Rep, is a real uplifter, and affords the chance to see Lois Smith in a part that might have been written for her. Miss Smith is an actress I always feel we can't get enough of. She emerged from the Elia Kazan era of "serious" movie melodrama—film buffs may remember her as the girl who works in the whorehouse run by James Dean's mother in "East of Eden"—with something left to offer a stage audience. She has an otherworldly quality—a half-crazed desperation—which, combined with a great gift for the prosaic, enables her to play highly eccentric characters without making them seem the least bit affected or objectionable. She's quirky-minded without being self-consciously so, and Pintauro's play gives her a role to sink her teeth into.

The central character in "Beside Herself," Mary Candee, is a woman whose life has not turned out the way she'd imagined—who married a man she didn't love, buried two children, left her husband before his final illness, and now lives alone in a house built too close to a foggy highway on an island off the New England coast. She's forever trying to have something done about animals that keep getting run over on this road: to have their wounds attended to, their bodies removed, the general threat to them noticed by the authorities. ("Lucky for these animals I live here," she tells someone, importantly, at one point.) But the authorities don't seem to heed her warnings and reports: the animals suffer or die anyway, and nobody ever comes. Pintauro's heroine is, in short, a representation of Unfulfilled Womanhood, and if she were played by any actress other than Miss Smith or had been conceived by a less subtle, elegant-minded playwright, she would probably be a cliché.

We first see her going through boxes she's brought down from the attic and looking for things to discard. A U.P.S. man (Edward Seamon) arrives, not to deliver anything but to take a sort of leave: they're pulling the plug on his wife soon, and he'll be retiring, so he's making the rounds, saying goodbye to all the people on his route. Miss Smith and the U.P.S. man share a piece of pie, chatting unsentimentally. No sooner has he left than a sort of mist begins to seep onto the stage. Three characters materialize—apparitions, obviously—and enter into lively conversation with Miss Smith. There is a little girl, about nine or ten (Melissa Joan Hart); an older girl, in loafers and ankle socks, wearing a high ponytail and carrying a pad (Calista Flockhart); and a young woman in the prime of life, dressed all in violet (Susan Bruce). At what point you realize that these females are not creations of the heroine's imagination but earlier versions of herself is probably a matter of individual psyche, but enough false clues are laid—in the ways the apparitions speak and relate to the heroine and to one another—to keep all of us wondering for a time about whether they are ghosts from her past, characters in a book she has read, or simply people she has invented to keep her company. By the same token, when one of the apparitions sights a new U.P.S. man, who looks just like the man the heroine really loved (brother of the man she married), coming down the walk it's anybody's guess whether he will turn out to be yet another apparition or solid flesh and blood.

The new U.P.S. man, Augie-Jake—played by William Hurt in a handlebar mustache and with a wrong-side-of-the-tracks accent that make him look and sound a little like the young Rob Reiner—proves to be very much flesh and blood, but not in a way that either Pintauro's audience or the three apparitions might expect. He's a pathetic rather than an attractive figure (though Hurt gives him a certain coarse charm), and it's this juxtaposition of the romantic and the banal—like the juxtaposition of ethereal and mundane elements in Lois Smith's persona—that makes Pintauro's play alternately lovely and piquant rather than appalling.

The dramatic premise of "Beside Herself" is not all that different from the premise of most Tennessee Williams plays: lonely older woman, hungering for sex and self-definition, offered a crack at happiness by the arrival of virile young man. In fact, the relationship between Mary and Augie-Jake in "Beside Herself" mirrors the relationship between Lady Torrence and Val Xavier, the characters played by



"Well, that makes it four 'aye's, two 'nay's, and one 'hey, no problem.'"

Vanessa Redgrave and Kevin Anderson in the current revival of "Orpheus Descending" (in which play, by the way, Miss Smith created the role of Carol Cutrere). But Pintauro's Augie-Jake is presented as neither savior nor martyr. He's not a sex symbol or a musician; he doesn't dress like a rock star or lead the picturesque life of a drifter. He's just a shy, awkward man, lonely because he's preoccupied with his health, and probably preoccupied with his health for the same reasons he's awkward and shy.

Pintauro also demands less than Williams of his audience and of his heroine: he never asks us to believe that fate has offered Mary a chance at happiness in the form of Augie-Jake—only that she's been given an opportunity to change her sense of herself in a small way. It's as though Pintauro had set out to dismantle the older-woman/blue-collar-stud cliché. And he rings changes on just about every other literary device—from wounded-animal imagery (Mr. Seamon makes a cameo appearance as a dying bear in a late dream sequence) to the use of flashbacks. Instead of watching a character relive past events (Willy Loman style), we see characters from the past taking an unnatural interest in what is going on in the present. Or else we're watching her younger selves watch the heroine go through the motions of her life. It's funny and poignant, and one of the best uses I've seen of the device of representing the changing or the divided self by more than one actor. Like the ghosts in the graveyard in "Our Town," each of the apparitions knows only her part of what has happened in the world and in the heroine's life. (The little girl doesn't know that the Second World War is over; the young girl doesn't know whom the heroine wound up marrying; the woman in violet doesn't know that the heroine's husband died.) The fact that each can understand only what she could be expected to furnishes occasions for drama and passion.

There's a generosity toward actors in the way Pintauro has given each of the apparitions a thematic and psychological function: Miss Hart is the child who was too good, too pliant, too eager to please; Miss Flockhart is the self-righteous hothead; and Miss Bruce is the sexual side, with whom the heroine

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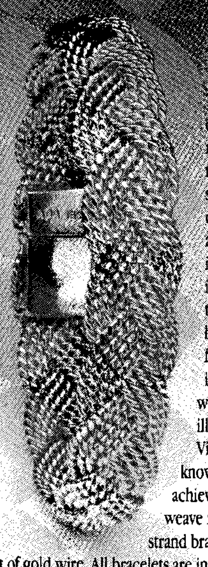

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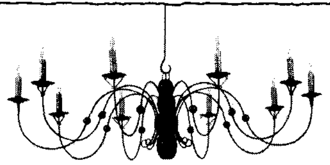

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has to ally herself—relinquishing her childish and morally passionate sides—in order to make Augie-Jake her friend. No actress is better suited than Miss Smith to the task of playing a character who has to listen to the events of her life and allow emotions to cross her face, but some exquisite direction (from John Bishop) has gone into regulating the performances of the three other actresses, molding their contributions into a single entity that Miss Smith can play. And the staging and the design are at least as important to the production as Mr. Pintauro's words. Sometimes it is the lighting designer (Dennis Parichy) or the costumer (Ann Emonts) who—casting a moment of morning light between scenes or providing each of the women with a different variety of white shift—suggests something about how each version of the heroine would greet the night or the day.

As for Mr. Hurt, whose work I have never much admired, he comes into his own here, giving what I think is the only real *performance* I've ever seen him give onstage: for once, Hurt isn't playing himself. Instead, in addition to creating a specific individual—utterly unlike the formless mass of suffering he usually projects—he manages to evoke some of the ways relations between men and women have changed over time. I couldn't say how he does it—which, I guess, is what makes it art—but it has something to do with the deployment of passive energy, which is, after all, his characteristic tool as an actor. Only once—with Augie-Jake expressing anger at the machinations of demanding, possessive women who presume too much on being kissed—does he allow the beleaguered, put-upon Hurt to briefly rear his head. You can't help thinking about the recent events in Hurt's life that have made headline news, but it's to Hurt's credit that the scene, as played, is comic and about someone besides himself.

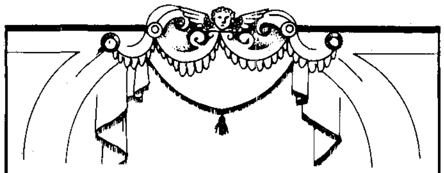
—MIMI KRAMER

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Big Man," by William McIlVanney*]

Fast Frankie White was a person of great but misdirected enthusiasms, the sort of man who, if he had been of a more literary inclination, might have devoted two years of his life to learning Spanish in order to read Dante in the original.



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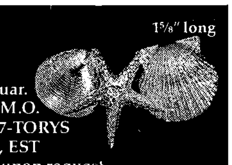

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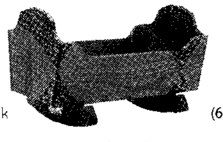

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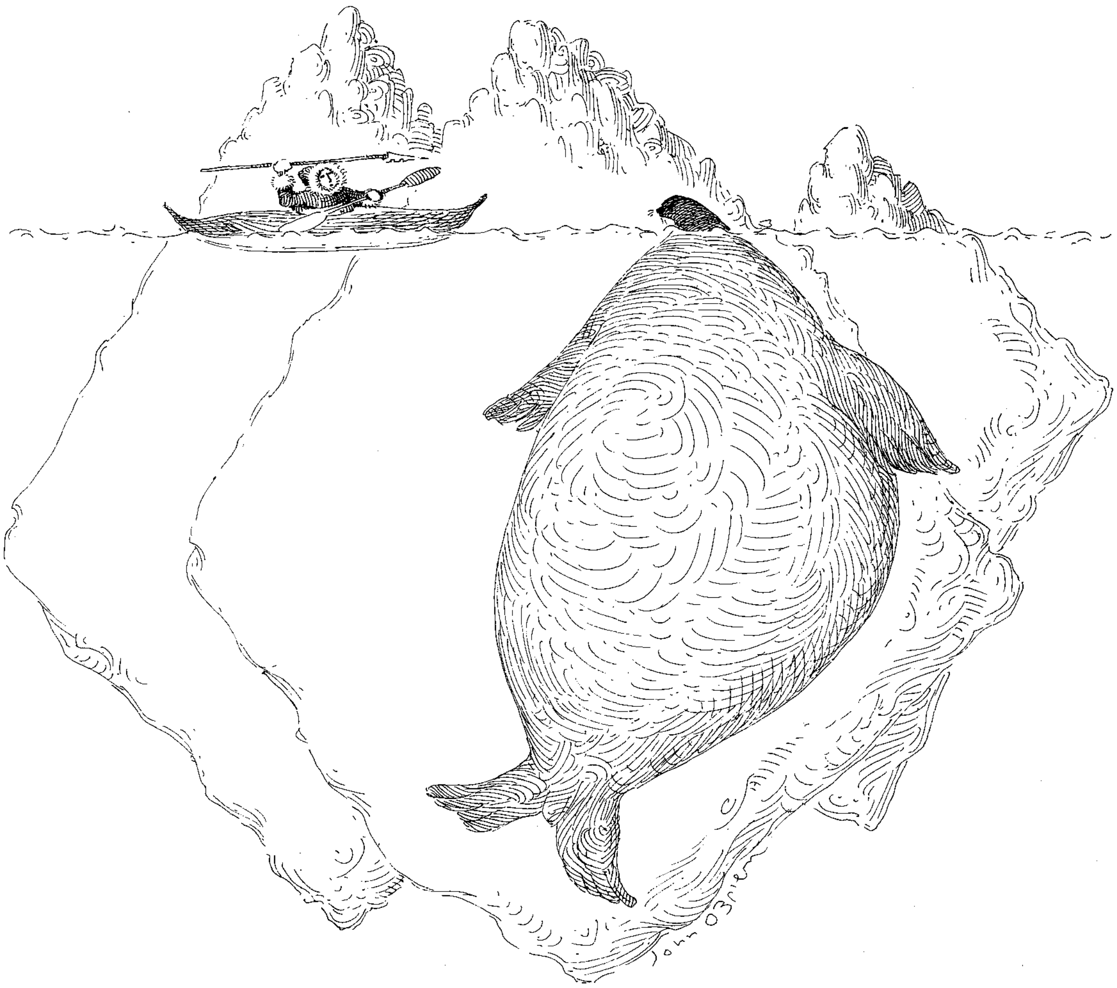
FOR the past seven years, one of the best open secrets of New York night life was the nearly year-round Sunday concerts given by the duo of Michael Moore (bass) and Gene Bertoncini (guitar) at Zinno, in Greenwich Village. But last spring Moore—some think he is the greatest living contrabassist of whatever kind—sold his house, in Bangor, Pennsylvania; had its contents packed in a forty-foot container; collected his portable bass and his wife, Meena, who is Indian, and their six-year-old son, Matthew; and moved to India, thereby leaving an irreparable hole in American music.

Moore talked about his move a few days before he left: "The packers came yesterday, but they didn't have enough boxes or tape, and one of them was drunk. Then, in the middle of it all, we had to close on the sale of the house. This all began one day at home when I was working on a piece I had written with Mick Goodrick, and I said that we should go and live in India and do nothing but sit and write music. I said it as a lark, but I had been to India with Meena to visit her family, and I knew how pleasant the hill stations are and how great the schools are. I had seen how far ahead of Matthew scholastically his Indian cousins were. Meena was born in London of Indian parents, but she was educated in Darjeeling, and I knew what a joke my own education was in comparison with hers. We had already been having trouble in Bangor. The officials decided to close our small local school and put all the kids—including Matthew—in a huge school an hour away by bus. We were very much opposed, and we got very much involved, and if we hadn't been perhaps we wouldn't have experienced the seamy things we did. Meena, not being white, became the center of the battle, and people threatened to burn us out. That made us think seriously for the first time about moving to India. Another thing was my career. I've been making a living mostly in night clubs as a bass player for over twenty years, and I'm tired of it. Anyway, I've never been that fond of performing. Being on a stage in front of people makes me nervous. I get *agita* in the stomach, as the Italians say. I was attracted to the bass in the first place because it was a background instrument—so what happened but I ended up playing mostly in duos and trios. I've also come to hate travelling. I don't intend to spend my sixties and seventies carting a bass up and down the country. I want to do more studying and writing. I've become a born-again Christian in the past seven or eight years, and I've been writing songs based on the words of the Bible. I want to use my talents in a spiritual way, and writing spiritual songs comes easily to me. I clothe the words in the Bible with my melodies, which frees me from the thirty-two-bar standard-song box. I've written about thirty of these songs, and I'm hoping to get them published. I have also written a long piece for the bass, at the Eastman School, where I've been teaching summers. So I've gotten my feet wet in composition. I've always idealized the life of the painter and the writer and the composer. I've idealized the life of being alone in a room with nothing but yourself and your work.

"I've also been playing a lot of piano. I wouldn't feel comfortable yet about playing in public here, but over there I can work at it without embarrassment. Accompanying pianists like



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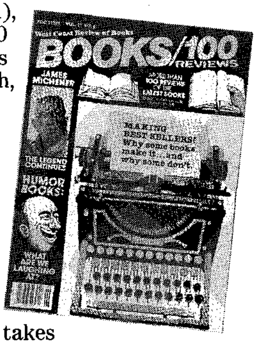

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Jimmy Rowles and Roger Kellaway and Tommy Flanagan taught me an incredible amount. I'd go home after working with them and try and incorporate in my piano what I had heard that night. A lot of the improvised music I like is endangered. It's gotten to the point where if you don't take care of it it'll go away, it'll disappear. At the same time, everything in jazz has gotten compartmentalized. You have to play a certain way to get anywhere. That freedom of the sixties and seventies is gone. Look at Jimmy Rowles. He's a timeless player, but there's no place for him. He should be playing in New York, where he's scarcely ever been, and he should be recorded every day. This is all part of the feeling I have that our values are out of whack in this country, that something is seriously wrong. So, at forty-five, I have to look elsewhere.

"I met Meena in 1981, in Edmonton. She owned part of a jazz club there, and she also managed it. She's a painter and a cordon-bleu chef. Her mother and brother live in Edmonton, and the rest of her family is in India. Her great-grandfather was one of the last rajas. She grew up in an extended family where the cousins are all like sisters and brothers. I like that family feeling. We're planning to rent a house in the Nilgiri Hills, the spice hills, south of Bangalore. There are four or five little towns up there, and we're leaning toward Kotagiri, which was a British hill station, seven thousand feet up. We're going to live on the money from the house, and I'm going to teach in a college nearby. I'll be out from under the constant financial pressure I've had here. I'm making just about the same money I was making ten years ago, and there was a nine-week period last summer when I didn't have any work at all. I've never been able to put together a retirement plan, and I don't have medical insurance. Meena's family is excited that she is married to an American jazz musician. Artists are next to God in India. I've heard that the alto player Charlie Mariano is in Bombay, and I know that Maynard Ferguson lived in India for a while. He told me there are a lot of Indian jazz musicians. I loved the peaceful feeling I had when I was there.

"I feel bad about Gene. We've been playing together off and on for seventeen years. I had more trouble telling him I was leaving than telling my own parents. I told him that I had given him the best years of my life, and that even if the duo was to get busier it would mean a lot of travelling and being away from my family, and I didn't want that. Meena and I are homebodies. I told him that he'd be a lot freer now, that he'd have a chance to do all kinds of things he'd never done before. Gene's a worrier, and I told him he wouldn't have to worry about me anymore."

Michael Moore was born in Cincinnati, and came to the duo via the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, the big band of Woody Herman, the Marian McPartland trio, and the Ruby Braff–George Barnes quartet. Gene Bertoncini, born in the Bronx in 1937, came to the duo via the architecture school of Notre Dame and the television bands of Merv Griffin and Skitch Henderson. Bertoncini and Moore first met in Salt Lake City twenty years ago, and played together soon after, in New York. Here is what Moore said about Bertoncini several years ago: "He never plays for himself, the way most guitarists do. He wants people to like his music, but without his having in any way to sell out. He's not fettered by what's hip. He hasn't listened widely in jazz. Sometimes when he solos, I don't hear *any* influences. It's all him. He has a great ear and perfect pitch and he can read anything. He does harmonic things I've never heard any other guitarist do. Improvisation used to be a means for him, but it has slowly become an end. What he's after is beautiful melody. He's a melodic improviser. He's moved by all good melody—that strain is in everything he does." And here is what Bertoncini said about Moore at the same time: "There is nothing about him as a player that I don't admire. Years ago, when I worked in the Philharmonic Café after concerts, Michael used to sit in and play the arco parts. I was bowled over by the warmth of his sound, and I still prefer him to any classical bassist. He is also a great pizzicato accompanist, and a brilliant improviser. I don't know anyone on any instrument who takes you on a melodic trip the way Michael does. I love to watch people responding to his solos. I consider him one of the great living jazz musicians. We've always thought of the music as being bigger

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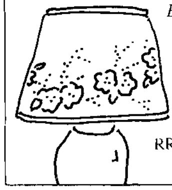

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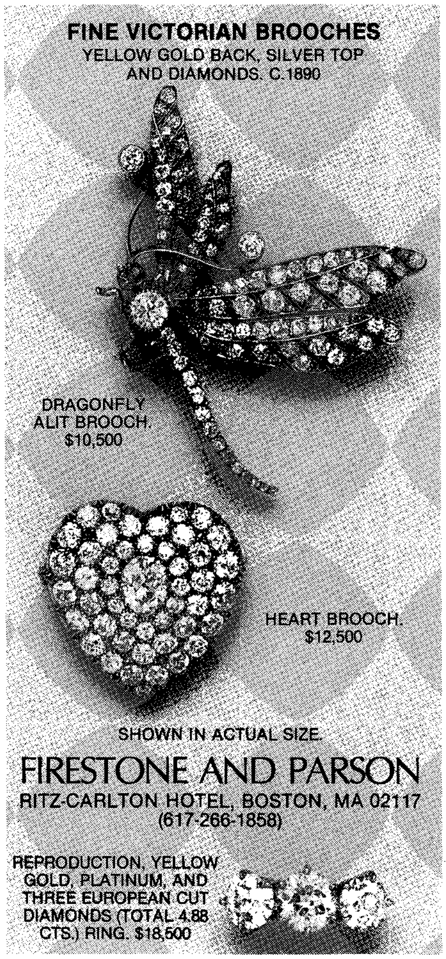
than either of us. I've seen a dark side of Michael on occasion, but he cares about my feelings and I care about his."

Bertoncini does not overpraise Moore. His pizzicato solos, delivered more and more frequently in his upper registers, consist of ecstatic melodic lines, each line flowing into the next, and each bearing little flags of the original melody, which orient us and sharpen the freshness of the surrounding improvisations. These melodic flights have an urgency that no other bassist has matched, with the possible exception of the Charles Mingus of the early sixties. Mingus's solos had a bravura exuberance, an almost angry, here's-how quality, while Moore's are dedicated to the proposition that beautiful melody can be wrested from even mediocre songs. Mingus bullied you; Moore seizes you by the hand. Moore's pizzicato tone is a marvel. It is the even, deep *string* sound of such earlier bassists as Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford and Mingus, and it is a wonderful antidote to the fashionable over-amplified tone of most contemporary bassists, who get a harsh, woody sound. And Moore is an immaculate timekeeper. He chooses the right notes in every chord, and he lands at their center or just forward of their center in such a way that the time never sags or races. Somewhere along the line, Moore grew courageous about his arco playing, and he began to take almost as many arco solos as pizzicato solos. His bowed tone is rich but delicately edged—it doesn't have the insistent, mahogany sound of, say, Gary Karr's—and, unlike that of most other arco players, it never goes flat. He rarely improvises with his bow; instead, he plays straight melody or choice melodic variations. These last have an exultant quality. They are paeans to the almost impossible art of instantaneously making up beautiful melody.

Neither does Moore overpraise Bertoncini. He is an original jazz guitarist. Most of the guitarists who have appeared during the past forty years have been offshoots of Charlie Parker, or offshoots of his offshoots—handing down dazzling eighth- or sixteenth-note arabesques, showers of notes that give the listener no chance to pick and choose and breathe. They have also developed an interchangeable tone: electric, twangy, cheap—a neon sound. Bertoncini uses very little amplifica-



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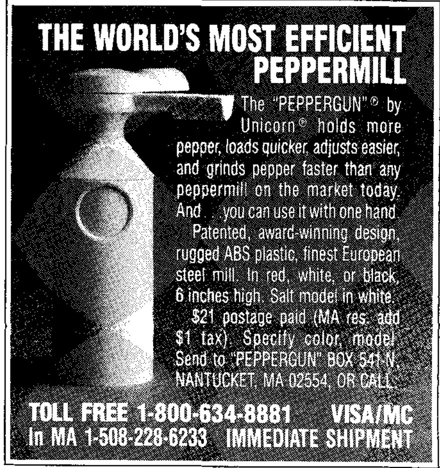

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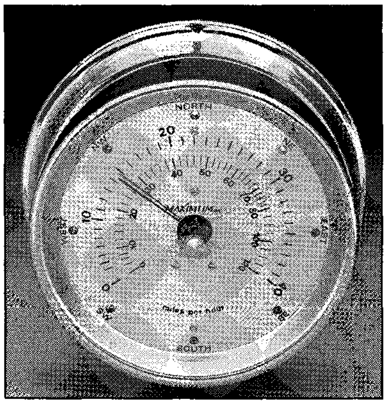

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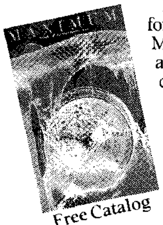

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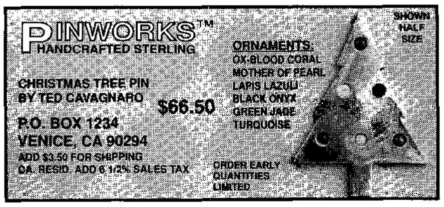

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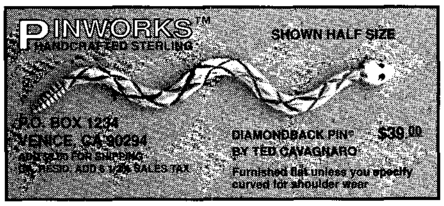

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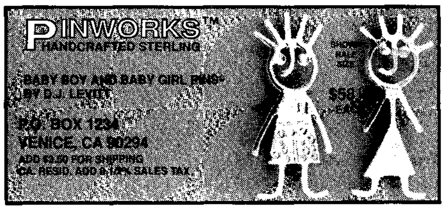

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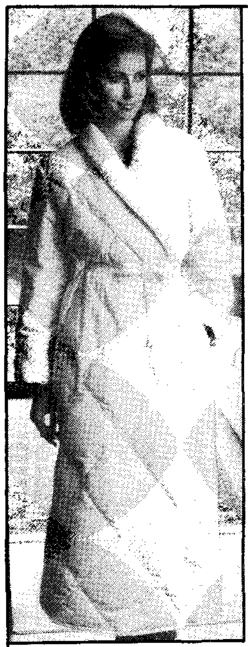
tion, and comes as close as Jim Hall to a pure acoustic sound. His solos are constantly surprising, because they are free of licks. He is as much a celebrator of melody as Moore is. His solos, though less intense (guitar intensity is to bass intensity what a tenor is to a basso), are subtle investigations of the undersides of melody. (Moore works on top of his melodies.) His solos are full of quick, short runs, placed unexpectedly; silences; dodging, behind-the-beat phrases; and easy connective passages. Bertoncini never belabors. He invites the listener in—just once—and if he hesitates goes on without him.

One of Moore and Bertoncini's last sets at Zinno took place a week before Moore left for India. The mournful news of his actual departure date had spread fast, and the little room at Zinno where they played—it's really a wide hallway between the bar and the main dining room—was packed. Most professional musicians are hard, punctilious workers, and everything appeared to be business as usual. Moore, tall and trim, with his pleased, round burgher's face, was standing with his back to the left-hand wall of the room and holding his new portable "stick" bass, made specially for him by David Gage. Bertoncini, short, gray, handsome, with his guitarist's stoop and his sabrelike right thumbnail (he doesn't use a pick), was seated on a stool just in front of Moore. They opened with Denny Zeitlin's "Quiet Now," a blues with a bridge, and that was followed by Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Quiet Nights." Both numbers were warmups for a swinging "Sweet and Lovely," in which Bertoncini balanced short runs with reining-in ritards. Alec Wilder's "Winter of My Discontent" was given over entirely to a bowed bass solo. It hummed and sang, moving elegantly through the thickly carpeted rooms where bowed basses live. Clare Fischer's "Pensativa" preceded a superb "My Funny Valentine" arco solo played partly against romantic Bertoncini chords. The duo ended the number with a chorus of pure counterpoint, the two instruments knocking heads, straining to get away from each other, embracing, arguing, harmonizing, creating a new, near-perfect music. A bossa nova had a long, lingering Bertoncini solo and a wild round of four-bar exchanges. The set ended, appropriately, with a medium-tempo blues. Bertoncini soloed, and Moore issued a series of high, arching melodies, each more radiant than the last.

SEVERAL weeks after Moore's departure, Bertoncini talked about his friend and colleague: "The nature of being a bass player is you have to have a lot of clients. You have to take a lot of work that isn't that great. Mike often had to play with musicians who were supposed to be good but who he didn't think *were* that good. He had a thing about pianists who played too many notes, who didn't play melodically or didn't keep good time. Sometimes he spoke of getting home after a gig and having a backache from working so hard to keep time. Years of schlepping a bass for not all that much money got to him. So did being treated just as any old bass player instead of as a major soloist, which he is. He would say to me that performing didn't mean that much, which was the opposite of the way he looked and acted on the stage. In fact, I never saw anyone who seemingly loved to play more than he did. He always denied it, but I think he revelled in people's attention. If he didn't get attention, it upset him. As a bass player, he got more acclaim than most. For him to say he was tired of it all doesn't make sense.

"You can't tell him and Meena they're wrong. They don't leave any opening for other people to offer a different opinion. That business of the school being closed and their kid having to be shipped to another town—Meena is the kind of intelligent, very opinionated woman who would put any redneck off, never mind her color. I think it's possible that she has Mike's best interests in mind. He pretty much convinced me that it was he who wanted to make the move. But together they tended to think more about what was wrong in their life than about what was right.

"The duo would have gone on forever. I think it was the best jazz duo, and we were on the verge. We were getting calls from festivals in Norway and Brazil and Canada. Three years ago, we did ten concerts, and the next year fifteen. This past year, we did more than twenty, and that doesn't count the Sundays at Zinno and the occasional night-club gigs and private



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parties. And there was always the possibility of working off and on with another musician—a horn player, say, like Chet Baker, whom we played with in a club in Annapolis.

"I started on my own as a guitarist, but I always had a duo in mind. I feel honored that Mike chose me as his partner. He seemed to respect me as a musician. I felt that my reputation as a musician was that much better for working with him. After a while, I guess I got to rely on him. There was no question we'd be safe, his playing was so dependable. The challenge for me is to go out there and grow. I just came back from a festival in Norway, and I used a Norwegian bass player, and it worked O.K. Anyway, I can't imagine things working out in India for this great musical force. I can't imagine him hiding his gifts in a culture where he can't make that much of a musical contribution. His gift is needed here. Mike started reading the Bible several years ago, and he changed totally. He used to get angry and be critical about almost everything, but he gradually became a model of patience. I'd be concerned about a certain job situation, and I'd run it past him, and he'd say, 'Sure! Let's do it!' I think he prayed about his decision, and I feel good about that. It was nice to be around the high values in his life and in his music. He never played a note he didn't mean. He never joked with the music.

"But there was always something lurking in Mike—a weariness of the music business, of I don't know what. His living way out there, near the Delaware Water Gap, didn't help. Neither did the fact that he *always* had his answering service on. You have to be accessible in the music business. You have to let people know you're happy to get their calls."

ODYSSEYS are never simple, and Moore's is not over. Word has come to Bertoncini in a roundabout way that Moore and his wife have left India and are living in England, where she is working and he is writing a string quartet. The only letter Bertoncini has got from Moore was written in India, and in it Moore said that a restaurant they had eaten in had a lot of flies but that the carbonara sauce wasn't bad.

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AROUND CITY HALL

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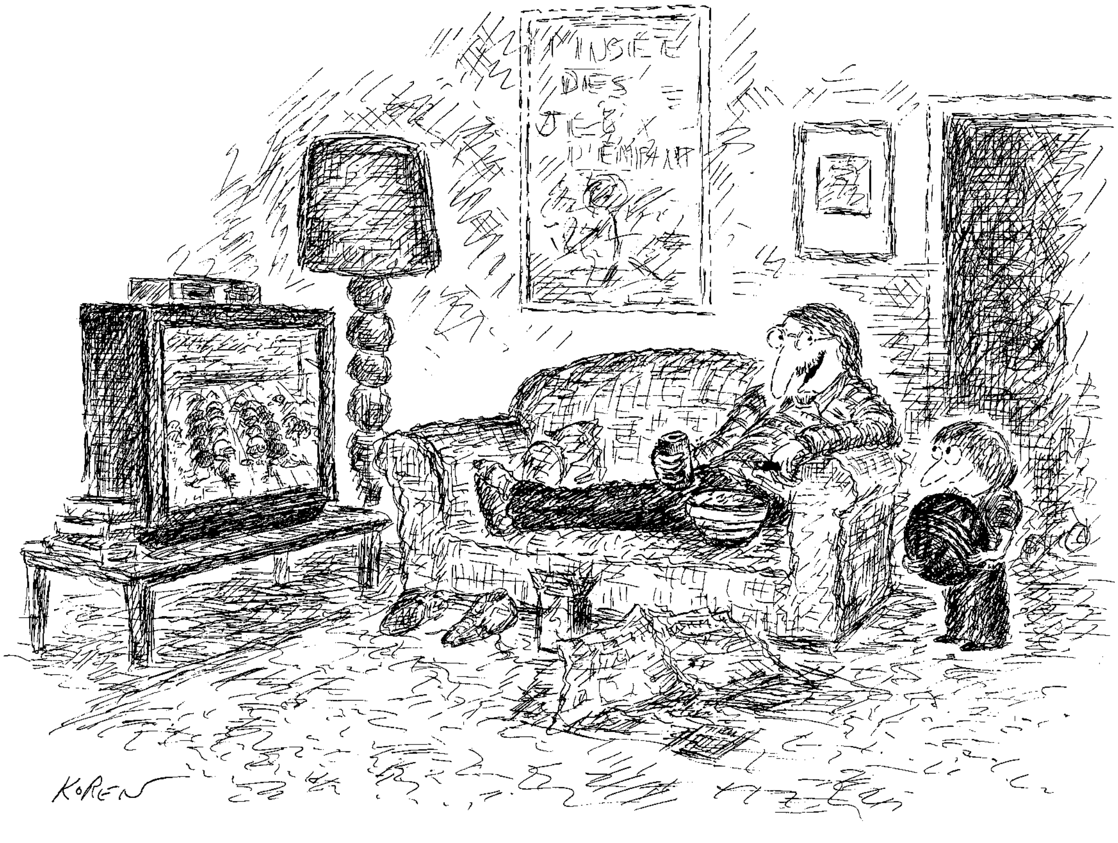
NOT many local residents know or care what was going on in Prussia in December, 1863, that caused Otto von Bismarck to say to a gathering of Prussian officeholders, "Politics is not an exact science" (the Schleswig-Holstein question was a killer about that time). In any event, few followers of this year's New York mayoral race would quarrel with that hundred-and-twenty-six-year-old judgment. In some respects, the whole campaign, on which the verdict will not be in until the election results are counted, on November 7th, has been a series of miscalculations by experienced hands who advise candidates—sometimes at vast expense—on how to be political winners. For example, there was some indication after the primaries that the theory that what New Yorkers wanted above all was a mayor who declared himself to be tough could be a misapprehension. The error was understandable. After all, for the past twelve years, the city has been presided over by Mayor Edward Koch, who liked to say, "I don't turn the other cheek. Somebody hits me, I hit back." His last time out, he won with seventy-eight per cent of the vote. Throughout the primary campaign, in their commercials and public pronouncements, the Republican and the Democratic candidates—with one exception—seemed to be trying to out-Koch Koch, with his slogan "A tough man for a tough job," delivered in his familiar fierce, high-decibel tones. Even if they didn't put their dukes up as they stood in front of microphones, those candidates—and they included Koch—gave the impression that they were ready to sock it to somebody or to something that they were mad as hell about.

The exception was Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins, whose non-combative message in commercials has been "You don't have to be loud to be strong" (although he also often manages to work in the fact that he is a former marine), and whose personal style is calm to the point of—and beyond the point of—dullness. At his headquarters on the night of September 12th, after the Democratic primary, in which, to general astonishment, he defeated Koch by eight points, he thanked his overjoyed followers, saying, "You voted your hopes, and not your fears." A *Daily News*/Eyewitness News poll published on October 18th and 19th showed Dinkins with a lead in the general election of fifty-three per cent to thirty-four per cent over former United States Attorney Rudolph Giuliani, the Republican nominee. The pollsters also asked prospective voters, "Is it more important for the next mayor to be tough or fair?" Sixty-one per cent said "fair." Thirty-eight per cent said "tough." In many local polls, the views of blacks and whites on various subjects diverge sharply, but this was not true in this case. The whites opted for "fair" sixty per cent to thirty-nine, the blacks by sixty-five to thirty. There had been some speculation—it was especially prevalent, understandably, at the Koch City Hall—that problems the two finalists have encountered in the general-election campaign may have caused New Yorkers to wish they could undo the sudden-death ending of Koch's long political career. However, in a hypothetical general-election contest between Dinkins and Koch the poll showed Dinkins winning, again by eight per cent.



"Not now, Benjamin—Daddy's having a little quality time with himself."

The *News* poll also suggested that Dinkins' failure to file income-tax returns from 1969 through 1972 might not be the pivotal issue it had been treated as being through a good deal of the campaign. Last February, when most politically wise sorts did not give Dinkins much of a chance, he and Giuliani had lunch together and specified, Dinkins later reported, that in the campaign they would both "take the high road," as politicians say; that is, as Stuart Little once laid down as a basic rule for the Chairman of the World, "absolutely no being mean." During the lunch, according to Dinkins, the two men agreed that his extensively hashed-over and nearly two-decades-past

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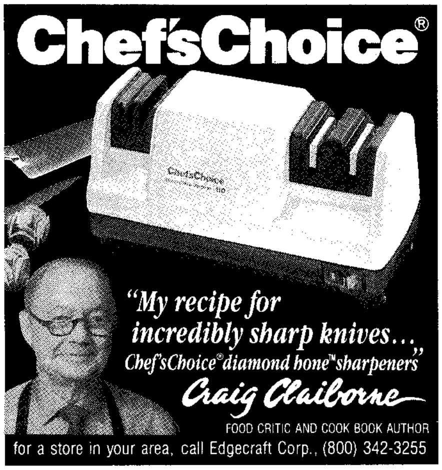

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tax problems were "an old story" and would not be an issue in the campaign. In August, when Giuliani commercials dwelling on Dinkins' failure to file ("If you didn't pay your taxes, would *you* be running for mayor?") were going full blast, Giuliani, appearing to choose his words carefully—as is natural in someone who has spent much of his professional life around courtrooms—said through a spokesman that he had "no recollection" of the tax problems' being discussed.

The non-filing issue had played no role in the campaign until the end of June. On June 22nd, the *Times* published its first poll on the mayoral race. It showed that Dinkins would defeat Koch in the primary by thirteen points. Since Koch had long been a favorite of *Times* editors—they endorsed him in the primary, as they had done in his previous reëlection campaigns—no one was surprised that this bad news for the Mayor was buried deep in the inside pages. The poll results—which were in line with other local polls—apparently startled the *Times*. Three weeks later, an editorial note announced that a story in the paper the day before had reported improperly that Koch was "trailing" Dinkins. Primary polls were famously unreliable, because of the impossibility of predicting which voters and how many of them would turn out, the editors said—although the *Times* had never in past elections disavowed its own poll results when Koch was leading. If the *Times* refuses to rely on all primary polls in the future, it will have a problem covering the next Presidential primaries without any clues from pollsters on the scene. A week after its poll showing Dinkins way ahead of Koch, the *Times* published a very lengthy front-page story under the headline "RECORDS PROVIDE FRESH DETAILS ABOUT DINKINS'S TAX LAPSES." The records on which the *Times* story was based had been made available by Dinkins, who had long since paid all taxes and penalties. A close reading of the article made it clear that the matter had been resolved long ago to the satisfaction of the tax authorities. Nevertheless, many readers, rushed for time, were bound to conclude that Dinkins was in bad trouble with the law once again.

From then on, Dinkins' tax problems were an issue in the campaign. In a debate, Koch suggested that under the same circumstances many men

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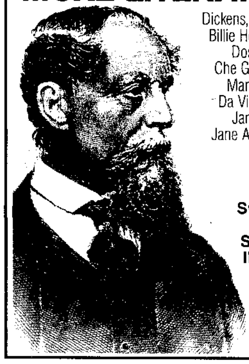

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would have gone to jail. One of Koch's close advisers said, after the primary, that the Mayor had not intended to dwell on the tax lapses, but that "the *Times* story made it O.K." Giuliani has dwelt upon the issue constantly, not only in commercials but in public appearances, declaring that the voters would hardly turn the running of the city over to someone who handles his private affairs in such a "befuddled" and questionable way and flouts the law, which, Giuliani has said, allowed him "to go scot-free." When someone in an audience doesn't bring the subject up, Giuliani may report on how it is mentioned at other meetings. "I ask them to come up with one accomplishment of David Dinkins'," he said at a luncheon of a building owners' and managers' trade association last month. "There's usually a thirty-second pause and then some wise guy says, 'Oh, yeah, he doesn't pay his taxes.' " When Giuliani was asked by reporters whether the failure-to-file story was really a significant issue in current city politics, he said, "Of course it's significant—it was on the front page of the New York *Times*." At Koch headquarters on Primary Night, as the Mayor tried to cheer up his distraught supporters, a woman in the crowd kept shouting, "How can Dinkins be mayor? He should be in jail! Why are they going after Leona Helmsley instead of him?" In the mid-October *News* poll, however, when voters were asked what difference Dinkins' failure to file income-tax returns would make in their choice of candidates, forty-seven per cent said that it would make no difference to them one way or another. Twelve per cent said that the failure made them *more* likely to vote for him. Apparently, there is a substantial non-filers vote out there that the politically exact scientists haven't caught on to.

FOR a few days in the third week of October, local politics was dominated by another story in which the press, including the *Times*, played a highly influential role. By then, the mayoral race seemed to be as good as over. Dinkins had already given out the name of the head of his transition team: Nathan Leventhal, who was a deputy mayor under Koch and, before that, an assistant to John Lindsay. Local political reporters were somewhat glumly facing up to the prospect

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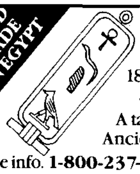

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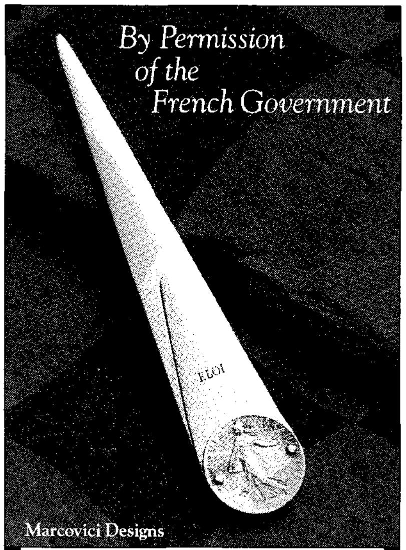

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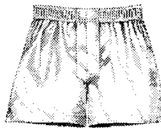

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of four years of having to deal with the unexcitable, rarely quotable Dinkins after twelve years of the volatile one-man show put on at the mayor's end of City Hall by Koch (about which they had also often complained). Meanwhile, Giuliani had been charging that the press was giving Dinkins a free ride, by not subjecting him to sufficient scrutiny—a charge that was widely interpreted as implying that he received preferential treatment because he is black. When a story turned up that appeared to implicate the front-runner in some financial dirty dealings, therefore, reporters grabbed for it.

Soon after January 1, 1986, when Dinkins was sworn in as Manhattan borough president, a position in which he might be required to vote on city cable matters, he had sold to his son, also named David, five hundred and eighty-eight shares of stock he owned in the Inner City Broadcasting Corporation, which owns some radio stations and an interest in a Queens cable-television franchise. His son is a television sports-program producer, and, as a reporter pointed out to Dinkins at a nearly two-hour October 20th press conference, makes more than his father does. The price at which Dinkins sold the stock, which was to be paid for with interest by 1991, was $98.63 a share—about five dollars higher than the price the company offered to pay that same week in buying some stock from other shareholders. In 1983, when Dinkins was about to be appointed to a nonpaying post on the board of the State Urban Development Corporation, he had been asked to sign a paper giving the market value of his stock. He phoned his old friend former Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the chairman of Inner City, and Sutton put the market value at just over a million dollars, meaning, Sutton has explained, that if the company were to be broken up or sold (there are no plans for this to happen, nor is there any great clamor from prospective buyers) that would be the stock's value. Dinkins said on October 20th that he had not taken the million-dollar "speculation" seriously, assuming that Sutton was being "expansive." And, in fact, the prices put by corporate owners on stocks not publicly traded are often creative, and assigned to them for corporate purposes. Some Inner City stock sold recently for $7.50 a share.

In any event, the paper that Dinkins

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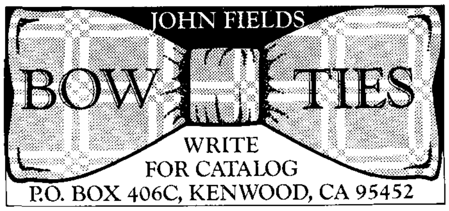
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signed in 1983 never influenced any city or state action. And he did not change his style of living, which is not luxurious. Although he may have some private extravagances, he has no car and no summer home. He and his wife occupy the same middle-income Harlem apartment in which they brought up their two children. Dinkins reported—accurately—at the news conference that the disparity in the estimates of the shares' worth had been called to the attention of the press by people at Giuliani's headquarters, where the over-all media adviser is Roger Ailes, whose name is often associated (most unfairly, he insists) with political dirty tricks. In any event, it set off a near frenzy of headlines. "STOCK DINKINS SOLD FOR $58,000 HE ONCE VALUED AT $1 MILLION" was the October 20th headline over a two-column story at the top of the *Times'* front page, which was augmented by two and a half columns of coverage inside. Showing what some of his supporters saw as an unconscionable lack of political savvy, Dinkins did not at first grasp the heavy weight the press was giving the charges. "We're not talking about a raid on the national treasury here," he said at one point. Giuliani grasped it, however, and rushed a new commercial into production, which included references to Dinkins' allegedly "criminal"—a word that Giuliani had used to reporters—stock sale. The commercial's kicker was "Why Does David Dinkins Always Wait Until He's Caught?" It ran, more or less alternately, with a commercial featuring Giuliani in tender scenes with his handsome blond wife, Donna, and their two young children.

Finally, on the afternoon of October 20th, Dinkins held his press conference, inviting all reporters to come and ask questions for as long as they cared to. About seventy members of the media crowded into his decidedly unluxurious headquarters at Forty-third Street near Eighth Avenue. The group was so large that he and the accountant friend who had joined him to answer questions could not be heard above the noisy air-conditioning, and it had to be turned off, although the day was very warm. In photos in the papers the following morning, Dinkins, perforce, looked hot and uncomfortable, mopping his brow. Pictures of any members of the press there would have shown them in the same condition, although, in their case, the question of whether the discomfort reflected qualms of conscience would presumably not arise. ("The prevailing attitude among public employees here seems to be one of how little work they can do for how much more pay," the *Times* wrote severely, back in the Lindsay era. "One can see the clerks at 'work,' chatting with each other, settling personal financial accounts, catching up with their newspaper reading." Two days later, District Council 37, the local municipal-employees union, sneaked a photographer into the *Times* newsroom to take some pictures. They later occupied a whole page in the union newspaper, showing *Times* reporters at "work"—chatting with each other, settling personal financial accounts, catching up with their newspaper reading.) In the long session, Dinkins did, in fact, answer all questions, often over the resentful shouting of reporters—not all of whom qualify as fiscal literates—who seemed to be demanding that he stop campaigning, leaving the field to Giuliani, and find for them one piece of paper or another (such as a seventeen-year-old canceled check). Some of them, it appeared, had visions of Woodward and Bernstein dancing in their heads and saw the visions slipping away. If the piece of paper with the million-dollar estimate on it "didn't mean a thing," as Governor Mario Cuomo, who is, of course, a Dinkins supporter, said later, there was no major story. The story was still at the top of the *Times'* front page the next day, and this time filled nearly a full inside page. "DINKINS: I DID NOTHING WRONG, BUT . . ." was the banner headline in *Newsday*. On October 22nd, a *Times* editorial declared that "the explanation is plausible, but . . . ," although in a news story that same day the *Times* political correspondent Sam Roberts referred to Dinkins' "coolness under fire." By

October 23rd, three days after the press conference, the story had virtually disappeared from the papers. It made its appearance in the *Times* only in a paragraph far into a general article on the campaign, which said that the issue "seemed to be fading." The next day, alert readers could find a story partway down the second page of the *Times'* second section for which the headline was "STOCK DOCUMENTS FROM INNER CITY COULD BOLSTER DINKINS'S ASSERTIONS." (A new bombshell revelation about Dinkins' financial dealings could, of course, turn the situation around again.) By then, the cries of alarm and such statements as that of Giuliani's ally Raymond Harding, the Liberal Party leader, that Dinkins' press conference was "just a distraction from indictments to come" had sharply affected public perceptions of the Democratic candidate. A *News* poll published on October 24th showed Dinkins with forty-five per cent of the vote and Giuliani now close behind with forty-one per cent, in contrast with Dinkins' nineteen-point lead in the *News* poll a week before. Many of those polled said that it was the stock-sale story that would cause them to vote against Dinkins. A *Newsday* poll published on October 26th gave Dinkins a twelve-point lead; one in the *Post* the next day put it at five per cent. On October 24th, the *Post* headline had been "DINKINS SINKIN'." The *News*, which endorsed Dinkins on October 27th, had "IT'S A RACE!"

On the afternoon of the long Dinkins session, a reporter at a Giuliani press conference asked the Republican candidate a question about his fourteen-year first marriage, a subject that had not previously been raised at similar Giuliani events. Giuliani called the question "offensive." Dinkins had announced that if Giuliani did not cut out his negative commercials he would go on the attack himself, breaking the "absolutely no being mean" rule. A few of his supporters suggested that since Giuliani was dwelling at such length on Dinkins' allegedly "befuddled" conduct of his private life and on his flouting of the law it might be appropriate to call attention to the fact that Giuliani, who had been married in 1968, had in 1982 applied for an annulment, on the ground that he had thought that his wife was his third cousin whereas she was really his second cousin. For second cousins to

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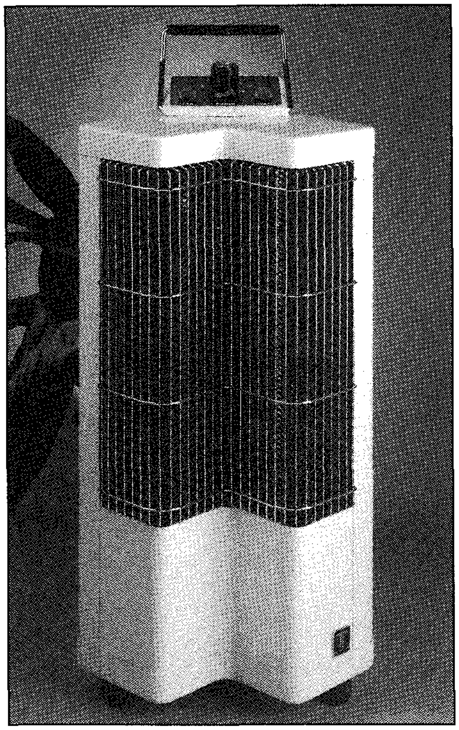

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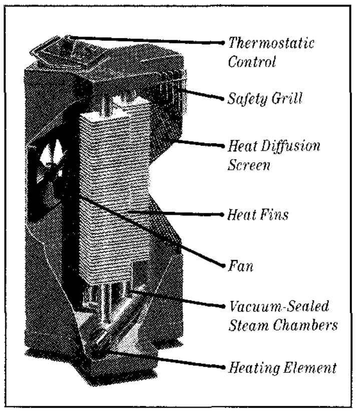

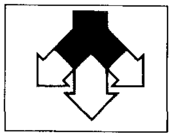

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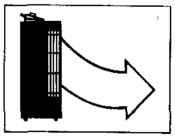

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marry, certain church dispensations were then required, a fact that Giuliani could have been familiar with, since he was educated at Bishop Loughlin Memorial High School and at Manhattan College, both Christian Brothers institutions, and had for some years intended to be a priest. The request for an annulment, which he made soon after he met his present wife, was granted. In this case, inefficiency and inattention to the law—church law, that is—worked out well for the offender. The granting of an annulment in such circumstances can make possible domestic happiness and religious peace; for a Catholic with political ambitions (the largest bloc of voters supporting Giuliani in the present campaign is made up of white Catholics), it can be worth piles of money in the bank. Dinkins did put out a commercial critical of Giuliani on October 24th, but it dealt with Giuliani's history of having changed sides on important issues, such as abortion. (Early in the campaign, Giuliani called for the overthrow of Roe v. Wade, but he now endorses freedom of choice and government funding of abortions for poor women.) An annulment commercial might have proved to be a miscalculation anyhow. It could have caused some resentful Catholic voters, hopelessly trapped in loveless marriages, to vote against him. On the other hand, some voters might have supported him out of admiration for a candidate who had been able to secure an annulment under such circumstances. At the end of his long news conference, Dinkins asked that the press turn similar attentions to the financial records of Giuliani, who has released only his 1988 tax return, while Dinkins has given out all his returns for the last nineteen years. There was some suspicion that the Dinkins forces might be encouraging reporters to look for large charitable contributions in the early nineteen-eighties—but that, of course, would conflict with the candidate's "terribly nice man" image. Cuomo told reporters a few days later that, frankly, he wasn't much interested in the issues being raised in the mayoral campaign, such as, he said, "you get married to your cousin"—sounding in fact quite interested.

THE fact that in the general election New Yorkers have a choice between a Republican candidate and a black candidate, each with a real chance of winning, might in itself be considered a development that even the most astute political experts thought wouldn't come about. In the case of the Republicans, this was true despite their long string of Presidential victories. In the city, where only two Republicans have been elected mayor since 1901—Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay—members of the Party are treated almost as an endangered species. The Democrats have a five-to-one margin in registration. In 1977, the first year Koch was elected mayor, the Republican nominee got less than five per cent of the vote. Four years later, the G.O.P. concluded that the only way it could play a part in the outcome was to allow Koch to run on the Republican line as well as on his own, Democratic line. In 1985, when Koch ran for a third term, the G.O.P. got nine per cent of the vote, and that total included votes on the Conservative line. Nevertheless, by last May, as Giuliani announced his candidacy for the Republican mayoral nomination, polls showed him far ahead of any of the candidates of either major party. About that time, when four members of a panel of political writers were asked who would be New York's next mayor three of them said at once, "Giuliani." The fourth was not quite ready to eliminate Koch, who was hoping to make local history by being elected to a fourth term.

If Dinkins should win the election this month, it would, of course, make another kind of local history. No black has ever been even a mayoral nominee here of any major party. In the 1985 Democratic mayoral primary, a black candidate, Assemblyman Herman (Denny) Farrell, came in third, with thirteen per cent of the vote. In 1977, when Percy Sutton gave up his post as Manhattan borough president to run for mayor, he came in fifth in a field of seven in the Democratic primary. For the next eight years, there was no black on the city's powerful Board of Estimate, on which the borough presidents sit. Sutton decided not to run again, and instead set about becoming very rich, as head of Inner City. Dinkins was defeated for the borough presidency in both 1977 and 1981 by a white candidate, Andrew Stein. Two years ago, prominent local black leaders felt there was little chance that a black could be elected mayor any time soon. After the mobilizing of the black

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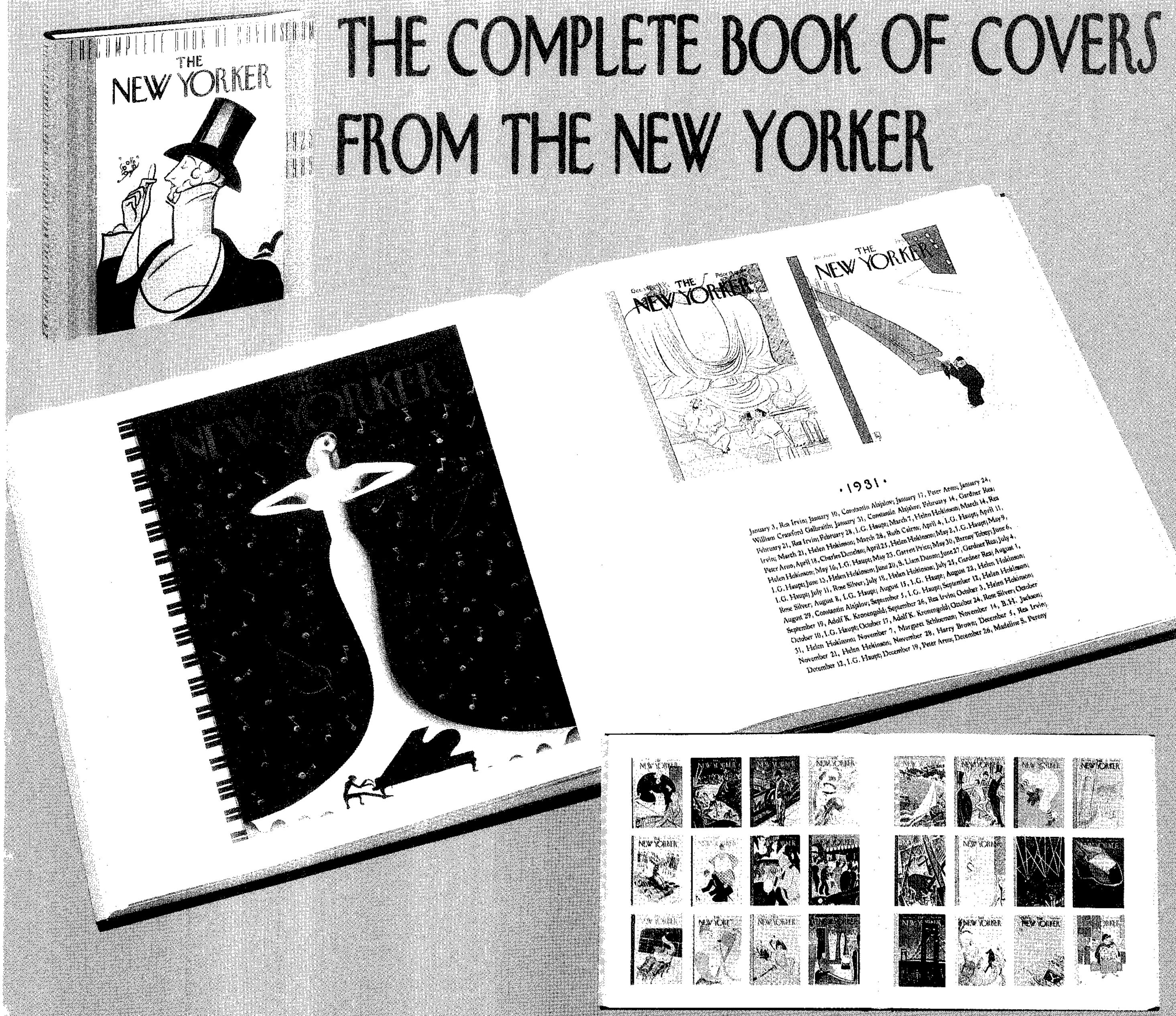

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vote in the 1988 Presidential primary here—in which Dinkins was the Reverend Jesse Jackson's co-campaign manager—led to Jackson's winning the city over Dukakis, things began to turn around. The following February, Dinkins announced his candidacy for mayor, and he has been ahead in the polls, however narrowly, ever since.

For blacks, Koch's third inauguration, on January 1, 1986, held few bright moments. During the ceremony, the Mayor declared that his domain, the city, was "the entire book of Genesis, with all the faith and furor, all the trials and triumphs, all fifty chapters rolled into five boroughs." As he took the oath, the Bible was open to the passage in Exodus that tells how Moses, at God's urging, stopped praying and took action, holding his hand over the Red Sea, which then parted, allowing the Israelites to escape the pursuing Egyptians. (A few days later, the first of the municipal scandals broke, and the Mayor was soon under pursuit himself. Before long, he was referring to another biblical hero: Job.) There were a few blacks among the invited guests at the inauguration, but on the whole their representation was sparse. Representative Charles Rangel, whose district includes part of Harlem, watched the parade of white officials being sworn in and then attended the inauguration of Dinkins, who had been elected Manhattan borough president at last. "Thank you, Jesus," Rangel said, bringing the New Testament into it.

It was a far different scene in front of City Hall the day after the recent primary. The day before the vote, Koch, possibly heeding Cuomo's prediction that the next mayor in this bitterly divided city would be a healer who brought people together, had proposed that the Democrats hold a post-primary unity rally—and many assumed that he expected to be the primary winner and thus to be seen as the chief unifier, at the center of things. Instead, the cynosure was Dinkins, with Koch looking on, listening to shouts of "David! David! David!" Most of the white Democratic candidates and some of their friends were present at City Hall Plaza that day, but they seemed to be outnumbered by blacks. When crowds of blacks had appeared there in the past, they had often been demonstrators shaking their fists at some city-government abomination. On other occasions, they had tended to be members of invited delegations, carefully chosen by the Mayor. In the September 13th gathering were black leaders who in the past had rarely been invited inside. There was a sense that, no matter who won the general election, things would never look quite the same again at City Hall. But, of course, the unity rally had been called by Democrats, white and black. If Giuliani should win this month, heavily represented in the crowds that swarm over City Hall's steps on the next Inauguration Day will be members of another category of New Yorkers who for long years have felt discriminated against and largely excluded from the local seat of government: Republicans.

ANOTHER miscalculation in the primary was the conviction that the political power of labor unions is no longer formidable. Whether or not this is true nationally, it was the municipal labor unions that provided the core of Dinkins' support, in the form of both money (particularly at the start) and manpower. The *Times* raised the question of whether this support would make him beholden to the unions—that is, the "special interests"—in next year's labor negotiations, which could be fiscally perilous for the city. Both Koch and Giuliani said that that was the case. None of the criers of alarm raised the question of whether Koch's being backed by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association—as he had been in his previous reëlection efforts—would cripple him in his negotiations, although the cops' wages have increased in the Koch years more than those of most of the other municipal unions have. On Primary Day, Koch wore an official P.B.A. tie as he moved around town. For his concession speech, he took it off. His loss did raise the question of how valuable the P.B.A. endorsement is; in fact, for many reasons, approval of the P.B.A. is not universal among voters. In a city that is twenty-five per cent black, the Police Department is about eleven per cent black; there is not a single black on the P.B.A.'s twenty-member executive board, and there are fewer than five among the three hundred and fifty or so union delegates. Moreover, a large percentage of New York's police force live outside the city and don't vote here. (On being asked if it was fair to say that fewer than half of the police live here, a member of Koch's cam-

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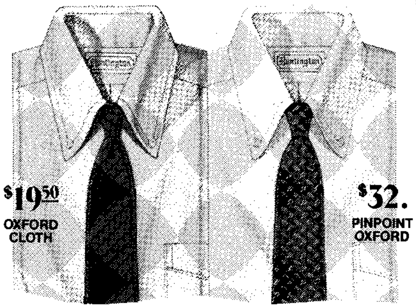

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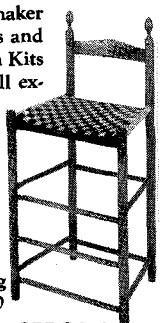

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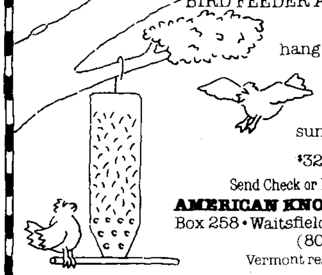

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paign staff said, "Would you like to try for twenty-five?") In deciding whom to back in the general election, the P.B.A. faced a dilemma: Dinkins has said that there is indeed police brutality here and that minority groups suffer from it most. He favors a Civilian Complaint Review Board in which civilians—not joined by members of the Police Department—would judge such complaints. Giuliani, the crime buster, would be the P.B.A.'s natural ally. On the other hand, there is always the advantage of having gone with a winner, and Dinkins continued to hold a narrow lead in the polls. Giuliani had the support of the Columbia Society, the fraternal organization of Italian-American cops—the first time it had ever made a political endorsement.

It is assumed that a large share of the Italian-American vote will go to Giuliani (the chief exception being the voters who resent his having convicted so many leading members of the Mafia). He would not, of course, be the city's first Italian-American mayor. That was Fiorello LaGuardia. Since Giuliani entered the race, he has referred to LaGuardia so frequently that a political illiterate might assume that someone named the Little Flower was a member of his campaign staff. Giuliani's interest in an association with LaGuardia lies not only in the ethnic connection but in the fact that he, too, is a Republican, running on what he calls a "fusion" ticket. Actually, the fusion part of his campaign is supplied by the fact that he is running also on the Liberal Party ticket—the word "liberal" (as in "Liberal Party," at least) not being the dirty word here that it was to George Bush and to Roger Ailes, who was Bush's communications adviser, in the 1988 Presidential campaign. Giuliani is, in fact, the third Republican to run on a fusion-type ticket: in 1969, John Lindsay, having been defeated in the Republican primary by State Senator John Marchi, ran for mayor on the Liberal line. (He won an upset victory, for which credit is often given to the local euphoria set off by the upset victory three weeks earlier of the 1969 Mets.) That year, it was Lindsay who constantly associated his name with that of the Little Flower. "You like to compare yourself to LaGuardia," Marchi told him at one point in the campaign. "You've *no* resemblance to LaGuardia—not even biological!" This year, it

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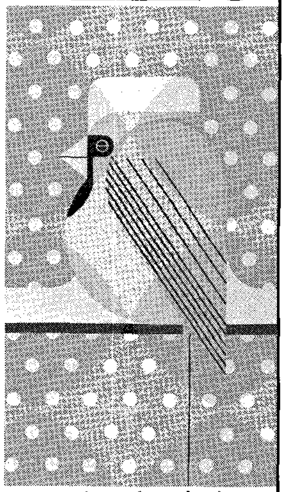

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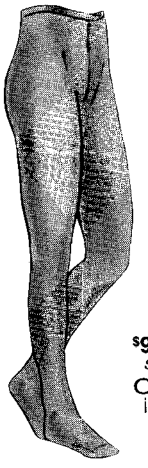

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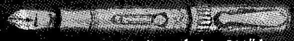

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was Republican mayoral candidate Ronald Lauder, whom Giuliani defeated in the Republican primary, who found the comparison irksome. Appropriating a ploy from a much later campaign, he told Giuliani during their single primary debate, "You're no LaGuardia; you're John Lindsay"—"Lindsay" being a very bad word to Lauder and other Republican conservatives, since Lindsay later became a Democrat and this year has endorsed Dinkins.

DURING the primary campaign, New Yorkers who had been taught that politics was an exact science could have ended up bent out of shape from trying to follow the campaigns of candidates whose fortunes did not go as many experts had predicted. Giuliani's big early lead plummeted as the result of a series of campaign disasters and his one-man demonstration that the qualities that make a winning prosecutor don't necessarily play well at subway stops. A Giuliani low point was the June visit by George Bush, at which the President couldn't pronounce the name of the great Republican hope for capturing the New York mayoralty. In July, Ailes was brought in on a rescue mission. As Giuliani was falling precipitately in the polls, Koch's approval rating, despite the immense advantages of incumbency, stood at about twenty-five per cent. But then, as the weeks wore on, it began to move steadily upward. By late summer, his staff was hopefully comparing him with the 1969 Mets, who in August of that year were nine and a half games out of first place and eventually won the National League pennant and the World Series.

Dinkins was never behind Koch in the polls, but, as the gap between them narrowed, the Mayor's supporters saw Koch as a probable winner because of the Bradley syndrome. In 1982, Mayor Tom Bradley, of Los Angeles, ran for the California governorship, and a victory would have made him the nation's first black governor. The day before the election, polls showed him seven points ahead of George Deukmejian, who is white. On Election Day, Deukmejian won by a whisker. It was clear that a substantial number of voters who had assured the polltakers that they were going to vote for a black man had then, in the privacy of the voting booth, pulled the lever for the white

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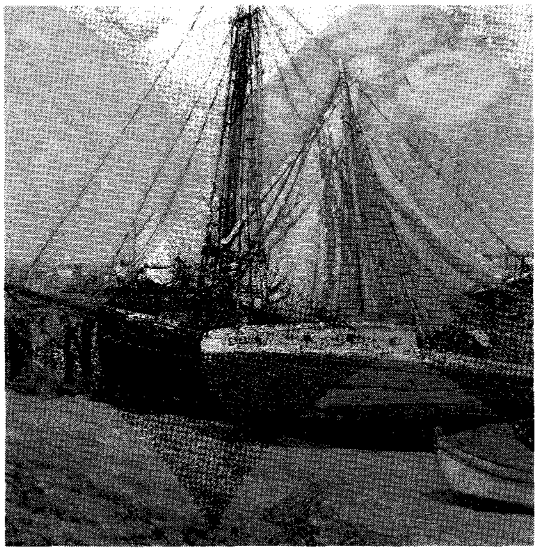

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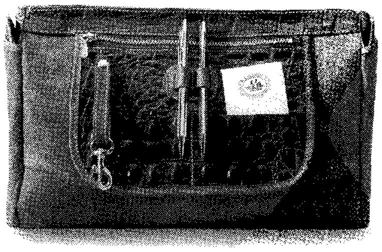

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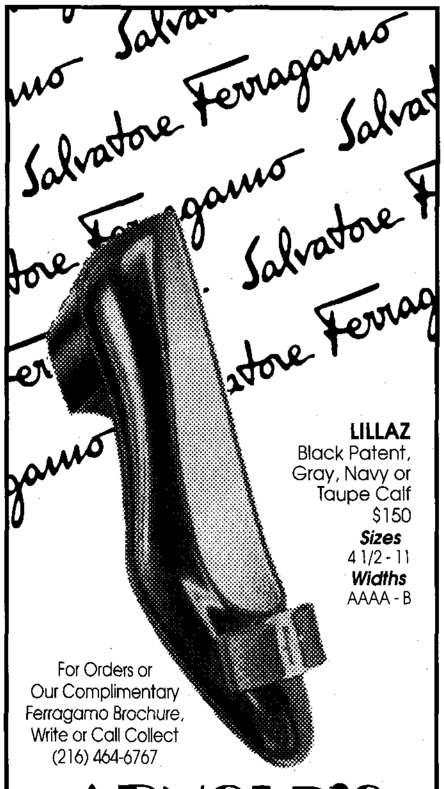

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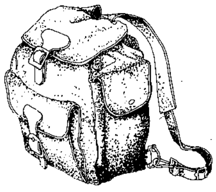

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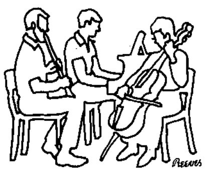

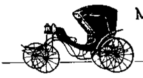

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candidate. On Primary Night here this year, a *News* poll showed Koch and Dinkins in a dead heat, which by Bradley-syndrome logic meant that Koch was in. When the polls closed the next day and the air cleared, however, it was evident that the political scientists had another phenomenon: the Dinkins syndrome. A substantial number of voters who had assured the polltakers that they were going to vote for the white candidate had then, in the privacy of the voting booth, pulled the lever for the black man. Now the fear of some Dinkins supporters is that on November 7th, when the pool of voters expands beyond just Democrats to include independents and Republicans, the Bradley syndrome will reassert itself, and the black man, even if he is well ahead in the polls, could end up the loser.

The candidate whom the primary outcome hit hardest was, of course, Koch. After Cuomo defeated him in 1982 in the race for the gubernatorial nomination, Koch said he had lost because, in his heart, he had never wanted to be governor anyhow. The day after the mayoral primary this year, he said that what he felt was relief, and the *Times* indulged him in this version of things, putting "FOR KOCH, SIGH OF RELIEF" in its headline about the Mayor's response. The paper did not say how that sigh squared with Koch's behavior late on the day before the primary. In an appearance in Forest Hills, Queens, he had frantically besought the crowd to come out and vote for him, shouting "Mayday! Mayday! This is a distress signal. I need you. I need you. Mayday!"

In Giuliani's first few days after the primary, there was, of course, no dramatic sense of loss. Still, he acted somewhat bereft. Throughout the primary season, he and the Mayor had acted as if it were a certainty that they would be running against each other in the general election. They—and the other candidates—almost invariably described Dinkins as "a gentleman," "a nice man," "a *terribly* nice man": friendly terms that nevertheless came out sounding like pejoratives and were usually followed by the word "but," as in "*but* he just isn't up to running the city," or "*but* he just can't hack it," as the Mayor, now a dutiful Dinkins campaigner, had put it. With Koch's removal from the race, Giuliani had a mass of material on hand dwelling on

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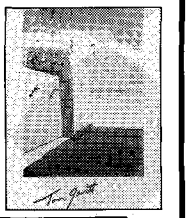

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the crimes and misdemeanors of the Koch City Hall, and nowhere to go with it. For a time, he tried to pretend that Koch and Dinkins were as one: "It will be just more of the same old thing." Since he had just spent the spring and summer dismissing Dinkins as a terribly nice man, it took Giuliani's campaign some wrenching around to elevate him, as it were, to the status of a moral sleazebag. The tax charges and the charges concerning the stock sales thus came as godsends.

Politically speaking, exact science—or "*exakte Wissenschaft*," as Bismarck called it—has held that blacks would have a hard time getting to the mayor's office in City Hall because they wouldn't be able to raise enough cash to make a credible run for it. Confounding that view, Dinkins raised nearly three million dollars for the primary and has gathered in two million more for the general-election campaign. The conviction has also been prevalent here that the Republican politicians are the ones with all the money. Yet several times during the late summer the former United States Attorney had to stop running television commercials until he could borrow enough to pay for more. Early last month, he borrowed an additional two hundred thousand dollars. Then, after the October 24th *News* poll indicated that Giuliani was only four points behind, the money began to roll in again.

In an effort to be helpful, the President came here on October 12th for a state Republican fund-raising dinner. He did not stay for Giuliani's speech, during which the candidate took off his dinner jacket and rolled up his sleeves to demonstrate that he was coming out fighting. This time, Bush pronounced Giuliani's name correctly, mentioning that Giuliani had sent him a phonetic guide to pronouncing it. Skipping last names, the President simply hailed Senator Alfonse D'Amato as "My pal, Al." He assured the crowd that "even David Dinkins doesn't deserve a free ride"—not explaining what he meant by "even David Dinkins." He quoted from Yogi Berra, the American politician's Churchill, saying that Giuliani was the underdog "but the overwhelming underdog." Before he left, he called Giuliani "an American hero"; compared him with Theodore Roosevelt, Eliot Ness, and, of course, LaGuardia; and invoked the memory of the 1969 Mets. —ANDY LOGAN

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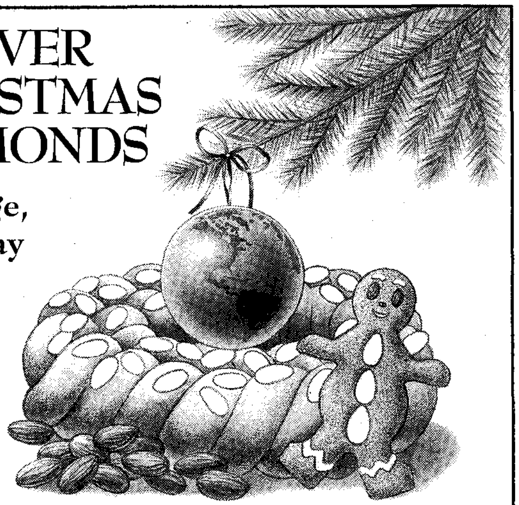

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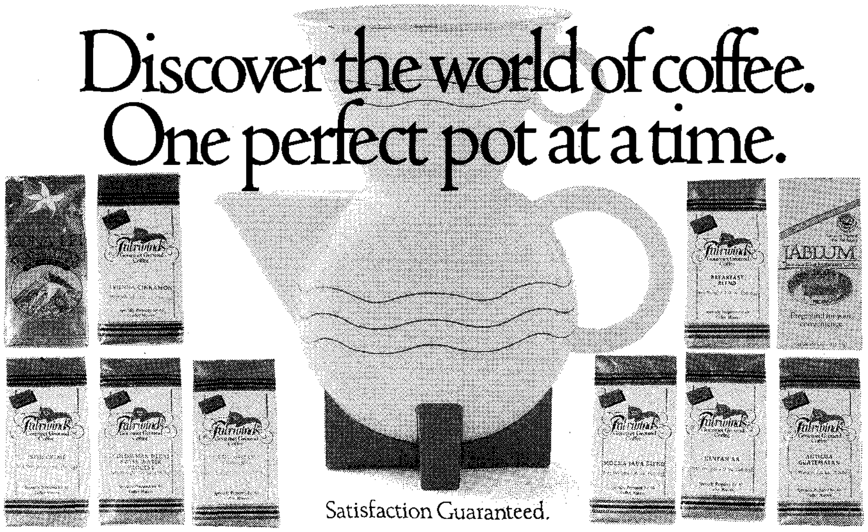

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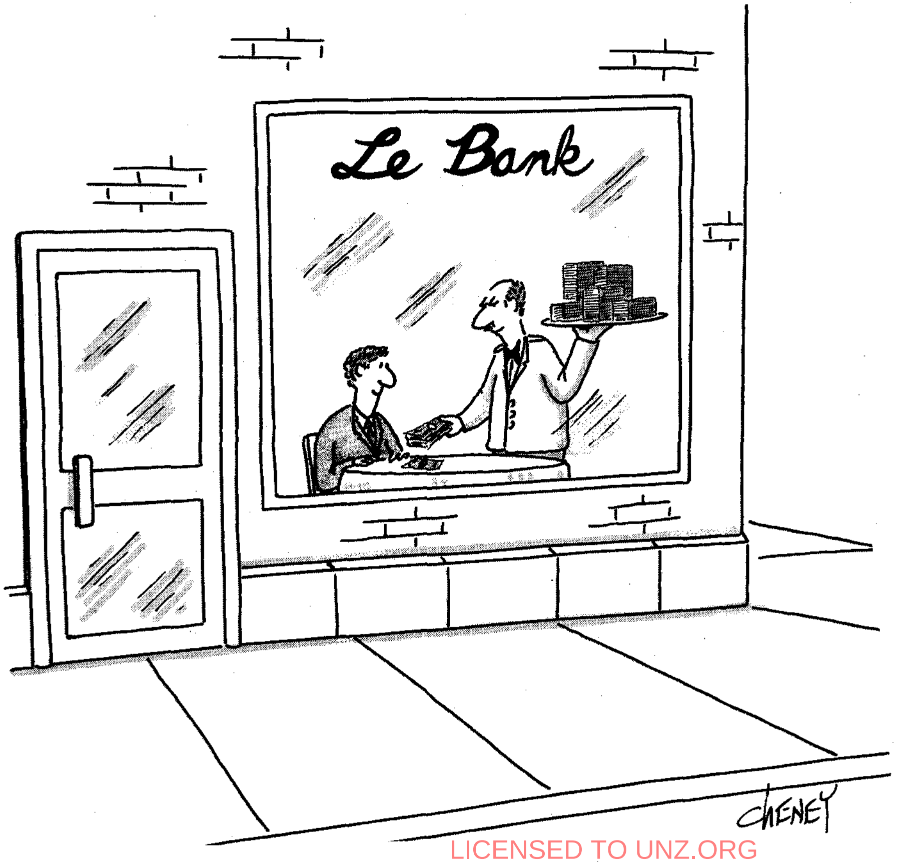
BOOKS

Ornament and Silence

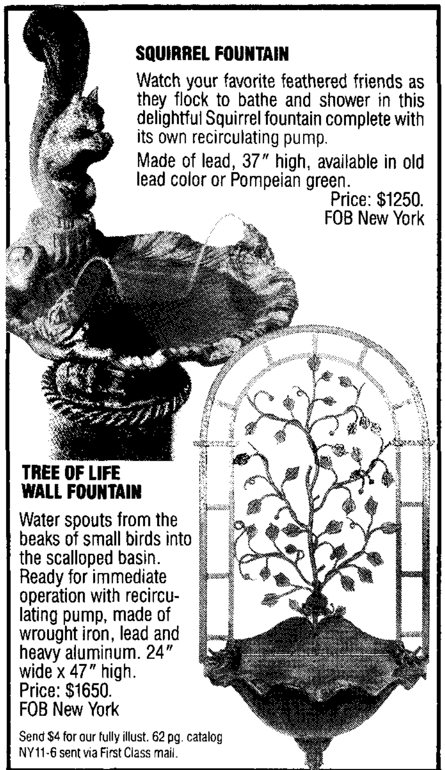
THERE was a time when my life seemed so painful to me that reading about the lives of other women writers was one of the few things that could help. I was unhappy, and ashamed of it; I was baffled by my life. For several years in my early thirties, I would sit in my armchair reading books about these other lives. Sometimes when I came to the end, I would sit down and read the book through from the beginning again. I remember an incredible intensity about all this, and also a kind of furtiveness—as if I were afraid that someone might look through the window and find me out. Even now, I feel I should pretend that I was reading only these women's fiction or their poetry—their lives as they chose to present them, alchemized as art. But that would be a lie. It was the private messages I really liked—the journals and letters, and autobiographies and biographies whenever they seemed to be telling the truth. I felt very lonely then, self-absorbed, shut off. I needed all this murmured chorus, this continuum of true-life stories, to pull me through. They were like mothers and sisters to me, these literary women, many of them already dead; more than my own family, they seemed to stretch out a hand. I had come to New York when I was young, as so many come, in order to invent myself. And, like many modern people—modern women, especially—I had catapulted out of my context; in important ways, the life of my mother, in her English village, was not much help. I remember reading in those dark years a review by John Updike in which he smoothly compared the lives of Jean Rhys and Colette. The first was in the end a failure, the second a triumph, he said. I took it personally, felt a stab in the heart. And poor Jane Bowles, said someone else, in the *Times*—you'd have to admit that hers was a desperate life. The successes gave me hope, of course, yet it was the desperate bits I liked best. I was looking for directions, gathering clues. I was especially grateful for the secret, shameful things about these women—the pain: the abortions and misalliances, the pills they took, the amount they drank. And what had made them live as lesbians, or fall in love with homosexual men, or with men with wives?



Often the secrets were buried in footnotes or almost elided in the text. Such was the case with Virginia Woolf's memoir "A Sketch of the Past," which happened to be published (in the volume "Moments of Being") some thirty-five years after her death, around my armchair time. Like someone climbing into an old governess cart, I had embarked on the first pages and set off to joggle and drowse down the rhythmic byways of her so very English prose. Here were the dear old familiar things again—the nursery, the drawing room, the girlhood in the tall Victorian doll house that was the Stephen family home in Hyde Park Gate. Here the luminous, bee-buzzing, flower-scented Eden of summers at St. Ives. She was so seductive, so charming, such a stylist always. Then, suddenly, the cart was stopped, the lullaby cut off. Something—what was it?—had happened to her in the hall. Her half brother Gerald Duckworth, already a young man then, had set her on a ledge when she was six and sexually molested her. It was a shock seeing all this written down. "I can remember the feel of his hand. . . . I remember how I hoped that he would stop," she wrote. The story was there like a dream; it came and went, enfolded by the text. She was a woman in her late fifties, within a year of committing suicide, when she took up her pen and wrote the memory down. "By putting it into words . . . I make it whole; this wholeness means that it has lost its power to hurt me," she said. "I have no motive for lying about it." Here was her introduction to powerlessness, to shame, to the trance. Afterward, she was always ashamed of her body and of seeing her face in a mirror. She called it her "looking-glass shame." As far as I know, I was not molested as a little girl, but as a woman I knew about powerlessness, and I knew about the trance. Honest personal writing is a great service rendered the living by the dead. She, too, read hungrily about the lives of others, for the consolation of knowing that whatever she had experienced and felt they had experienced and felt as well. But so much about people was still a mystery; so much in their memoirs was unspoken or suppressed. "Something has been left out from fear. Something has been altered, from vanity," she once wrote. She could read, at the beginning of the twentieth century, far fewer life stories of women than we can read at its end. (The question of women's stories is thoughtfully addressed by Carolyn Heilbrun in her book "Writing a Woman's Life.") Virginia Woolf was a feminist, and she knew and lamented that much of women's side of history has been lost in anonymity and self-deprecation—"hidden either by silence, or by flourishes and ornaments that amount to silence."

A NEW book about Virginia Woolf, by the American scholar Louise DeSalvo, makes a real contribution to the literature of women's lives truthfully described by women. "Virginia Woolf: The Impact of Childhood Sexual Abuse on Her Life and Work" (Beacon; $22.95) is an original and courageous work. It carries to a deeper level the dialogue that I (like so many others) have long continued with the life of a prodigiously creative, life-loving woman who was at the same time so powerless against self-hatred that after a lifetime of trying she finally killed herself. DeSalvo's subtitle, with its emphasis on the crucial fact that Virginia was a survivor of incest, may not do full justice to the rich texture of the book, which also embraces the lives of other women in her family and has broad and valuable lessons for women now. Both in form and in emphasis, the book feels vigorous and new: not linear but looping organically through time and around the aspects of the young Virginia's experience in her family to build a compelling and, in the end, forward-rushing kind of truth. Insights, events, personalities appear in one of the essays, vanish for a while, then resurface in a later essay to be viewed from a different angle and in ever-clearer light. DeSalvo is a professor, and she has clearly read deeply in published and unpublished texts about her subject, which she approaches sometimes with indignation and always with a woman's heart.

Virginia Woolf's previous biographers have dealt with her childhood sexual experience according to their limitations: tactfully, awkwardly, snidely, or with angry denial. DeSalvo honors the extensive testimony of Vir-



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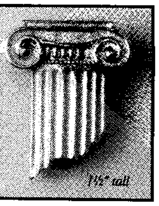

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ginia Woolf herself, in letters and memoirs and juvenilia, and the obvious clues in her mature fiction, including early, unpublished drafts. "Virginia Woolf" looks squarely at the link between its subject's incestuous encounters with Gerald Duckworth and the even more destructive ones with his older brother, George (both were sons of Virginia's mother, Julia Stephen, by her first marriage), and Virginia's sadness, madness, fear of sex with men, and death. Her relations with George seem to have begun when she was thirteen, after her mother's sudden death. She had the first of her nervous breakdowns then. DeSalvo (and at least some Woolfians before her) would claim that, far from being the onset of inexplicable "madness," this shutting down was a natural response in a young girl being sexually abused by an older relative who might have been expected to protect her in a time of grief. Many of her symptoms, such as wildly changing moods and a racing pulse, may have been brought on by drugs that were prescribed to treat her —drugs whose effects were ill understood in 1900.

George's sexual attentions persisted until another bereavement—the death of her father, when she was twenty-two—and another, more devastating breakdown. She heard voices telling her to starve her hateful body, and jumped out of a window; fortunately, it was too low for her to hurt herself. Her older sister, Vanessa, who had also been sexually involved with George, was at last driven to break their girlhood's long silence by telling an outsider—Dr. Savage, Virginia's physician—and Dr. Savage confronted him. When, a few years later, Virginia wrote the first of her memoirs of childhood, "Reminiscences," she referred to the time after her mother's death as one of "oriental gloom," when "a finger was laid on our lips." She wrote of the family's "sultry and opaque life which was not felt, and had nothing real in it, and yet swam about us, and choked us and blinded us." There was more than mourning going on. As her nephew and biographer, Quentin Bell, put it, in his tolerant, silver-age way, there was "George making himself disagreeable . . . Eros came with a commotion of leathern wings, a figure of mawkish, incestuous sexuality." He recorded his aunt's conviction that "George had spoilt

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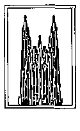

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her life before it had fairly begun."

In maturity, Virginia made a point of telling about George. In her late thirties, she wrote the memoir "22 Hyde Park Gate," an amazingly candid account of George as the "lover" of "those poor Stephen girls," and read it aloud to the members of the Memoir Club. These were mostly old friends from the inner circle of Bloomsbury, but nonetheless it was a public gathering. Speaking frankly to a group of men and women was a far greater emotional risk than writing a letter to some indignant, tenderhearted female or confiding in her by the embers of the teatime fire. Victims of incest often stay silent at the time because they are afraid that by speaking they will break the family apart, and later because they feel that the universe might split open; it seems safer to pretend that nothing happened or that they themselves are loathsome or mad.

With her reading to the Memoir Club, she was taking a heroic step; she was "coming out." Even so, she would do her little self-deprecatory dance. "Maynard, Desmond, Clive, and Leonard all live stirring and active lives . . . all constantly affect the course of history one way or another," she said. "Who am I?" She could always turn things so wittily, charm you with that famous hooting laugh. *Her* memoirs, she told Maynard & Co., were only about herself, about an intimate, feminine world, were "always private and at their best only about . . . seductions by half-brothers." Yet her whole work shows how passionately she valued the substance of the "private" world, exploring the most secret, fluid feelings of women and children in a culture that, like today's, more highly valued the solid, public actions of men. In her time, there was little public information about the great taboo of incest, but she did think of joining something called the British Sex Society, in order to find out how common incest was. She had no access to today's collective wisdom and "support groups." She was alone in her commitment to airing her pain, and could not know that many of the symptoms of her lifelong illnesses were shared by many, many others who had been sexually abused as children. Her style was never more prancing or her wit more dazzling than when she described the merry-go-round of manipulation, seduction, rivalry, and rage that involved

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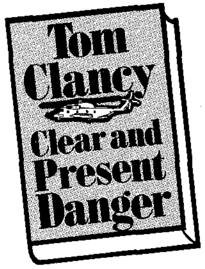

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her, her sister, and George. Yet, however endearingly these disclosures are packaged, she is in deadly earnest about the damage; she knew that those "seductions by half-brothers" mattered very much.

"The happiest time of a happy childhood" was how Bell referred to Virginia's summers before her mother's death. In promoting the myth of an unclouded beginning, with an angelic mother and a father—Sir Leslie Stephen—who was an adorably eccentric genius, many of her biographers have been content to follow the more comfortable markers laid down by Virginia Woolf herself. The innocent, spritelike girl-child—Alice in cherub wings of pinafore—in the sheltered paradise of the upper-middle-class nursery was a powerful stereotype, dear to the Victorians, and it remains so to us, their successors. DeSalvo paints a bleaker picture, of children ignored by their parents, taught—by any means and at any cost—to control what they feel, and left to the care of servants who were no more than children themselves. Virginia Woolf described in her fiction her characters' pain in childhood and linked it to their emotional lives as adults in a way that was ahead of its time. "It's a fallacy to think that children are happy. . . . I've never suffered so much as I did when I was a child," says Richard Dalloway, M.P., in "The Voyage Out."

In her final period, she was working on her posthumous novel, "Between the Acts," a story of children in a pageant who confront adults with their cruelty and failure. At the same time, she was writing about Gerald molesting her, and describing depression in her childhood well before her mother's death—including an experience of "hopeless sadness" and "dumb horror" that left her feeling unprotected and numb, cut off even from her beloved Nessa, who was sponging herself at the other end of the bath. Yet she still fled back into denial, lost her nerve. "How beautiful they were those old people," she wrote after reading her father's letters to her mother. "With . . . the little hum and song of the nursery." For many years, when she wrote directly of her parents the portrait was idealized; she borrowed her memory of her mother from her father's sentimentalized memoir of his late wife. Yet in the main her later memoirs and her fiction give views of

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parents that seem more real. The father in "To the Lighthouse" is, like Sir Leslie, given to fits of violent, flowerpot-throwing temper. Stephen seems to have been an emotionally unstable man, demanding even by the standards of Victorian patriarchs. "I am a man without a skin," he would wail. He expected women to march to his emotional drum. "When I am sad, you should be sad. When I am angry, you should weep," he is said to have told Vanessa, who (unlike Virginia) openly admitted to being angry with him. Woolf was lenient with her particular patriarch, perhaps, but she was harsh on patriarchs in general. She thought that the model of the patriarchal family, with men given license to bully and rant while women and children submitted and served, was unwholesome. She went further: such a model in private life, when it was mirrored in the public life of nations, led to Fascism. "The tyrannies and servilities of the one are the tyrannies and servilities of the other," she wrote.

In her final memoir Virginia Woolf described the Stephen-Duckworth family as a lonely "caravan, absolutely private, silent, unknown." Brothers came and went in a larger world—away to boarding schools, to university, into professions. Of the girls and women cloistered in the dim, tall house DeSalvo draws a poignant group portrait. There was, for Virginia as a child, the frightening example of young Laura, the daughter of Sir Leslie's first marriage: first violently punished for "badness" and slowness in reading, then segregated from the rest (like Mrs. Rochester) in a distant part of the house, and, finally, banished to an asylum. Then there was the beautiful Stella Duckworth, George and Gerald's sister, who had been given the family nickname of The Old Cow. She worshipped her mother with a never-satisfied yearning, while Julia pushed her away, first with long, grim mourning for the dead Duckworth, then with absorption in her new husband, her sons, the four children of her second marriage, and her elaborate, debilitating ministry to the Deserving Poor. She treated young Stella like a personal slave. She was the charming, self-sacrificing "angel in the house" of Virginia Woolf's essay "Professions for Women," who must be killed off if a young woman is to realize herself. Julia knew she treated Stella harshly, but

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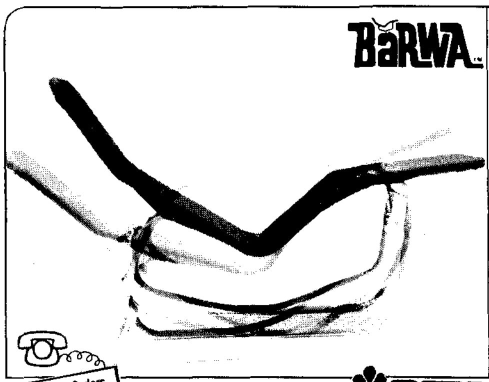

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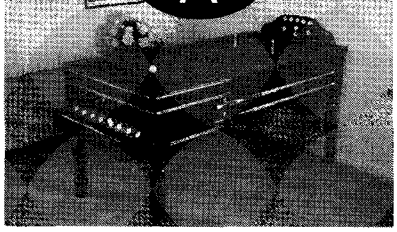

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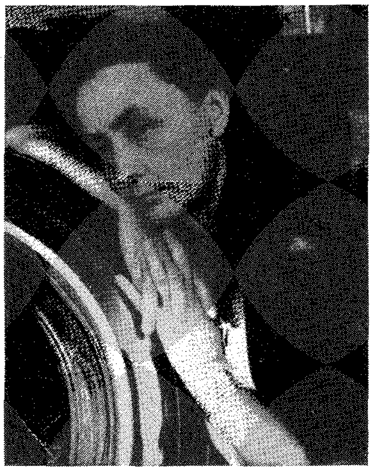
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she also drove herself unmercifully hard. "She sank, like an exhausted swimmer, deeper and deeper in the water" was Virginia's way of describing her mother's overwork before her death, at the age of forty-nine. Julia burdened her firstborn daughter with duties beyond a child's capacities because "Stella seemed to her more a part of herself" than a person in her own right. Julia had, moreover, waited slavishly on *her* mother, Maria Jackson, and continued to do so when summoned by her. (Maria Jackson had at some point decided to take refuge from life in a fairly mysterious invalidism, in the style of Alice James, and often stayed in bed, medicating herself with morphia and chloral.) When her mother died, young Stella was expected, in the custom of the time, to take over supervision of the household, with its nine family members and seven servants, and to become mother to the younger children. In addition, she spent hours in tearful embraces with the widower and in visits to the Deserving Poor. After Stella's marriage, which was shortly followed by her death, it was young Vanessa who was moved up to the front line of domesticity, just as, some years later, fresh waves of young men were hurled into the battles of the First World War.

THERE was always Vanessa, Virginia's "co-conspirator," "The Saint." Vanessa had been there from the beginning, knew all that she knew. "How did we ever get out of it? It seems to me almost too ghastly and unnatural now ever to have existed," Vanessa wrote after reading her sister's "Reminiscences," which Virginia presented in the form of a story of Vanessa's life. Vanessa wasn't going to forget or to leave her stranded, Virginia made sure of that: she clung with a grip that Vanessa's daughter, Angelica Garnett, later called a "stranglehold." Vanessa was the painter, the silent one, the one who always coped. Virginia was the writer, the clown, the one who broke down. For, in spite of the sister, there were always times when Virginia seemed to lose herself, to be desolate and alone. And, in spite of husband, work, friends, and fame, the feelings were there all her life. "I feel at the moment a helpless babe on the shore of life, turning over pebbles," she said when she was a woman in middle age. "So the ocean tosses its

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pebbles, and I turn them over, naked, a child, and no one helps me." Writing helped. From childhood on, it was a way to create a self, "set up some stake against oblivion." It was her escape rope out of the princesses' tower and into a larger world, into the "great conspiracy of civilized people." If you're bent on saving your life by speaking out, naturally you get it wrong sometimes, you go too far. She gossiped; she gave away people's secrets; she tried to talk to old Lady Strachey about homosexuality—which was obviously absurd. "You have the wildest ideas about such things," her older sister wrote reprovingly. She made a point of informing Clive Bell, the new husband Vanessa was so dotty about, that Vanessa had been madly in love with Jack Hills, Stella's widower, right after their half sister died. (It was illegal to marry your dead wife's sister, but the couple could have gone to live abroad.) The sisters exchanged a mountain of letters, writing sometimes twice each day; they talked and talked. But there was much that was never spoken, a fund of silence at the core. Virginia wrote often in her fiction of the agony of unexpressed feeling between people who love each other: the chasm, she called it, the abyss. Divisions between people were the source of all evil, she said. But the sisters played "the Victorian game of manners" so beautifully—the game that could be so "helpful in making something seemly and human out of raw odds and ends," she said.

For women, especially, the odds and ends of Bloomsbury could be extremely raw. After a year of ecstatically happy marriage to Clive, Vanessa gave birth. Straightaway, he turned his back on mother and child and began some sort of affair with Virginia. ("He came from a society which hunted birds, animals, and in his case, girls," his son, Quentin, said.) There is no evidence of Vanessa's taking the pair to task. Incest breeds incest. From their experience with their half brothers and their brother-in-law, the sisters had learned that no one is off limits; that men could change partners at will; that jealousy and rivalry are tolerable because they serve the greater good of keeping the group bound up together, the magic circle intact; and that only the familiar, however painful, is safe. Vanessa's self-respect was already low; even more than most women, she found it hard to

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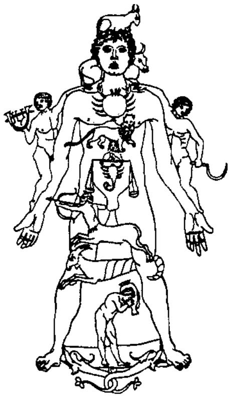

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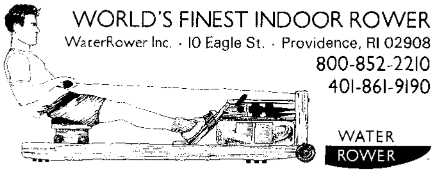

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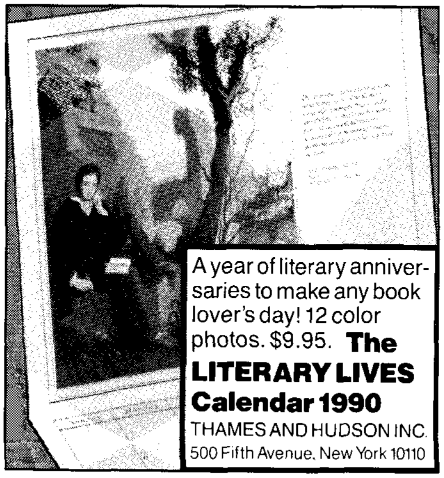

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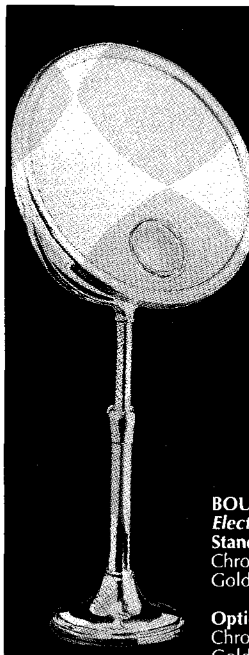

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say, "No more! Enough!" Before long, Vanessa fell in love with a former lover of her brother Adrian—the handsome young painter Duncan Grant. Soon after the birth of Angelica (who was the couple's daughter but until she was disillusioned, at the age of seventeen, believed that Clive was her father), Duncan lost interest in being Vanessa's lover. For the rest of her life, until her death, at the age of eighty-one, Vanessa continued to run an elaborate household for him and a succession of his male lovers and to paint side by side with him in the studio at Charleston.

"There must have been a strong element of masochism in her love for him," said Angelica, who tried to come to terms with her life and her mother's in her own valiant, elegant memoir, "Deceived with Kindness: A Bloomsbury Childhood," which came out in 1984. Like her mother, her aunt, and her grandmother, Angelica was both beautiful and frequently depressed. All the women in the family were beauties except Great-Aunt Julia Margaret Cameron, who became a well-known photographer and took photographs of the rest. So many of the women's portraits have a pall of sadness—the suggestion of a self locked off, and a distant, downcast eye. Angelica hung a group of them in the passageway at Charleston, and could see that depression and self-denigration were a legacy handed down. Feelings and habits of mind "like motes of dust spiralling downwards settle on the most recent generation," she said. Her mother was one "in a chain of women who, whether willingly or not, had learnt certain traits, certain attitudes from one another through the years."

In her own, unconventional way, Vanessa reproduced the old family life of Hyde Park Gate. She was still the angel in the house. She justified her self-sacrifice and Duncan's selfishness by declaring him a genius. She cocooned Angelica, neglecting her education—trained her for the magic circle but not for life in a larger world. "The walls round us were high and the conditions inside the castle odd," Angelica wrote of her childhood years at Charleston. She had been another sprite, another make-believe princess, living in a shimmer of Post-Impressionist color and avant-garde sex. She was in her late teens, reeling from the news of her father's identity and from the death of her older brother in Spain, when Duncan's former lover David (Bunny) Garnett made his move. He was almost thirty years her senior and had a wife who was dying. The seduction of Angelica told the old, old stories of incestuousness and the aphrodisiac effects of premature death. He was still emotionally tied to Duncan and to Vanessa, whom he had also at one time tried to seduce; after some chilliness when he and Angelica were first married, the four of them remained very close.

"I seemed unwittingly to have plunged into a stagnant pool where nothing ever changed," Angelica wrote, looking back, and using the watery imagery so frequent in her family's myth. (It is no coincidence that in the end Virginia chose to drown herself.) Like her aunt at the time of her last memoir, Angelica was a woman in her late fifties when she wrote; she found herself quite alone, and she was writing for her life. She had been hospitalized for depression and treated with "jade green pills." Unlike Virginia, she had seen her mother grow old, and more and more sad. She had witnessed the price Vanessa paid for the choiceless choices, for the life of the trance—for a lifetime of pretending that nothing untoward was happening or that things didn't hurt. For years and years, Vanessa went on humbly yearning for Duncan to take her as a lover again. Virginia, who called herself "a sexual coward," liked to reinvent her sister as the great Earth Mother, the sensual adventuress, but in fact both women were celibate for most of their lives. Vanessa longed for Duncan to accept her as a woman and, even more, for him to validate her as an artist. Her continual self-denigration became embarrassing to her daughter and their intimates, and so did the way her paintings began to look more and more like his. (Virginia was also tormented by self-doubt, and after finishing a book was greatly at risk of breakdown or suicide.) In spite of a life that included laughing children, brilliant visitors, sexual drama, and the making of art, Vanessa, too, felt disconnected and alone. In 1918, the year of her daughter's birth, she had painted what Angelica believed to be a self-portrait, of a young woman standing naked and solitary beside a tub of water. It seemed to Angelica to be Vanessa's attempt at sending a message to the "great conspiracy"—a parting of the curtain and a clear insight into the truth of her life. But the canvas was put away, hidden in the attic, out of sight. So at the end of Vanessa's life she and her daughter sat facing each other in silence across the family abyss. "When I visited Charleston I would sit with her by the studio stove, unable to utter a word," Angelica wrote. "Neither of us knew what was wrong: we were submerged by inertia and depression. . . . The key to emotion was lost." But by telling strangers about this secret sadness Angelica has found the key. Here is real courage: this revelation of her truth, this determination of a middle-aged, underwater woman to break the surface of the myth and come up for air.

DeSalvo's book has something of the same momentum, carries the same kind of hope. I suspect that the world of Bloomsbury scholars is itself a kind of magic circle, carrying an unspoken threat of punishment to any initiate who betrays it or launches out. I was touched by DeSalvo's thanks to her husband, at the beginning of her book, for urging her not to obfuscate; he supported her, then, while she took her own risks, violated the taboos. She has done a considerable service. My admiration for Virginia Woolf has increased, and I am more than ever saddened by the example of her death. And I am affected by the other lives DeSalvo shows with such sensitivity: the silent ones, powerless to help, sitting with their sponges at the far end of the tub. Less gifted, less overtly self-destructive women than their brilliant relative, they yet found the old female ways of keeping themselves from living life. Shutting down behind self-pity and secret shame; sacrificing themselves to childish mothers and selfish men; vaguely yearning, self-medicating; painting someone else's pictures; obediently tracing the magic circle, afraid, entranced. There are so many different ways to drown.

—KENNEDY FRASER

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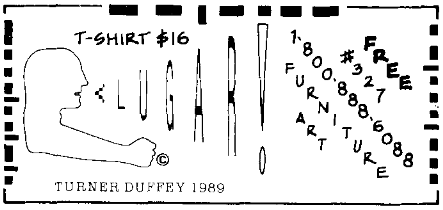

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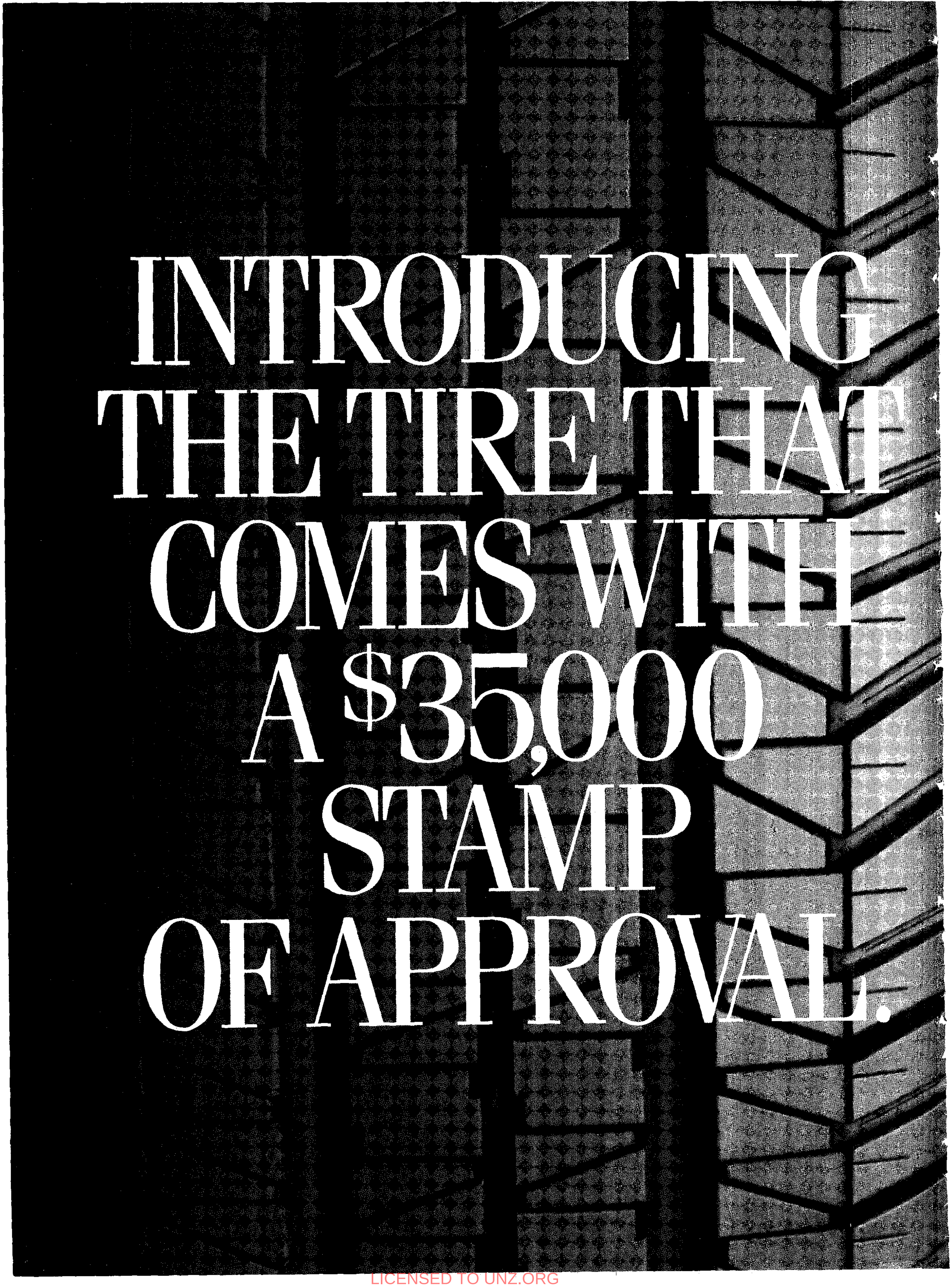
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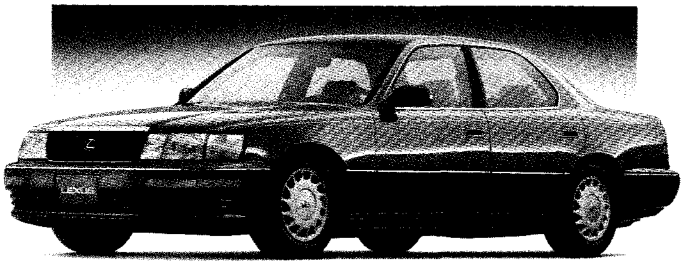

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